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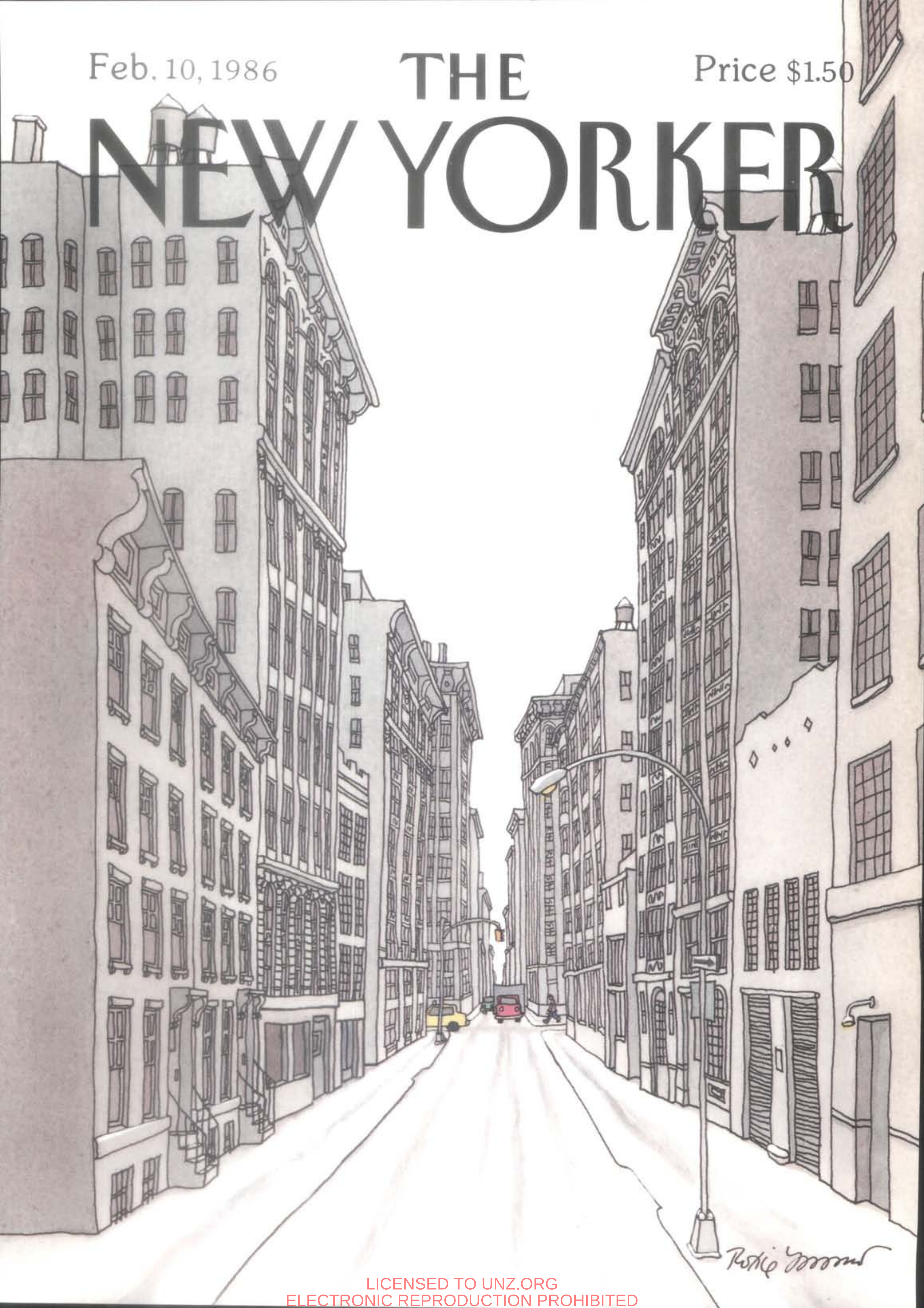
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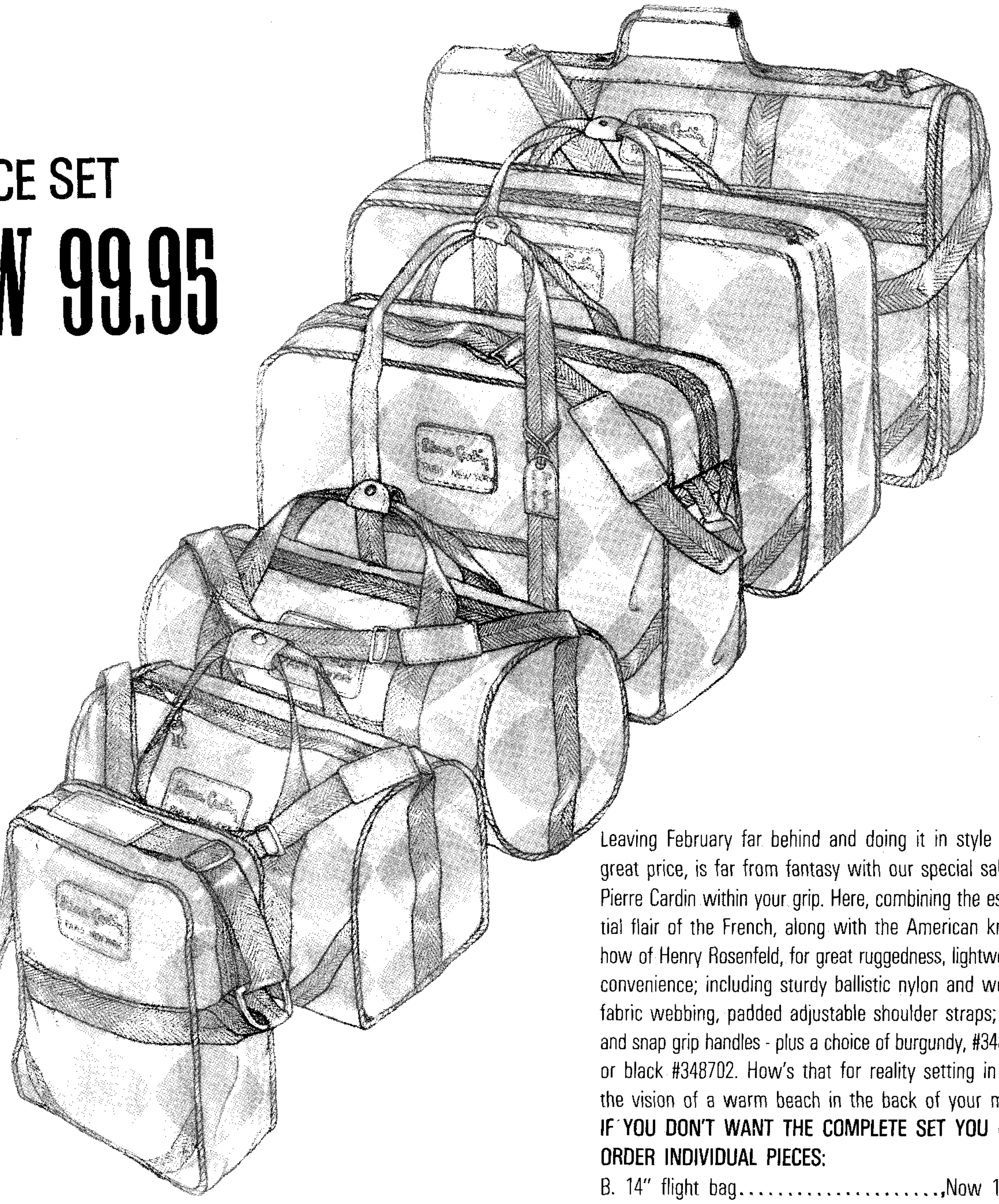

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Africanis Instructus—A musical with a score by Stanley Silverman and a book by Richard Foreman, who is also the director. Presented by the Music-Theatre Group of the Lenox Arts Center. (St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. 265-4375. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 9:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2. Closes Saturday, Feb. 15.)

Benefactors—Glenn Close, Sam Waterston, Mary Beth Hurt, and Simon Jones in a cleverly constructed and eloquently written play by Michael Frayn, the burden of which is that attempting to do good in the world is a perilous adventure. (Reviewed in our issue of 1/6/86.) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 719-4099. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Big River—A musical version of "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn." Twain's great novel has been respectfully dealt with in a book by William Hauptman, with music and lyrics by Roger Miller. Daniel H. Jenkins plays Huck, Ron Richardson plays Jim, and Clint Allen plays Tom. Heidi Landesman has provided an unusually evocative setting—somehow, she has managed to put the Mississippi River on a stage. (5/13/85) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Blood Knot—After a quarter of a century, Athol Fugard's play about the anguish of black life in South Africa has become a classic. This production, starring Fugard and Zakes Mokae and directed by Fugard, is unlikely ever to be surpassed. (12/23/85) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Caretaker—A wan, disappointing production, by Chicago's Steppenwolf Theatre Company, of the early Pinter work. With Jeff Perry, Gary Sinise, and Alan Wilder; directed by John Malkovich. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Circle Repertory Company—The first two of three plays in rotating repertory: **the mound builders,** a revival of Lanford Wilson's 1975 drama. . . . ¶ A modern-dress version of **caligula,** by Albert Camus, adapted from an English translation by Stuart Gilbert. (Triplex, 199 Chambers St. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. For information about play scheduling, call 618-1980.)

Corpse!—Keith Baxter and Milo O'Shea carry on like happy schoolchildren in this improbable murder mystery, and they make us feel happy, too. (1/20/86) (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Curse of the Starving Class—A revival of Sam Shepard's brilliant, humorous, passionate play. (9/2/85) (890 Theatre, Broadway at 19th St. 533-8834. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Dames at Sea—A revival of a musical by Jim Wise (score) and George Haimsohn and Robin Miller (book and lyrics). (Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

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Drinking in America—Eric Bogosian in a series of intense, funny, and occasionally painful dramatic monologues, written by Bogosian. (2/3/86) (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Gertrude Stein and a Companion—A play by Win Wells, about Miss Stein and Alice B. Toklas, with Jan Miner and Marian Seldes. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

The Golden Land—An extremely sentimental musical about Jewish immigrants to the United States. The company of three men and three women includes a fine singer named Marc Krause. (12/2/85) (Second Avenue Theatre, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 674-1460. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 1 and 5.)

El Grande de Coca-Cola—A revival of the 1973 musical revue, with the original cast—Ron House, Diz White, and Alan Shearman—who are also the authors, along with John Neville-Andrews. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Halala!—A musical written and directed by Welcome Msomi, performed by a company of eight people who also play traditional South African instruments. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Hay Fever—It is hard to imagine a more delightful production of Noël Coward's youthful comedy about a flirtatious actress in her middle years and the family with which she has more or less absent-mindedly surrounded herself. Rosemary Harris heads a superlative cast; directed by Brian Murray. (12/23/85) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

I'm Not Rappaport—Herb Gardner's synthetic, though often entertaining, comedy about two old men who share a bench in Central Park is given an expert performance by Cleavon Little and Judd Hirsch. (6/17/85) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Jerry's Girls—An all-female non-musical, in

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FEB 10

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DRAWINGS: *James Stevenson, Edward Frascino, Ed Fisher, James Mulligan, Richard Cline, Charles Addams, Dana Fradon, Jack Ziegler, Roz Chast, Joseph Mirachi, William Steig, Charles Saxon, J. B. Handelsman, Burt Silverman, Arnie Levin, Robert Mankoff, Edward Koren, Frank Modell*

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The New Yorker (ISSN 0028-792X), published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036; Steven T. Florio, president & publisher; Jonathan E. Newhouse, executive vice-president; Michael F. Trainor, associate publisher; Elaine M. Matteo, vice-president, treasurer & secretary; Milton Greenstein, Sam R. Spoto, vice-presidents; Stuart H. Jason, comptroller. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 41 Osgood Place, San Francisco, Calif. 94133; Suite 2360, 5900 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90036; 3017 Piedmont Road, N.E., Atlanta, Ga. 30305; 67½ Chestnut St., Boston, Mass. 02108; 19 South Audley St., London, W1Y 5DN. Vol. LXI, No. 51, February 10, 1986. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1986 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $32.00; two years, $52.00. In Canada, one year, $44.00. Other foreign, $52.00.
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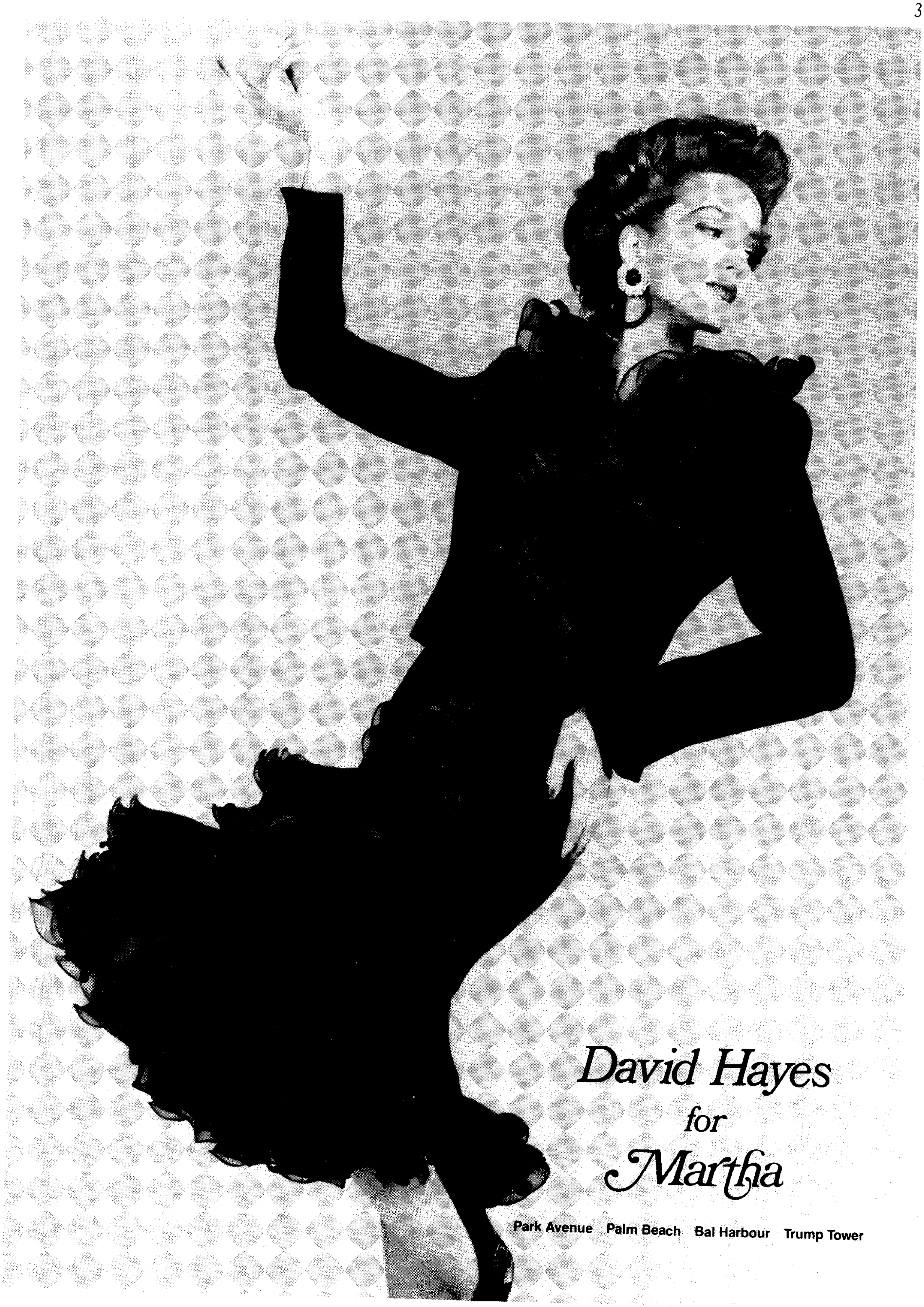
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

which three well-known performers—Dorothy Loudon, Chita Rivera, and Leslie Uggams—do their best to pretend they are not miscast as they spend the evening singing a very large number of Jerry Herman's all too readily memorable songs. (1/6/86) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

A Lie of the Mind—Sam Shepard has devised a masterful comedy in this frightening tale of two Western families bound together by a dreadful marriage. The performances, under Mr. Shepard's direction, are extremely good, especially those by Salome Jens, Amanda Plummer, Harvey Keitel, and Ann Wedgeworth. (12/16/85) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Sundays at 2:30.)

Lillian—A monologue starring Zoe Caldwell as Lillian Hellman. The text has been drawn by William Luce from Hellman's several volumes of reminiscences. It appears that Miss Caldwell could impersonate George Washington and make us believe it. (1/27/86) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 23.)

Mrs. Warren's Profession—Uta Hagen gives a stunning performance, in Shaw's brilliant play, as a woman of lowly origins who has made a fortune from a string of brothels. There is distinguished acting, as well, by Pamela Reed, as her daughter, and Harris Yulin, as her business partner. (12/30/85) (Haft, 227 W. 27th St. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 9. For tickets, call 420-1883.)

The Mystery of Edwin Drood—Old-fashioned, mock-Victorian nonsense, with book and songs by Rupert Holmes and direction by Wilford Leach. The cast includes George Rose, Betty Buckley, and Cleo Laine, to say nothing of the audience itself, which is put to work in the second act. (12/16/85) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Negro Ensemble Company—The second production of the season is **house of shadows**, a drama by Steve Carter. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Feb. 16.)

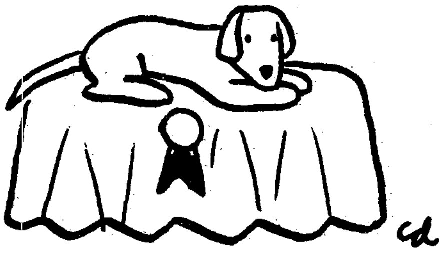
Nunsense—A musical by Dan Goggin. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Odd Couple—Neil Simon has turned his successful comedy of twenty years ago, which was about a couple of male bachelors, into an unsuccessful comedy about a couple of female bachelors. The cast is headed by Sally Struthers and Brenda Vaccaro. (6/24/85) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Penn & Teller—A sublime combination of conjuring and comedy. Penn Jillette does the talking; Teller is silent. (5/6/85) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays, except Feb. 8, at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays, except Feb. 8, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Wednesday, Feb. 5, at 2.)

Personals—A jaunty and romantic little revue about people looking for companionship of one sort or another in the classified ads. Talent abounds. Witty book and lyrics and tuneful score; performances by six gifted young actors. (Minetta Lane, 18-22 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Rum and Coke—Keith Reddin's ironic mock-documentary tells the story of a credulous Yale graduate who is recruited by the C.I.A., a couple of years before the catastrophe of the Bay of Pigs. Although Mr. Reddin's social commentary often sounds secondhand, his inventiveness is original and acute and funny.



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The production, under the direction of Les Waters, is first-rate. Peter MacNicol is exactly right in the leading role, and he is well supported, notably by Tony Plana, Polly Draper, and Frank Maraden. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Search for Signs of Intelligent Life in the Universe—A show that has nothing whatever to do with its title, which is just as well. It does have Lily Tomlin clowning her merry way through a number of skits by Jane Wagner, many of them very funny. (10/7/85) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 7 and 10; and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Singin' in the Rain—What could be more bizarre than an effortful re-creation onstage of what a movie once did with consummate ease and grace? Twyla Tharp has directed and choreographed this sad, enormous oddity. (7/15/85) (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Song and Dance—The only two reasons for going to see this curious mishmash of a show are Bernadette Peters and Victor Barbee, and perhaps those two reasons are enough. (9/30/85) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Today I Am a Fountain Pen—A play by Israel Horovitz, presented by the American Jewish Theatre. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 831-8603. Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday at 8. Matinée Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, Feb. 9.)

Uptown . . . It's Hot!—Fifty years of Harlem entertainment history, compressed to a meaningless blur. Maurice Hines is the star. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 575-9200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

What's a Nice Country Like You . . . Doing in a State Like This?—An updated version of the 1973 satirical revue by the original creators, composer Cary Hoffman and lyricist Ira Gasman. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 7 and 10; and Sunday at 7. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 9.)

Long Runs—**biloxi blues:** A comedy that verges on auto-hagiography, the hero being the author, Neil Simon, as a young Army draftee who, in 1943, is struggling to assume the mantle of writer. (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **brighton beach memoirs:** Another remembrance of things past by Neil Simon. This time, the hero is a sex-obsessed fifteen-year-old. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **la cage aux folles:** A dazzling production of a musical that has little wit and a lot of phony sentimentality about the tenderhearted family life of homosexuals. The music, by Jerry Herman, is Broadway-romantic. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **cats:** Ezra Pound nicknamed T. S. Eliot "Old Possum," and under that name Eliot wrote a collection of poems about cats, and now the cats are on display on Broadway, with music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, scenery by John Napier, and direction by Trevor Nunn. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **a chorus line:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **the fantasticks:** 10,728 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **the foreigner:** A very funny play by the late Larry Shue, with good performances by every single member of the company. Jerry Zaks was the admirable director. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42nd street:** Once upon a time there was a silly-wonderful Warner Brothers musical about a young hoofer who goes on in place of a disabled star and herself becomes a star overnight. The legitimate musical that has been fashioned from the movie musical is just as silly but by no means as wonderful. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **little shop of horrors:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **oh! calcutta!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 302-2302. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Ice Show—Final performances of the "Ice Capades," with Robin Cousins. (Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Wednesday, Feb. 5, at 2 and 7:30; Thursday, Feb. 6, at 7:30; Friday, Feb. 7, at 2 and 7:30; Saturday, Feb. 8, at 11, 3, and 7:30; and Sunday, Feb. 9, at 1:30 and 5:30.)

Forbidden Broadway 1986—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Wednesday, Feb. 5, at 8: "A Midsummer Night's Dream." . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 6, at 8: "Walpurgisnacht Ballet," "Chants d'Auvergne" (première), and "Gershwin Concerto." . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 7, at 8: "Eight Lines," "Pas de Deux," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo/Movements for Piano and Orchestra," and "Who Cares?" . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 8, at 2: "A Midsummer Night's Dream." . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 8, at 8: "Rossini Quartets," "Gershwin Concerto," and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2." . . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 9, at 1: "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue," "Eight Lines," "Valse-Fantaisie," and "La Valse." . . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 9, at 7: "Walpurgisnacht Ballet," "Chants d'Auvergne," and "Who Cares?" . . . ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 11, at 8: "Walpurgisnacht Ballet," "Fancy Free," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 12, at 8: "La Valse," "Eight Lines," "Eight More," and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto

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No. 2." . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 13, at 8: "Walpurgisnacht Ballet," "Eight More," "Valse Triste," and "Who Cares?" . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 14, at 8: "The Goldberg Variations" and "Who Cares?" . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 15, at 2: "Gershwin Concerto," "Chants d'Auvergne," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 15, at 8: "A Midsummer Night's Dream." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Through Sunday, Feb. 23.)

Tango Argentino—A troupe of thirty dancers, singers, and musicians. (Mark Hellinger Theatre, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

American Dance Machine—A two-week engagement. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Through Sunday, Feb. 16.)

Erick Hawkins Dance Company—"Classic Kite Tales," "Death Is a Hunter," "Dawn Dazzled Door," and "Today, with Dragon." (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 5-6, at 8.)

Sadler's Wells Royal Ballet—A one-week engagement. Wednesday, Feb. 5, at 7; Saturday, Feb. 8, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Feb. 9, at 2: "The Sleeping Beauty." . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, Feb. 6-7, at 8: "Flowers of the Forest," "Petrushka," and "Choros." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100.)

Lucinda Childs Dance Company—Wednesday, Feb. 5, at 8: Dance No. 1 from "Dance" and Field Dances from "Einstein on the Beach." . . . ¶ Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 6-8, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 9, at 2 and 7:30: "Portraits in Reflection." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800.)

Margie Gillis—With Eugene Friesen, cello, and James Kudelka, guest dancer. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Tuesday, Feb. 11, at 7:30; Wednesday through Saturday, Feb. 12-15, at 8; and Sunday, Feb. 16, at 2 and 7:30.)

Stephanie Skura—Presenting "Travelog," a new full-length work incorporating video by Terry Moyemont. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Wednesday through Saturday, Feb. 5-8, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 9, at 3.)

Chang Mu Dance Company—Programs of classical and modern Korean dance. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929. Wednesday, Feb. 5, and Friday, Feb. 7, at 8, and Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 8-9, at 2.)

Chuck Davis Dance Company—A program of works adapted from traditional African dances. (Triplex, 199 Chambers St. 618-1980. Saturday, Feb. 8, at 8.)

Susan Rethorst—"Simple Fiction" and "Sons of Famous Men." (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 13-15, at 8; Sunday, Feb. 16, at 3; and Monday, Feb. 17, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—Michael Feinstein sings and plays piano in the Oak Room Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen. Dining.

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Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A nautically flavored bar and restaurant in beautiful downtown Chelsea. The jazz: Friday and Saturday, Feb. 7-8, bassist **Mickey Bass** and his quartet; Sunday, Feb. 9, Karen Taborn; and Friday and Saturday, Feb. 14-15, pianist **Walter Bishop, Jr.** Mondays belong to Cecil Gregory, Tuesdays to Marie McAuliffe, Wednesdays to the Alan Kamen duo, and Thursdays to the Charles Blenzig duo. Sets begin Sundays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—**Blossom Dearie** is ensconced in this club, singing in her small, delicate, uncomplicated, diction-perfect voice. Early-evening concerts Wednesdays through Saturdays from six-thirty to eight-thirty. Harmonica virtuoso **Larry Adler** performs Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and eleven.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A dark, large, carpeted club with deep-blue tablecloths and a curvy bar. Pianist and composer **Toshiko Akiyoshi** heads up her **Jazz Orchestra,** which features **Lew Tabackin,** on Wednesday, Feb. 5; Thursday through Monday, Feb. 6-10, **Tito Puente** and **Daniel Poncé** will trade Latin-flavored sets; starting Tuesday, Feb. 11, **Paquito D'Rivera** and **Jorge Dalto** will share the facilities. Sets begin after nine. Jubilant hard-bop trumpeter **Ted Curson** presides over after-hours jam sessions every night but Monday until about four in the morning. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A large-venue pop, rock, folk, and jazz club with, thank heavens, tables and chairs. Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 5-6, Darlene Love; Friday and Saturday, Feb. 7-8, violinist **Michal Urbaniak's Constellation;** Sunday, Feb. 9, **Taj Mahal** and the **Andy Statman Klezmer Orchestra;** Thursday, Feb. 13, **Buster Poindexter** (David Johansen to his mom) **& the Banshees of Blue;** and Friday and Saturday, Feb. 14-15, guitarist **David Bromberg.** Shows Sundays through Tuesdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eighty-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A real New York bar; it has dark wood panelling, Type A conversationalists, and some very good piano-bass teams. **John Hicks** and **Ray Drummond** perform through Saturday, Feb. 8; on Sunday, Feb. 9, **Ray Drummond** will be present with another pianist; and on Monday, Feb. 10, **Kenny Barron** will take over with bassist **Larry Ridley.** Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The Café Carlyle is a cozy, elegant room where **George Shearing** can be found singing breathily and playing piano melodically with support from bassist **Don Thompson.** Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining. . . . ¶ Over in the Bemelmans Bar, pianist **Barbara Carroll** is singing and soloing Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Exposed rafters, weathered, splintery wood posts, decrepit neon beer signs, and a general ramshackle feel. All this and rock and roll, too. Monday is showcase night. Shows nightly from long after nine-thirty.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A velvet-and-mirror-walled below-stairs music room. Guitarists **Charlie Byrd** and **Laurindo Almeida** are present through Sunday, Feb. 9; starting Wednesday, Feb. 12, **Morgana King** will be singing here. Mondays are the property of guitarist and recording innovator **Les Paul** and his trio. Sets begin Mondays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays through Sundays at eight. Dining.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—The partial schedule: Wednesday, Feb. 5, the Flies, the Primatons, and Lianne Smith; Friday, Feb. 7, John Stewart; Wednesday, Feb. 12, Mofungo and They Might Be Giants; and Friday through Sunday, Feb. 14-16, three nights of comedy. Mondays are hootenanny nights. Shows usually begin at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty.

Freddy's, 308 E. 49th St. (888-1633)—Kathie Lee Johnson sings in this room through Sunday, Feb. 9, and on Tuesday, Feb. 11, Keely Smith will move in. Their shows begin at nine. Meanwhile, debonair, straight-arrow baritone and pianist **Ronny Whyte** is still on hand with bassist **Frank Tate** Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten-thirty. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Wednesdays through Saturdays, Alicia Sherman sings with Peter Madsen and Phil Bowler; Sundays and Mondays **Bob Dorough** and **Bill Takas** perform piano-bass duets; and Tuesdays **Chuck Wayne's** trio is here. Music from ten.

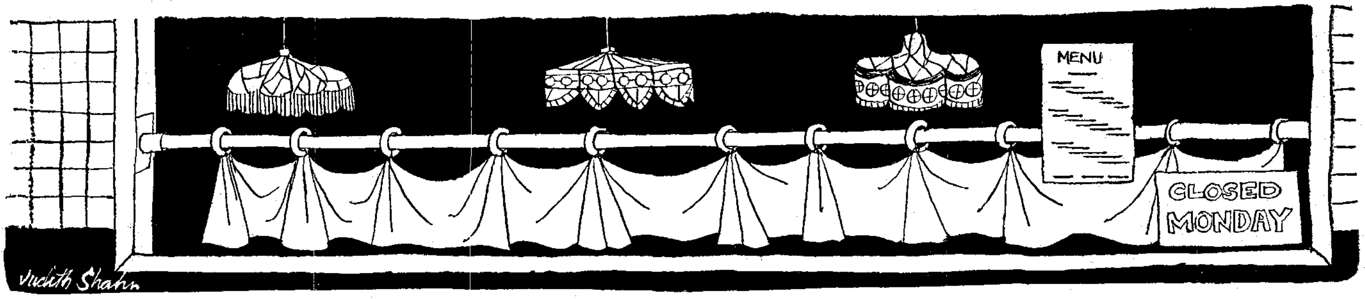
Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—A spiffy back-room haunt for traditional-jazz pianists and their admirers. Carol Britto is at the keyboard through Saturday, Feb. 8. Sundays are claimed by Keith MacDonald, and Mondays by **Dick Hyman.** Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine. Dining.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant, low-key bar and restaurant in the piano-bass district. **Adam Makowicz** and **Cecil Mc Bee** have settled in to play together Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty. Dining.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—You can tell you're in New York and not in Texas: when they serve you a hamburger, they bring a jar of Dijon mustard along with it. Wednesday, Feb. 5, Buckwheat Zydeco and Loup Gurou; Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 6-8, **the Band,** four-fifths reconstituted with **Levon Helm, Rick Danko, Richard Manuel,** and **Garth Hudson;** Sunday, Feb. 9, the **Gadd Gang** and Axiom; Tuesday, Feb. 11, **Junior Walker** & the All-Stars and Luis Excelsior; Wednesday, Feb. 12, the Grease Band; Thursday, Feb. 13, the **New Grass Revival;** and Friday and Saturday, Feb. 14-15, the New Riders of the Purple Sage. Music after nine. Dining.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**Barbara Cook,** who can sing standards just like ringing a bell, can be heard at nine and eleven Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Monday nights, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen is often found playing celebrity clarinet with a traditional-jazz combo. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A longtime music hangout on the upper West Side. The schedule: Wednesday, Feb. 5, the Jeff Franzel band; Thursday, Feb.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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6, Roland Vazquez; Friday and Saturday, Feb. 7-8, **CISSY HOUSTON,** famous as a soul and gospel singer and, now, as Whitney's mother; Monday, Feb. 10, **JUMP STREET;** Tuesday, Feb. 11, Nelson Rangell; and Friday and Saturday, Feb. 14-15, drummer and father figure **ART BLAKEY** and his latest batch of **JAZZ MESSENGERS.** Music from about ten. Dining.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—The mostly rock-and-roll roster: Friday, Feb. 7, Phantom, Rocker & Slick; Saturday, Feb. 8, **SOUTHSIDE JOHNNY & THE ASBURY JUKES;** Friday, Feb. 14, Howard Stern; and Saturday, Feb. 15, the **DEL FUEGOS.** Shows begin after nine Mondays through Thursdays, and after eleven Fridays and Saturdays. Dancing.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—On its busy weekends, this club feels like the rush hour in Rio. Wednesday, Feb. 5, Seku; Thursday, Feb. 6, the Last Poets; Friday and Saturday, Feb. 7-8, **LOREMIL MACHADO;** Tuesday, Feb. 11, **MARIO RIVERA & THE SALSA REFUGEES;** Wednesday, Feb. 12, reggae with the Babylon Warriors; and Thursday through Sunday, Feb. 13-16, Carnaval, featuring Moraes Moreira. Music from ten. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A music festival on the premises: Wednesday, Feb. 5, the Ordinaires; Thursday, Feb. 6, the **FRANK LOWE** quintet; Friday, Feb. 7, **PAUL BLEY;** Saturday, Feb. 8, **CECIL TAYLOR** at ten and midnight and the **RAY ANDERSON** trio at one-thirty; Sunday, Feb. 9, **THIRD KIND OF BLUE,** with **JOHN PURCELL, ANTHONY COX,** and **RONNIE BURRAGE;** Monday, Feb. 10, the **DON FRIEDMAN** trio; Tuesday, Feb. 11, **JANE IRA BLOOM;** Wednesday, Feb. 12, the **BARRY ALTSCHUL** band; Thursday, Feb. 13, trumpeter **HUGH RAGIN'S** trio; Friday, Feb. 14, saxophonist **DAVID MURRAY'S** trio, featuring drummer **SUNNY MURRAY;** Saturday, Feb. 15, **ROSCOE MITCHELL & THE SOUND ENSEMBLE.** Shows from about ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St. (777-5077)—A simple basic blues and rock club. Wednesday, Feb. 5, **ERIC ANDERSEN;** Thursday, Feb. 6, Kristi Rose; Friday, Feb. 7, **MIGHTY JOE YOUNG;** Saturday, Feb. 8, **ELLIOTT MURPHY;** Sunday, Feb. 9, the Feetwarmers; Tuesday through Thursday, Feb. 11-13, from New Orleans, **LIL QUEENIE & THE PERCOLATORS;** and Friday and Saturday, Feb. 14-15, **C.J. CHENIER,** son of Clifton. Music after nine-thirty.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—The Top of the Gate is the scene for swing and jitterbug music supplied by the **HARLEM BLUES & JAZZ BAND** on Saturday, Feb. 8, at nine and eleven. . . . ¶ On the Terrace, after nine-thirty, **HAROLD MABERN** and **JAMIL NASSER** work out through Sunday, Feb. 9, and on Tuesday, Feb. 11, longtime piano-bass colleagues **RAY BRYANT** and **JIMMY ROWSER** will come in. Mondays are now presided over by a piano-bass-guitar trio—**ROGER KELLAWAY, MICHAEL MOORE,** and **TED DUNBAR**—after ten. Jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** drops by on Tuesdays, too.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Perhaps the most famous basement in the world, now fifty-one years old, has been described by Max Gordon, the wise proprietor and resident father figure, as "a good joint that people like to come to—thank God." Pianist **TOMMY FLANAGAN,** bassist **GEORGE MRAZ,** and drummer **AL FOSTER** are all on the bandstand until Sunday, Feb. 9, and on Tuesday, Feb. 11, saxophonist **JOE HENDERSON'S ALL-STARS** will descend the stairs. Monday nights are Blast-Off Nights for the **MEL LEWIS BIG BAND.** Music from nine-thirty.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food, beyond the pinball machines is a room of jazz. The Les DeMerle quintet performs through Sunday, Feb. 9; starting Wednesday, Feb. 12, **BILL BERRY** will bring in his combo. On Tuesdays, Don Leight and his Masters of Swing own the room. Music from about nine.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A SoHo-sleek and spacious bar and restaurant with a musical passageway between them. Jean Matisse and **MARTY RIVERA** play piano-bass duets in it through Saturday, Feb. 8, and starting Monday, Feb. 10, **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA** will be the players. Sundays are allotted to guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE.** Music weeknights from eight and Sundays from seven.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Bill Cosby—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Friday, Feb. 7, at 8; Saturday, Feb. 8, at 2:30 and 8; and Sunday, Feb. 9, at 3 and 8.

Carmen Lundy—Pope Auditorium, Fordham University, Columbus Ave. at 60th St. Friday, Feb. 7, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.

Muhal Richard Abrams and Cecil McBee—Carnegie Recital Hall. 247-7800. Friday, Feb. 7, at 8.

Peter Yarrow—In a benefit concert for the Cathedral School. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Friday, Feb. 7, at 7. For information about tickets, call 865-8400, between 8 and 4.)

Paul Winter Consort and Pé-De-Boi—Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. 662-2133. Saturday, Feb. 8, at 2 and 8.

Oscar Brand—Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. Saturday, Feb. 8, at 1, and Sunday, Feb. 9, at 12:30. For tickets, call 595-7500.

New American Orchestra—With Dionne Warwick and Eddie Daniels. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Sunday, Feb. 9, at 8.)

Reggie Workman and Maya Milenovic—With Akbar Ali. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 11, at 8.)

New York Strings—With Eddie Daniels. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Feb. 14, at 8.)

Peabo Bryson, the O'Jays, and **the Manhattans**—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 787-1477. Friday, Feb. 14, at 8 and midnight.

Jazz at Six—Kenny Davern, Dick Wellstood, and Chuck Riggs. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Friday, Feb. 14, at 6. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Mink DeVille—Beacon Theatre. Saturday, Feb. 15, at 8.

Irving Plaza—Friday, Feb. 7: Hüsker Dü, Soul Asylum, and Persian Gulf. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Feb. 14-15: Johnny Thunders. (17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. 477-3728. Shows begin after 10.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Horst Antes—A retrospective of paintings. Through Feb. 22. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

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Gillian Jagger—A large cast-cement sculpture, with a polished wrinkled surface, which rises about a foot and a half off the floor. Through Feb. 25. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

Leon Kelly (1901-82)—A retrospective of paintings and drawings by a Surrealist. Through Saturday, Feb. 8. (A. M. Adler, 21 E. 67th St.)

Max Klinger (1857-1920)—Prints. Through March 1. (Carus, 872 Madison Ave., at 71st St.)

David Levine—Satirical portrait drawings. Through Feb. 26. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Nancy Mitchnick—Landscapes, large and small, some of them in a series depicting the passing seasons; also, a few works devoted to human figures and dogs. Through Saturday, Feb. 8. (Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

Henry Moore—Maquettes and drawings. Through March 8. (Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Daniel Morper—Oil paintings of the Grand Canyon. Through March 1. (Einstein, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Leonard Stokes—Paper collages, several of which suggest figures. Through Wednesday, Feb. 12. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

Helen Miranda Wilson—Small, neatly painted views of Manhattan, from unusual perspectives, and landscapes of the American West in which whole mountain ranges are compressed onto seven-by-eleven-inch Masonite boards. Through March 1. (Hoffeld, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Open Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **ACA,** 21 E. 67th St.: An exhibit marking the fiftieth anniversary of the American Artists' Congress reunites, through paintings, sculptures, and photographs, seventy of the organizing artists, including Berenice Abbott, Philip Evergood, Abraham Walkowitz, and Alexander Calder. Through March 1. . . . **FOURCADE,** 36 E. 75th St.: Drawings by a dozen or so artists, including four by the late Eva Hesse and an engaging series of abstract watercolors-cum-pastels by Joan Mitchell. Through Saturday, Feb. 8. . . . **PERLS,** 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Among new acquisitions here are a Matisse (still-life), a Modigliani (head of a young woman), a Picasso (his studio), and a small Archipenko bronze of a nude figure. Through March 15.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Josef Albers (1888-1976)—A large show that includes paintings from the "Homage to the Square" series and studies on blotting paper. Through March 1. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Jerry Atkins—Bronze figures reduced to a few telling gestures. Through March 1. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Milton Avery (1893-1965)—Portraits. Through Feb. 27. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Joseph Beuys (1921-86)—A display of materials that the artist, who died recently, used in a performance work called "Is It About a Bicycle?": texts written on blackboards (arranged on the floor), which also have treadmarks from the bicycle (itself on hand). Through Saturday, Feb. 8. (Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

Larry Brown—Abstractions applied to layered wood panels. Through March 1. (Lamagna, 50 W. 57th St.)

Deborah Butterfield—Tabletop-size horses cast in bronze. Through Feb. 28. (Heesy, 50 W. 57th St.)

Matthew Daub—Highly detailed cityscapes. Through March 1. (French, 41 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Joseph DiGiorgio—Seventeen large paintings of the Grand Canyon taken from a series done by the artist in which the complete set of twenty-four oils provides a panoramic view. Through Saturday, Feb. 15. (Siegel, 24 W. 57th St.)

Jim Dine—New paintings and sculptures; the largest piece is a wood-and-steel gate strung

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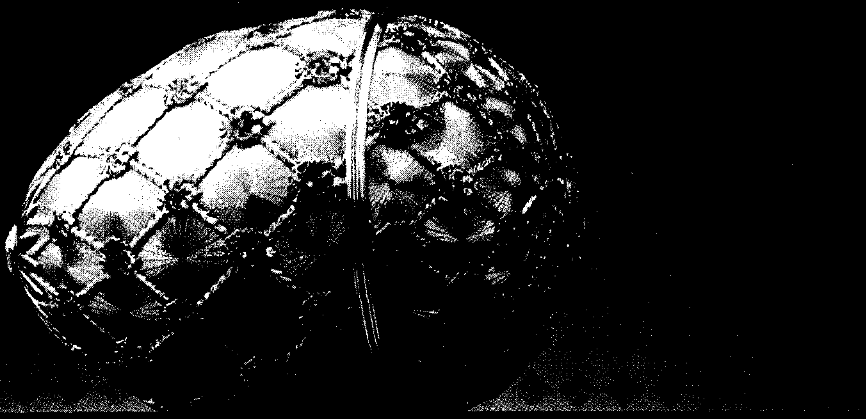

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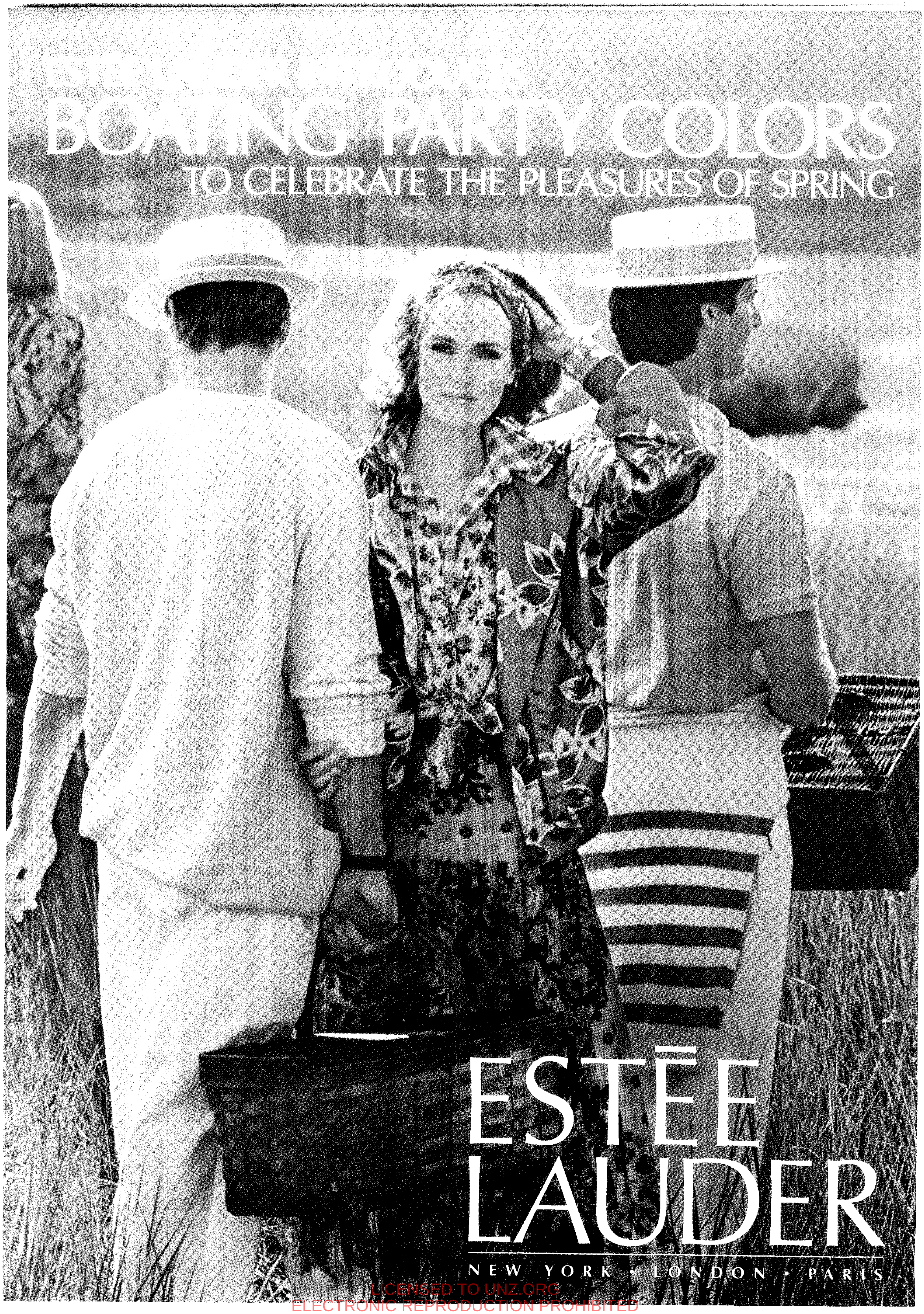
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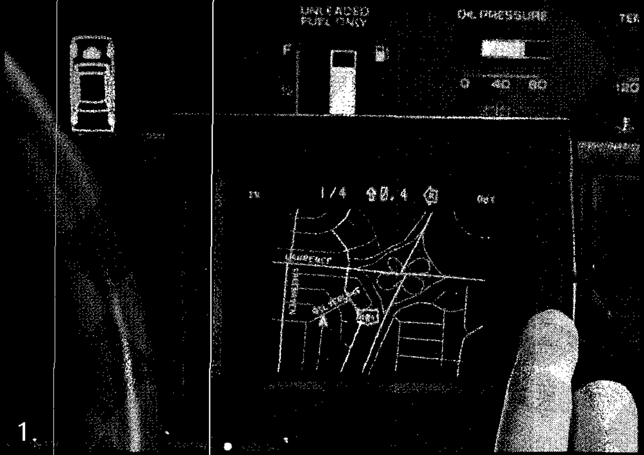

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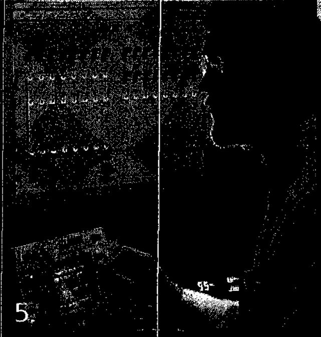

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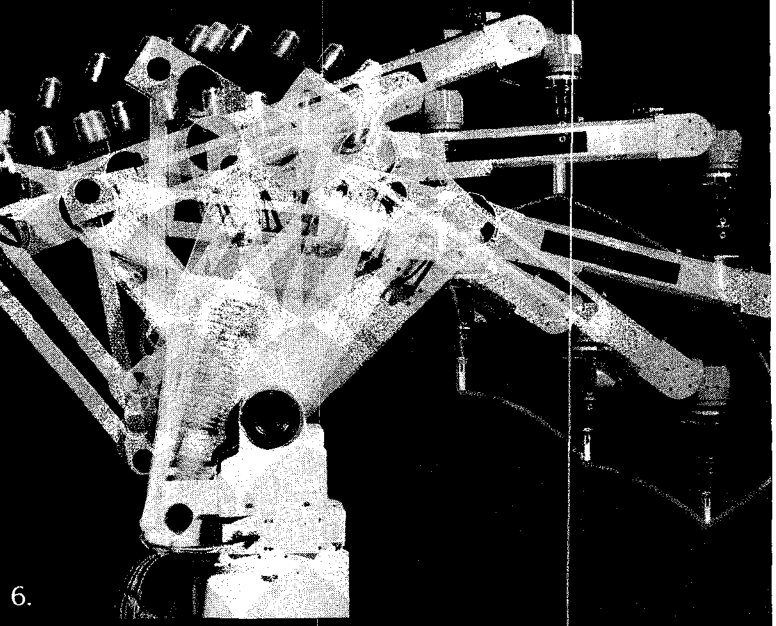

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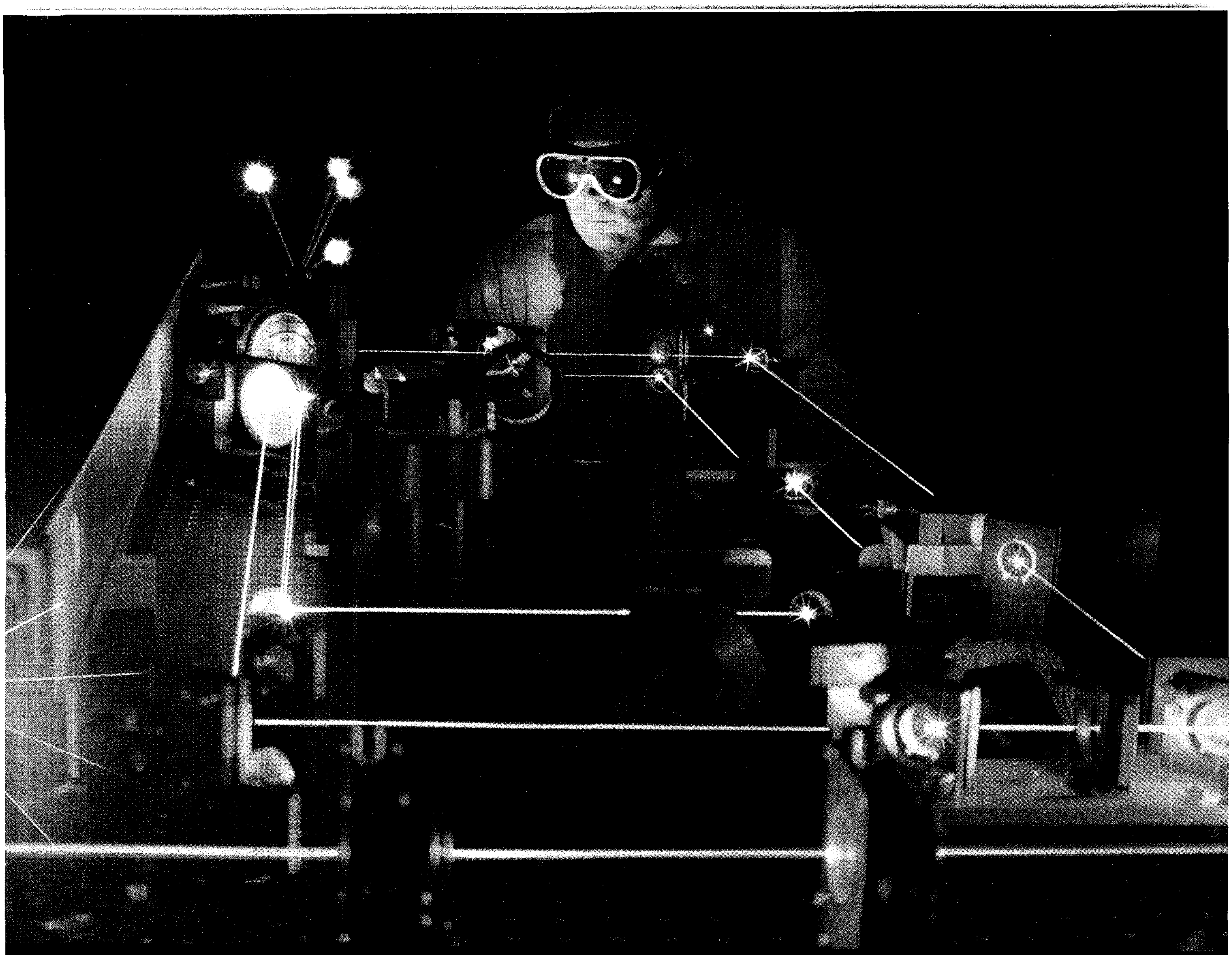

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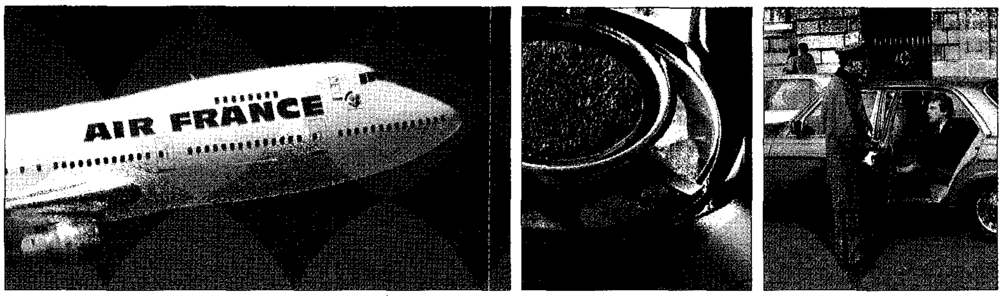

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with bronze castings of the tools (axes, pitchforks, saws, and so on) the artist draws with such distinction. Through Saturday, Feb. 15. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Lois Dodd / Anne Arnold—The Louisiana countryside and other landscapes. / Pastel drawings of animals by a sculptor. Through Feb. 26. (Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Bruce Dorfman—Color-field paintings. Through Friday, Feb. 14. (Arras, 24 W. 57th St., and 725 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.; the latter is open Mondays.)

Les Frères Duchamp—Approximately thirty paintings, sculptures, drawings, and prints by the brothers Marcel, Raymond, and Jacques. Through March 8. (Herstand, 24 W. 57th St.)

Chuck Forsman—Realist Western landscape paintings, seventy per cent mountains and sky, thirty per cent human or man-made forms. Through March 1. (De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St.)

Eugenie Gershoy—Painted-papier-mâché sculptures, mostly of dancers and circus performers. Through Feb. 26. (Deutsch, 20 W. 57th St.)

DeWitt Hardy—Watercolors in which figures in interiors correspond in mood and color to landscapes seen through windows. Through Feb. 26. (Schoelkopf, 50 W. 57th St.)

Roberto Juarez—Large abstract paintings based recognizably on plant life and food, for the most part—unexpected characterizations of the lima bean, for instance. Through Feb. 22. (Robert Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Käthe Kollwitz (1867-1945) **and Paula Modersohn-Becker** (1876-1907)—Drawings, paintings, and prints. Through March 15. (Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.)

James McGarrell—Allegorical paintings; one is a triptych with seven predella panels. Also, monotypes. Through March 1. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St.)

Richard Merkin—Canvases occupied by numerous figures wearing fashionable attire of the twenties. Through Feb. 27. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Ludwig Mies van der Rohe (1886-1969) / **Paul Rudolph**—More than forty drawings. / Drawings for public buildings under construction in Southeast Asia are the most recent works in a survey of more than fifty. Through March 1. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

Robert Moskowitz—Paintings and drawings. Through March 1. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

Irving Petlin—New paintings. Through March 1. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Robert Ryman—New paintings, including two large works on sheets of fibre glass and a triptych of the same material. Through Saturday, Feb. 15. (Galerie Maeght Lelong, 20 W. 57th St.)

Lucia Salemme—Abstract paintings. Through Feb. 28. (Dorsky, 58 W. 58th St.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Ida Applebroog—New paintings expressing the artist's concerns about terrorism, sexism, racism, romance, and art. Through Saturday, Feb. 15. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

Vivian Bower—Pastel abstractions based on views of the sea. Through March 1. (Munroe, 415 West Broadway.)

Toby Buonagurio—Baroque painted-ceramic sculptures. Through Feb. 25. (Knowlton, 153 Mercer St.)

Gretna Campbell—Expressionist landscape paintings. Through March 1. (Ingber, 415 West Broadway.)

Edgar Franceschi—When the painter's subject is painting and the painter portrays himself as a paint can with crude eyes and mouth, then you know he's either very funny or needs to open the window. Through March 2. (Museum of Contemporary Hispanic Art, 584 Broadway. Open Sundays.)

Jeff Gompertz—Paintings. Through Feb. 26. (Blum Helman Warehouse, 80 Greene St.)

Harmony Hammond—Paintings (with shapes reminiscent of the artist's wrapped sculptures) on canvas and paper. Through March 4. (Steinbaum, 132 Greene St.)

Reuben Kadish—A retrospective of sculptures and works on paper. Through Feb. 22. (Artists' Choice, 394 West Broadway. Open Sundays.)

Allan McCollum—Fuzzy black-and-white images enlarged from snapshots of art works seen in the backgrounds of TV settings. Through Saturday, Feb. 8. (Brown, 100 Greene St.)

Manuel Neri—Sculptures and bas-reliefs in marble, painted bronze, and plaster. Through March 1. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

Peter Pinchbeck / Lou Storey—Abstract geometric paintings characterized by interlocking shapes. / Narrative paintings centered on objects, plus urethane-foam sculptures of animals. Through Saturday, Feb. 15. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

Jean-Pierre Raynaud—An installation of paintings and sculptures. Through Feb. 22. (Carpenter+Hochman, 420 West Broadway.)

Richard Saba—Abstract acrylic paintings. Through March 12. (Milliken, 98 Prince St.)

Leon Polk Smith—Recent abstract paintings on shaped canvases, among other works. Through March 1. (DiLaurenti, 383 West Broadway.)

Trevor Winkfield—Eight small-scale paintings. Through March 1. (Thorp, 103 Prince St.)

Krzysztof Wodiczko and Jana Sterbak—Two installations. Mr. Wodiczko has moved his slide projections indoors to the walls of the 49th Parallel gallery—images of homeless people are projected over images of monuments in Union Square. Miss Sterbak projects text above an illuminated wire sculpture of a headless figure. Through Saturday, Feb. 15. (49th Parallel, 420 West Broadway.)

Group Shows—At the **PAM ADLER,** 578 Broadway: Abstractions by three painters, Sharon Gold, Judith Murray, and Lynn Umlauf. Through Feb. 22. . . . **CUTLER,** 164 Mercer St.: Paintings by Steven Norton and Adam Cvijanovic; wall pieces of beeswax, lead, tar, and oil paint by Joseph Amar; and other works. Through Saturday, Feb. 8. . . . **THE DRAWING CENTER,** 137 Greene St.: Works by eleven newcomers, including a graphic black-and-white interpretation of a writer's block by Janet Snell, and a long, narrow shape, by Susan Barnes, which suggests a speeding train and stretches across five paper panels. Through Saturday, Feb. 15. (Open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **WEBER,** 142 Greene St.: Works by a dozen artists from other galleries, Lauren Ewing, Joel Fisher, and Barbara Kruger among them. Through Saturday, Feb. 8.

Sculpture—At **GERMANS VAN ECK,** 420 West Broadway: "After Nature," the title for these pieces by seven sculptors, including Heide Fasnacht, Steve Wood, and Bård Breivik. Through Feb. 22. . . . **SHAFRAZI,** 163 Mercer St.: Bryan Hunt, Joel Shapiro, and Tom Otterness are among the seven artists exhibiting new work. Through Saturday, Feb. 8.

OTHER GALLERIES

Dale Frank—Abstract paintings evoking waterfalls and marshlands by an Australian artist whose studio in Milan was recently flooded in a plumbing mishap. Through Sunday, Feb. 9. (Audiello, 436 E. 11th St. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Peter Hopkins—Solid-color canvases (orange, white, pink, or blue) sparsely dotted in a grid pattern, and small abstract photographs resulting from the combined efforts of a TV screen, a computer, and a camera. Through Sunday, Feb. 9. (Vox Populi, 511 E. 6th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Betsy Kaufman—Paintings suggesting a collision of the classical (represented by torsos of Venus) with the modern (represented by street maps). Through Sunday, Feb. 9. (Wolff, 513 E. 6th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

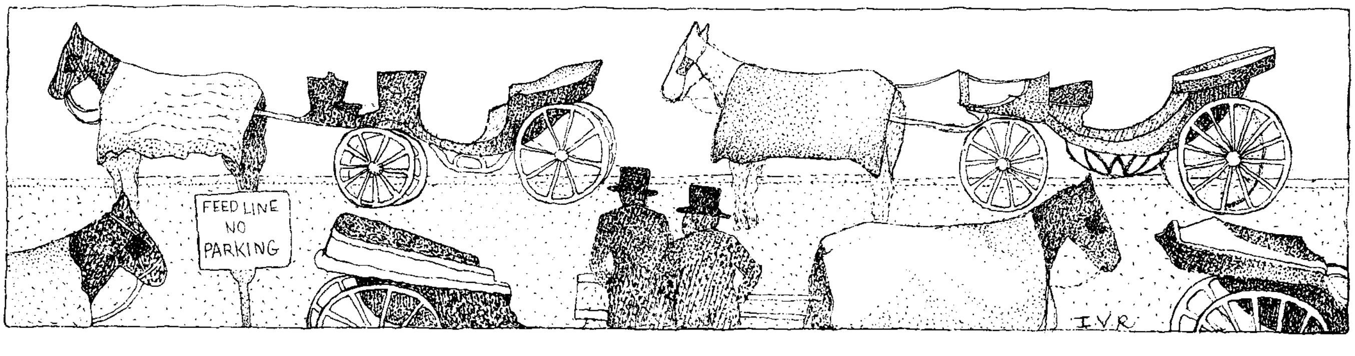
Group Shows—At the **BROMM,** 170 Avenue A, at 11th St.: Rosemarie Castoro, Jody Pinto, and Krzysztof Wodiczko are three of the ten artists included. Through Sunday, Feb. 9. (Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.) . . . **B-SIDE,** 543 E. 6th St.: High kitsch is the hallmark of this gallery, which is showing approximately twenty artists, among them Ronnie Cutrone, Walter Robinson, and Simone Gad. Through Feb. 16. (Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.) . . . **GOOD,** 39 Great Jones St.: Oils by Jasper Johns and the English painter Howard Hodgkin are side by side in this show of abstractions. The other artists are Christopher Lucas, Philip Taaffe, Moira Dryer, George Negroponte, and Gary Stephan. Through Saturday, Feb. 8. . . . **P. S. 1,** 46-01 21st St., Long Island City: Mixed-medium abstractions on slate by Merrill Wagner, computer-plotted paintings on fibre glass by Jantje Visscher, and hammered-aluminum reliefs of rocks and trees by Robert Lobe are prominent in a collection concentrating on contemporary American landscapes. Through March 23. (Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.) . . . **SRAGOW,** 436 E. 11th St.: A painting of a cow, who is unexceptional except for a snake in her mouth, by Alphonse Van Woerkom, and sgraffito paintings of constellations fighting one another, by David Schirm, among other works. Through Feb. 16. (Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Chuck Close / Emmet Gowin—Photographic studies for some of his large-scale paintings. / New photographs of Mt. St. Helens and the ancient city of Petra, in Jordan. Through Saturday, Feb. 15. (Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St.)

Marianne Engberg / Carlo Gajani—Studies of Greenland by an artist who practices pinhole photography. / Photographs of the Po Valley. Through March 1. (Urdang, 23 E. 74th St.)

André Kertész (1894-1985)—Approximately a



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

hundred and sixty prints of Paris and New York are on view at the Metropolitan Museum. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Grace Knowlton / Beatrice Helg—Platinum prints of architectural details by a photographer-sculptor. / Surreal still-life sets built by the artist and photographed with a 20 × 24 Polaroid. Through March 1. (Witkin, 415 West Broadway. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Frank Majore—A two-gallery exhibit of prints. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Through Feb. 16. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6. . . . ¶ 303 Gallery, 303 Park Ave. S., at 23rd St. Through Saturday, Feb. 8. Opens at 1.)

John Reuter and Stephen John Phillips—Photographs of nudes. Through Friday, Feb. 7. (Pfeifer, 568 Broadway.)

Kenneth Snelson—Panoramic photographs of Paris. Through Saturday, Feb. 15. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Weegee (1899-1968)—Vintage prints of, among others, a bagel vender, children enjoying a spraying fire hydrant, singers at a night club. Also, prints from infrared film. Through Feb. 22. (Laurence Miller, 38 E. 57th St.)

Trends in Spanish Photography—About a hundred and fifty prints by nearly two dozen artists in a show that comprehends avant-garde experiments, photojournalism, and advertising—the varied complexion of photography in Spain during the period from 1920 to 1945. Through Feb. 16. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.) . . . ¶ Forty prints by nine Spanish Pictorialists who worked in the first four decades of this century. Through Feb. 28. (Spanish Institute, 684 Park Ave., at 68th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Group Show—A small offering of photograms, photomontages, and manipulated prints from the twenties and thirties by Moholy-Nagy, Uelsmann, Florence Henri, and others. Through March 8. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. Opens at noon.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A gilded French rococo carriage, decorated with paintings from the studio of Boucher, and Rubens' monumental painting "The Assumption of the Virgin" set the tone of an elaborate show of art works acquired or commissioned by the Princes of Liechtenstein between the sixteenth century and the nineteenth. Ornate firearms in the collection occupy one gallery. . . . ¶ "Costumes of Royal India," an extravaganza evoking palaces of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, when the garments on view were worn by rajas, maharajas, ranis, maharanis, nizams, and nawabs. Also, accessories, furnishings, and portraits. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Prints by André Kertész. Through Feb. 23. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Variants," a selection of black-and-white photographs by Americans and Europeans. Through March 11. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A show of about a hundred and twenty sculptures representing the different styles used by American and European artists since the forties, and singling out the contributions of Giacometti, David Smith, and Cornell. Through Feb. 16. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—An exhibit that examines American decorative and industrial design in this century, with examples extending from a Frank Lloyd Wright dining-room set to an Apple IIc personal computer. Through Feb. 16. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

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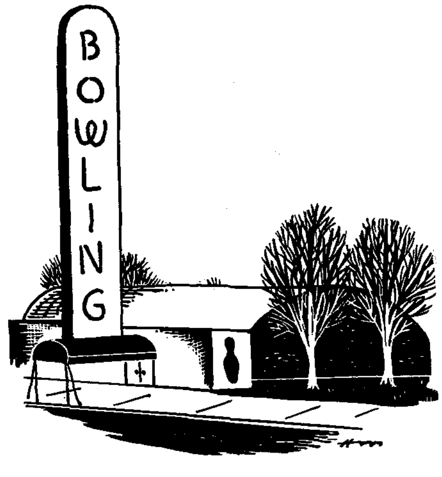
Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The Festival of India has brought a comprehensive survey of terra-cotta objects, one of whose characteristics is that they bear a striking family resemblance to one another, whether they were produced in 2500 B.C. or in the twentieth century. The more than a hundred and thirty pieces include cult figurines, animals, and toys. Through April 14. . . . ¶ A survey of American prints done in the past two years. Artists represented include Richard Diebenkorn, Alex Katz, Janet Fish, and Elizabeth Murray. Starts Friday, Feb. 7. (Open daily except Tuesdays. Hours: Mondays and Wednesdays, except Lincoln's Birthday, through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6; Lincoln's Birthday, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Seventy-six paintings by American artists who have recorded the American West, to celebrate either its history or its natural beauty. George Catlin, Charles Russell, Georgia O'Keeffe, Chuck Forsman, and others. Through Feb. 16. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—The Festival of India has transformed the museum into a bazaarlike exhibition space filled with goods made by Indian artisans to the specifications of American and European designers—Mario Bellini's marble base for upholstery and Mary McFadden's adaptations of traditional Indian costumes and jewelry, for example. Through Feb. 23. . . . ¶ An exhibit of drawings for furniture, lamps, etc., by members of the Milan-based design group Memphis, along with such finished products as a Michele De Lucchi sofa that rests on metal poles attached to suction cups. Through April 13. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—A show concerning the Ingres portrait of Comtesse d'Haussonville painted between 1842 and 1845. With the work as its focal point, the exhibit examines and documents everything from the porcelains seen in the portrait to memorabilia of the Comtesse to the artist's preparatory studies. Through Feb. 16. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—"Stuart Davis's New York," an exhibit of paintings (including a mural), drawings, and prints centered on Manhattan's landscape, which inspired so many of his works. Through March 16. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)



National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A show of thirty-seven Old Master paintings on loan from London's Dulwich Picture Gallery. Rembrandt's "Girl Leaning on a Stone Pedestal" and Poussin's "Triumph of David" are among them. Through Feb. 16. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

The New Museum, 583 Broadway—"Choices: Making an Art of Everyday Life," an exhibit *of videos and installations, mostly.* One work is a room filled with notebooks, diaries, charts, and graphs kept by Morgan O'Hara as she documented every detail of her life for seventeen years. (Miss O'Hara will give a performance at the museum on Saturday, Feb. 15, from 1 to 5, in which she will reveal her personal research methods to the public.) Also on view is a statement explaining that Tehching Hsieh's latest work is that of not doing any art. Further, Linda Montano will be seated in one of the museum's windows on Sunday, Feb. 9, from noon to 5:30 speaking to passersby about art, a continuation of a seven-year project. And Kim Jones, covered in mud, will appear periodically during the exhibition to wander the museum space. . . . ¶ *A display of videos by eleven artists* including Jill Kroesen, Michael Marton, and Maxi Cohen. Both shows through March 30. (Open Wednesdays, noon to 8; Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A display of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century depictions of Niagara Falls when it was a mecca for artists as well as tourists. Among the painters galvanized by the spectacle were Church, Hicks, Bierstadt, Cole, and Twachtman. Paintings, drawings, photographs, and memorabilia. Through April 27. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—An exhibition of illustrated Japanese manuscripts of prose and poetry, culled from the library's collection, which includes notable ukiyo-e woodblock prints and an early Japanese how-to hand-scroll from the Edo period explaining two flower arrangements. Through March 25. (Open daily, except Sundays and Lincoln's Birthday, 10 to 6.) . . . ¶ The Schomburg Center, 515 Lenox Ave., at 135th St., has a show of early newspapers by black publishers (such as Marcus Garvey's *Negro World*) and other documentary material of historical interest. Through April 20. (The center is open Mondays through Wednesdays, except Lincoln's Birthday, noon to 8; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

ART AFTER DARK

(Performance, music, dance, video, film, and combinations thereof.)

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671—Chris Kraus (performance), Thursday and Friday, Feb. 6-7, at 8:30.

The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. 255-5793—8 BC Nights—Wednesday, Feb. 12, at 9: "The Spear of Destiny," Jo Andres, and the Wayfarers; Thursday, Feb. 13, at 9: "Spear," James Seina & Chazz Dean, and They Might Be Giants; Friday, Feb. 14, at 9: "Spear," Karen Finley, and His Master's Voice; Saturday, Feb. 15, at 9: "Spear," Ellen Fisher, and Live Skull.

Performing Garage, 35 Wooster St. 966-3651—Yoshiko Chuma and the School of Hard Knocks presenting an evening-length work entitled "The Housing Project," Wednesdays through Sundays, Feb. 5-9 and 12-16, at 8:30.

P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288—Five shows of between nine and eleven acts each (a benefit for P.S. 122), including the following—Paul Zaloom and Philip Glass on Thursday, Feb. 6, at 8; Nina Wiener Dance Company and Pé-De-Boi on Friday, Feb. 7, at 8; Karen Finley and Eric Bogosian on

Friday, Feb. 7, at 11; Kenneth King and Mark Morris on Saturday, Feb. 8, at 8; and the Wooster Group and Bob Telson on Saturday, Feb. 8, at 11.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7800; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410; and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, Feb. 5, at 8: "Porgy and Bess," with Grace Bumbry, Gwendolyn Bradley, Veronica Tyler, Charles Williams, and Robert Mosley; conducted by James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 6, at 8: "Roméo et Juliette," with Catherine Malfitano, Diane Kesling, Neil Shicoff, and Vernon Hartman; Sylvain Cambreling. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 7, at 8: "Samson," with Leona Mitchell, Carol Vaness, Sarah Walker, Jon Vickers, and John Macurdy; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 8, at 1:30: "Porgy and Bess," with Grace Bumbry, Gwendolyn Bradley, Veronica Tyler, Charles Williams, and Robert Mosley; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 8, at 8: "Idomeneo," with Benita Valente, Hildegard Behrens, Frederica von Stade, David Rendall, and Dennis Bailey; Jeffrey Tate. . . . ¶ Monday, Feb. 10, at 8: "Samson," with Leona Mitchell, Carol Vaness, Sarah Walker, Jon Vickers, and John Macurdy; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 11, at 8: "Roméo et Juliette," with Catherine Malfitano, Diane Kesling, Neil Shicoff, and Brian Schexnayder; Sylvain Cambreling. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 12, at 8: "Idomeneo," with Benita Valente, Hildegard Behrens, Frederica von Stade, David Rendall, and John Alexander; Jeffrey Tate. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 13, at 8: "Francesca da Rimini," with Renata Scotto, Ermanno Mauro, and Cornell MacNeil; Nello Santi. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 14, at 8: "Roméo et Juliette," with Gail Robinson, Hilda Harris, Dénes Gulyás, and Brian Schexnayder; Sylvain Cambreling. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 15, at 2: "Idomeneo," with Benita Valente, Hildegard Behrens, Frederica von Stade, David Rendall, and John Alexander; Jeffrey Tate. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 15, at 8: "Samson," with Leona Mitchell, Carol Vaness, Sandra Walker, Jon Vickers, and John Macurdy; Julius Rudel.

Bel Canto Opera—Johannes Somary conducting a Massenet double bill: "Thérèse" and "Le Portrait de Manon." Staged by Cynthia Edwards. (Joan of Arc Junior High School, 154 W. 93rd St. Saturday, Feb. 8, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 9, at 3. For information about tickets, call 279-4200.)

After Dinner Opera Company—Presenting "Predators," by Seymour Barab. (Bruno Walter Auditorium, New York Public Library at Lincoln Center, 111 Amsterdam Ave., at 65th St. Monday, Feb. 10, at 4. For information about free tickets, call 477-6212.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

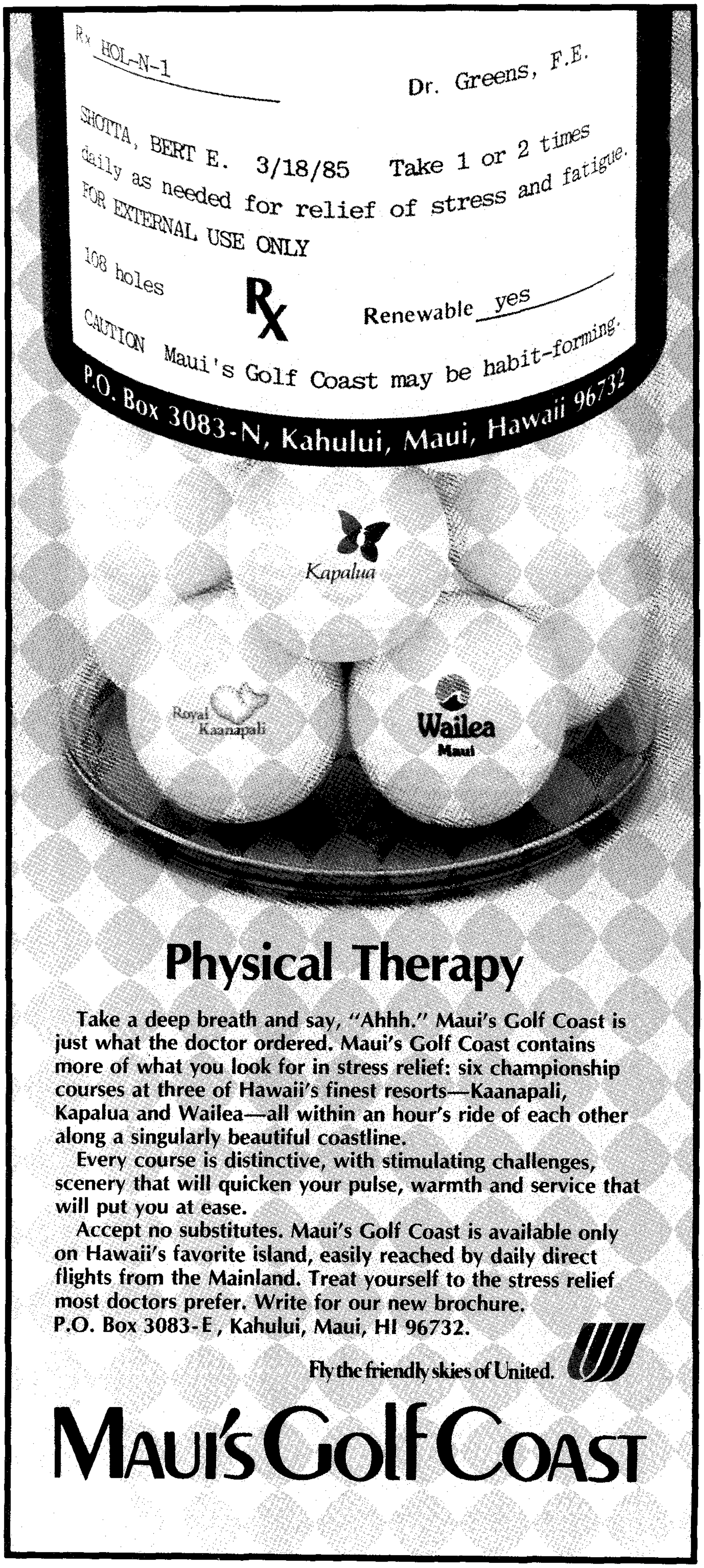
New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Zubin Mehta conducting—Thursday, Feb. 6, at 8; Friday, Feb. 7, at 2; Saturday, Feb. 8, at 8; and Tuesday, Feb. 11, at 7:30: A Furtwängler–Saint-Saëns–Bruckner program, with Matt Haimovitz, cello. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 13, at 8; Friday, Feb. 14, at 2; Saturday, Feb. 15, and Monday, Feb. 17, at 8; and Tuesday, Feb. 18, at 7:30: An Elgar-Bruckner program, with Yo-Yo Ma, cello.

Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra—Michael Gielen conducting a Schoenberg-Brahms program, with Peter Serkin, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Feb. 6, at 8.)

New York Philharmonic and Juilliard Orchestra—A joint concert, conducted by Zubin Mehta. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 12, at 8.)

Zagreb Philharmonic—Pavle Despalj conducting, with Valter Despalj, cello. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Feb. 13, at 8.)

Columbia University Orchestra—Howard Goldstein conducting, with Ophra Yerushalmi, piano. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at



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MAUI'S GOLF COAST

116th St. Thursday, Feb. 6, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

New York Pops—Skitch Henderson and John Green conducting the third in a series of five concerts. With Pamela Mia Paul, piano, and Jane Powell, narrator. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Feb. 7, at 8.)

Prism—Robert Black conducting a program of works by Andrew Rudin, with Wendy Hill and Margaret Ahrens, sopranos; Barbara Martin, mezzo-soprano; Cameron Grant, piano; and Patricia Spencer, flute. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Tuesday, Feb. 11, at 8.)

Brandenburg Ensemble—Alexander Schneider conducting, with Emanuel Ax, piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, Feb. 14, at 8.)

Brooklyn Philharmonic—Lukas Foss conducting an all-Sibelius program, with Ruggiero Ricci, violin, and Bianca Sauler, soprano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 14-15, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 16, at 2.)

Y Chamber Symphony—Gerard Schwarz conducting, with Elmar Oliveira, violin. (Kaufmann Concert Hall. Saturday, Feb. 15, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 16, at 3.)

Amor Artis Chorale—Johannes Somary directing a program of contemporary music. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Friday, Feb. 7, at 8.)

Musica Sacra—Richard Westenburg directing songs and psalms by Charles Ives. (Central Presbyterian Church, Park Ave. at 64th St. Saturday, Feb. 8, at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 874-3104.)

Sine Nomine Singers—Harry Saltzman directing, with a consort of Renaissance instruments. (Merkin Concert Hall. Saturday, Feb. 8, at 8.)

Canterbury Choral Society—Charles Dodsley Walker directing a performance of Dvořák's Requiem, with Nadia Pelle, soprano; Shirley Love, alto; Rodney Nolan, tenor; and Thomas Beveridge, bass. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, Feb. 9, at 4. Admission by contribution.)

Collegiate Chorale—Robert Bass directing a Mozart-Schubert program, with Catherine Stapleton and Grace Hinds, sopranos; Cornelius White, tenor; Kevin Deas, bass; and Kenneth Bowen, organ. (St. Bartholomew's Church, Park Ave. at 50th St. Sunday, Feb. 9, at 4. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

RECITALS

André Watts—Piano, in an all-Liszt program. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 5, at 8.)

Robert Mann and Stephen Hough—The second in a series of three concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle of sonatas for violin and piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 5, at 8.)

Israela Margalit—Piano, in the third in a series of five concerts with guest artists, this one an all-Brahms program. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 5, at 8.)

David Johnson—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Feb. 6, at 8.)

Artur Balsam—Piano. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Thursday, Feb. 6, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Music from Marlboro—Three performances of the same program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium. Thursday, Feb. 6, at 8. . . . ¶ Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Feb. 8, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680. . . . ¶ Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Feb. 10, at 8.)

Claudio Arrau—Piano, in an all-Beethoven program. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Feb. 8, at 8.)

Robelyn Schrade and David James—Duo piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Feb. 8, at 8.)

Carter Brey—Cello. (Kaufmann Concert Hall. Saturday, Feb. 8, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—The fourth in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium. Saturday, Feb. 8, at 8.)

David Starobin—Classical guitarist, with Patrick Mason, baritone. (Kaufmann Concert Hall. Sunday, Feb. 9, at 3.)

Benny Kim—Violin, with Rohan De Silva, piano. (Church of the Holy Trinity, 316 E. 88th St. Sunday, Feb. 9, at 3. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Juilliard String Quartet—The third in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Feb. 9, at 3.)

Gerald Ranck—Harpsichord, in the second in a series of four concerts, this one a Bach-Vivaldi program. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Sunday, Feb. 9, at 3:30. No tickets necessary.)

Elena Tatulian—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Feb. 9, at 5:30.)

Arthur Rowe—Piano. (Merkin Concert Hall. Sunday, Feb. 9, at 8.)

Lars Blomberg and Radoslav Kvapil—Cello and piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, Feb. 10, at 8.)

Charles Neidich—Clarinet. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 11, at 8.)

Chantal Juillet—Violin, with Marcus Thompson, viola. (Kaufmann Concert Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 11, at 8.)

Boston Camerata—The second in a series of three concerts. (Merkin Concert Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 11, at 8.)

North/South Consonance—A program of music by Larry Austin, Ross Bauer, Bright Sheng, Beatrice Witkin, Max Lifchitz, and others. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Tuesday, Feb. 11, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Empire Brass Quintet—Chamber music. (Mannes College of Music, 150 W. 85th St. Wednesday, Feb. 12, at 7. No tickets necessary.)

Earl Wild—The first in a series of three all-Liszt programs. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 12, at 8.)

Judith Blegen—Soprano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 12, at 8.)

Joel Krosnick and Gilbert Kalish—Cello and piano, in the last in a series of concerts, this one with Curtis Macomber, violin. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 12, at 8.)

Jan Opalach—Bass-baritone. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Feb. 13, at 8.)

Jeffrey Siegel—A program of piano works by Debussy performed and discussed by Mr. Siegel. The second in a series of three concerts. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Feb. 13, at 8.)

Frans Brueggen and the Boston Museum Trio—A program of chamber music for recorder and piano trio. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium. Thursday, Feb. 13, at 8.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Daniel Phillips, violin, and members of the Society. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Feb. 14, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 16, at 5.)

Jean-Pierre Rampal—Flute, with Julius Baker and Eugenia Zukerman, flute; John-Steele Ritter, harpsichord; and a twenty-member flute choir. The first of two concerts. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Feb. 15, at 8.)

Yale Chamber Music Series—The third in a series of four concerts performed by various faculty members of the Yale University School of Music. (Merkin Concert Hall. Saturday, Feb. 15, at 8.)

Chamber Music at BAM—Sour Cream, a recorder trio. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. Saturday, Feb. 15, at 8:30, and Sunday, Feb. 16, at 2.)

Note—The Arioso Trio will give a recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Feb. 23, at 5. Free tickets, limited to two per applicant, will be issued starting Monday, Feb. 10, in the order that written applications are received on that day (not before). A self-addressed envelope should be enclosed.

MISCELLANY

Festival of Twentieth-Century Music—Friday, Feb. 7: Paul Dunkel conducting the Manhattan Philharmonia. . . . ¶ Monday, Feb. 10: Glen Cortese and Claire Heldrich conducting the Manhattan Contemporary Ensemble. Composer Elliott Carter will be present. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 11: David Gilbert conducting the Manhattan Symphony with John Browning, piano, and Dawn Upshaw, soprano. Composer George Crumb will be present. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 13: Glen Cortese and David Gilbert conducting the Manhattan Contemporary Ensemble. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Evenings at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Tribute to Alec Wilder—A program of his music, performed by Marlene VerPlanck, Loonis McGlohon, Bobby Rosengarden, Rick Petrone, Mitch Miller, Barry Snyder, Samuel Baron, Harvey Phillips, and others. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Feb. 15, at 2.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At **madison square garden:** Knicks vs. Philadelphia, Thursday, Feb. 13, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Utah, Saturday, Feb. 15, at 7:30. . . . **byrne meadowlands arena** (1-201 935-8888): Nets vs. Detroit, Tuesday, Feb. 11, at 7:30.

Dog Show—Westminster Kennel Club. (Madison Square Garden. Monday and Tuesday, Feb. 10-11.)

Hockey—At **madison square garden:** Rangers vs. Vancouver Canucks, Wednesday, Feb. 12, at 7:35. . . . **nassau coliseum:** Islanders vs. Vancouver Canucks, Tuesday, Feb. 11, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Devils, Saturday, Feb. 15, at 7:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100.) . . . **byrne meadowlands arena** (1-201 935-3900): Devils vs. Edmonton Oilers, Thursday, Feb. 6, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Montreal Canadiens, Thursday, Feb. 13, at 7:35.

Racing—At Aqueduct: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 12:30. The Stymie Handicap, Saturday, Feb. 15.

Track Meets—Vitalis/United States Olympic Invitational. (Byrne Meadowlands Arena. 1-201 935-3900. Saturday, Feb. 8, at 6.) . . . ¶ *Wanamaker Millrose Games.* (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Feb. 14, at 6.)

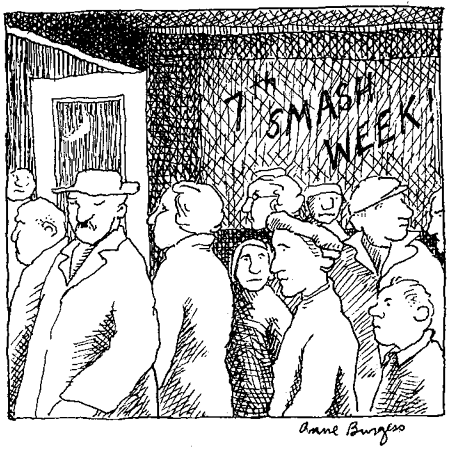
Trotting—At **yonkers raceway:** Nightly at 8; through Saturday, March 22. . . . **meadowlands:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 2.

ET ALIA

Poetry and Prose Readings—Peter De Vries, Veronica Geng, Emily Hahn, Howard Moss, Edward Herrmann, and Frances Sternhagen reading from the poetry and prose of E. B. White. (Manhattan Theatre Club at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. Monday, Feb. 10, at 7:30. For tickets, call 645-5590.) . . . ¶ Louise Erdrich and Madison Smartt Bell reading from their own fiction. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, Feb. 10, at 8.) . . . ¶ Lucille Clifton, Rita Dove, Gloria Oden, and Sherley Anne Williams reading from their own poetry. (Donnell Library Center, 20 W. 53rd St. Tuesday, Feb. 11, at 6. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Laurence Luckinbill, Kate Burton, Steven Gilborn, and another reader to be announced reading from the short stories of Bruce Jay Friedman, Amy Hempel, Barry Hannah, and Gordon Lish. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Wednesday, Feb. 12, at 6:30.) . . . ¶ Susan Sontag and Joseph Papp reading from their favorite authors. (New York University's Bobst Library, 70 Washington Square S., in the third floor Fales Room. Wednesday, Feb. 12, at 6:30. Admission is free; for reservations, which are required, call 598-2140.)

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 22.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Through Feb. 13: "Edith's Diary" (1984; directed by Hans W. Geissendorfer; in German).
From Feb. 14: To be announced.

New Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through Feb. 6: "The Jewel of the Nile" (Lewis Teague), with Michael Douglas, Kathleen Turner, and Danny DeVito.
Feb. 7-13: "The Best of Times" (Roger Spottiswoode), with Robin Williams and Kurt Russell.
From Feb. 14: "Wildcats" (Michael Ritchie), with Goldie Hawn.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Murphy's Romance" (Martin Ritt), with Sally Field and James Garner.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through Feb. 6: "The Best of Times" (Roger Spottiswoode), with Robin Williams and Kurt Russell.
From Feb. 7: "Hannah and Her Sisters" (Woody Allen).

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Brazil" (†).
Theatre 2: "Youngblood" (Peter Markle), with Rob Lowe, Cynthia Gibb, and Patrick Swayze.
Theatre 3: Through Feb. 6: "The Clan of the Cave Bear" (Michael Chapman), with Daryl Hannah. From Feb. 7: "F/X" (Robert Mandel), with Bryan Brown and Brian Dennehy.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Down and Out in Beverly Hills" (†).

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"The Gods Must Be Crazy" (1979; Jamie Uys).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Through Feb. 6: "The Jewel of the Nile" (Lewis Teague), with Michael Douglas, Kathleen Turner, and Danny DeVito.
From Feb. 7: "The Color Purple" (†).

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Power" (Sidney Lumet), with Richard Gere, Julie Christie, and Gene Hackman.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Stripper" (Jerome Gary).

Manhattan I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 13: "The Best of Times" (Roger Spottiswoode), with Robin Williams and Kurt Russell. From Feb. 14: "Wildcats" (Michael Ritchie), with Goldie Hawn.
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 13: "White Nights" (†). From Feb. 14: "Quicksilver" (Tom Donnelly), with Kevin Bacon.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Murphy's Romance" (Martin Ritt), with Sally Field and James Garner.
Theatre 2: "Down and Out in Beverly Hills (†).

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Kiss of the Spider Woman" (†).

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "Ran" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Trip to Bountiful" (†).

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 6: "Twice in a Lifetime" (†). From Feb. 7: "F/X" (Robert Mandel), with Bryan Brown and Brian Dennehy.
Theatre 2: "Iron Eagle" (Sidney J. Furie), with Louis Gossett, Jr., and Jason Gedrick.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
Through Feb. 6: "The Color Purple" (†).
From Feb. 7: "Hannah and Her Sisters" (Woody Allen).

Loews New York Twin I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Brazil" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 6: "The Clan of the Cave Bear" (Michael Chapman), with Daryl Hannah. From Feb. 7: "Lady Jane" (Trevor Nunn), with Helena Bonham Carter and Cary Elwes.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"The Goodbye People" (Herb Gardner), with Martin Balsam, Judd Hirsch, and Pamela Reed.

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Out of Africa" (†).

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Feb. 6: "My Chauffeur" (David Beaird), with Deborah Foreman and Sam Jones.
From Feb. 7: "F/X" (Robert Mandel), with Bryan Brown and Brian Dennehy.

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Youngblood" (Peter Markle), with Rob Lowe, Cynthia Gibb, and Patrick Swayze.
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 6: "Young Sherlock Holmes" (†). From Feb. 7: To be announced.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Power" (Sidney Lumet), with Richard Gere, Julie Christie, and Gene Hackman.

R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 6: "Eliminators" (Peter Manoogian), with Andrew Prine. From Feb. 7: "The Color Purple" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 13: "Iron Eagle" (Sidney J. Furie), with Louis Gossett, Jr., and Jason Gedrick. From Feb. 14: "Wildcats" (Michael Ritchie), with Goldie Hawn.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum I and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 11: "A.K." (1985; directed by Chris Marker; in English and Japanese), a documentary about the making of Kurosawa's "Ran;" and "Ulysse" (1983; Agnès Varda; in French). From Feb. 12: "The Kindergarten" (1983; Yevgeny Yevtushenko; in Russian), with Klaus Maria Brandauer.
Theatre 2: "Young Sherlock Holmes" (†).

Bleecker St. Cinema I and 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Theatre 1: "Uforia" (1981; John Binder), with Cindy Williams, Harry Dean Stanton, and Fred Ward.
Theatre 2: "28 Up" (1984; Michael Apted), a documentary.

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 6: "Runaway Train" (Andrei Konchalovsky), with Jon Voight, Eric Roberts, and Rebecca DeMornay. From Feb. 7: "The Gods Must Be Crazy" (1979; Jamie Uys).
Theatre 2: "Power" (Sidney Lumet), with Richard Gere, Julie Christie, and Gene Hackman.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Feb. 6: "Joey" (Joseph Ellison).
From Feb. 7: "Witness" (†).

R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "The Color Purple" (†).
Theatre 2: "Out of Africa" (†).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 13: "When Father Was Away on Business" (Emir Kusturica; in Yugoslav). From Feb. 14: "La Cage aux Folles III."
Theatre 2: "Kiss of the Spider Woman" (†).
Theatre 3: "Fool for Love" (†).
Theatre 4: Through Feb. 6: "Sotto, Sotto" (Lina Wertmüller; in Italian). From Feb. 7: "Sugarbaby" (Percy Adlon; in German).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "White Nights" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 6: "Iron Eagle" (Sidney J. Furie), with Louis Gossett, Jr., and Jason Gedrick. From Feb. 7: "Runaway Train" (Andrei Konchalovsky), with Jon Voight, Eric Roberts, and Rebecca DeMornay.
Theatre 3: "Down and Out in Beverly Hills" (†).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"A Chorus Line" (Richard Attenborough).

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Down and Out in Beverly Hills" (†).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
Through Feb. 6: "Runaway Train" (Andrei Konchalovsky), with Jon Voight, Eric Roberts, and Rebecca DeMornay.
From Feb. 7: "The Jewel of the Nile" (Lewis Teague), with Michael Douglas, Kathleen Turner, and Danny DeVito.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Always" (Henry Jaglom).

New Carnegie, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)
"Murphy's Romance" (Martin Ritt), with Sally Field and James Garner.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"The Official Story" (Luis Puenzo; in Spanish), with Norma Aleandro.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"The Color Purple" (†).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Best of Times" (Roger Spottiswoode), with Robin Williams and Kurt Russell.

Lincoln Plaza I, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 13: "Sugarbaby" (Percy Adlon; in German). From Feb. 14: "Kaos" (Paolo and Vittorio Taviani; in Italian).
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 13: "When Father Was Away on Business" (Emir Kusturica; in Yugoslav). From Feb. 14: "Kaos."
Theatre 3: Through Feb. 10: "Twice in a Lifetime" (†). From Feb. 11: "The Crazy Family" (Sogo Ishii; in Japanese).

Cinema Studio I and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Shoah" (†). Part I will be shown daily.
Theatre 2: "Shoah" (†). Part II will be shown daily.

Embassy 72nd St. I and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 13: "White Nights" (†). From Feb. 14: "Quicksilver" (Tom Donnelly), with Kevin Bacon.
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 11: "Arthur's Hallowed Ground" (Freddie Young). From Feb. 12: "Winter Flight" (Roy Battersby).

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 6: "Youngblood" (Peter Markle), with Rob Lowe, Cynthia Gibb, and Patrick Swayze. From Feb. 7: "F/X" (Robert Mandel), with Bryan Brown and Brian Dennehy.
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 6: "The Best of Times" (Roger Spottiswoode), with Robin Williams and Kurt Russell. From Feb. 7: "Hannah and Her Sisters" (Woody Allen).

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Theatre 3: *"Brazil"* (†).
Theatre 4: "The Color Purple" (†).
Theatre 5: "Out of Africa" (†).
Theatre 6: "Power" (Sidney Lumet), with Richard Gere, Julie Christie, and Gene Hackman.

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 13: "White Nights" (†). From Feb. 14: "The Delta Force" (Menahem Golan), with Chuck Norris and Lee Marvin.
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 6: "Eliminators" (Peter Manoogian), with Andrew Prine. From Feb. 7: "Kiss of the Spider Woman" (†).
Theatre 3: Through Feb. 6: "Youngblood" (Peter Markle), with Rob Lowe, Cynthia Gibb, and Patrick Swayze. Feb. 7-13: "Witness" (†). From Feb. 14: "Quicksilver" (Tom Donnelly), with Kevin Bacon.
Theatre 4: Through Feb. 6: "Iron Eagle" (Sidney J. Furie), with Louis Gossett, Jr., and Jason Gedrick. From Feb. 7: "F/X" (Robert Mandel), with Bryan Brown and Brian Dennehy.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "The Color Purple" (†).
Theatre 2: "Power" (directed by Sidney Lumet), with Richard Gere, Julie Christie, and Gene Hackman.
Theatre 3: "The Jewel of the Nile" (Lewis Teague), with Michael Douglas, Kathleen Turner, and Danny DeVito.
Theatre 4: "Twice in a Lifetime" (†).
Theatre 5: "Spies Like Us" (John Landis), with Chevy Chase and Dan Aykroyd.
Theatre 6: "Black Moon Rising" (Harley Cokliss), with Tommy Lee Jones.

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"White Nights" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Young Sherlock Holmes" (†).
Theatre 3: Through Feb. 6: "Clue" (Jonathan Lynn; ending A). From Feb. 7: "Witness" (†).
Theatre 4: "Runaway Train" (Andrei Konchalovsky), with Jon Voight, Eric Roberts, and Rebecca DeMornay.

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Youngblood" (Peter Markle), with Rob Lowe, Cynthia Gibb, and Patrick Swayze.

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (575-5060)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 6: "The Clan of the Cave Bear" (Michael Chapman), with Daryl Hannah. From Feb. 7: To be announced.
Theatre 2: "Out of Africa" (†).

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Rocky IV" (Sylvester Stallone), with Stallone, Talia Shire, Burt Young, and Carl Weathers.

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
"101 Dalmatians" (†). *No performances on Monday and Tuesday, Feb. 10-11.*

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 13: "Iron Eagle" (Sidney J. Furie), with Louis Gossett, Jr., and Jason Gedrick. From Feb. 14: "Wildcats" (Michael Ritchie), with Goldie Hawn.
Theatre 2: "Kiss of the Spider Woman" (†).

R.K.O. Century Warner Twin, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Theatre 1: "Pray for Death" (Gordon Hessler), with Sho Kosugi.
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 13: "Eliminators" (Peter Manoogian), with Andrew Prine. From Feb. 14: "Quicksilver" (Tom Donnelly), with Kevin Bacon.

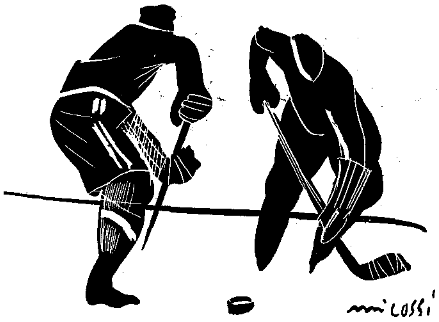
U. A. Twin 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1635)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 6: "Troll" (John Buechler), with Noah Hathaway. From Feb. 7: "Fox Trap."
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 6: "My Chauffeur" (David Beaird), with Deborah Foreman and Sam Jones. From Feb. 7: "F/X" (Robert Mandel), with Bryan Brown and Brian Dennehy.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Feb. 6: "Spetters" (1981; directed by Paul Verhoeven; in Dutch); and "The 4th Man" (1982; Paul Verhoeven; in Dutch), with Jeroen Krabbé and Renée Soutendijk.
Feb. 7-8: "Casablanca" (1942; Michael Curtiz), with Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains; and "The Maltese Falcon" (1941; John Huston), with Mary Astor, Humphrey Bogart, Sydney Greenstreet, Elisha Cook, Jr., and Peter Lorre.
Feb. 9: "The Bostonians" (†).
Feb. 10-11: "Blume in Love" (†) and "Two for the Road" (†).
Feb. 12-13: "Seven Beauties" (1976; Lina Wertmüller; in Italian), with Giancarlo Giannini and Fernando Rey; and "Swept Away" (1975; Lina Wertmüller; in Italian), with Giancarlo Giannini and Mariangela Melato.
Feb. 14-15: "Carnal Knowledge" (†); and "The Graduate" (1967; Mike Nichols), with Dustin Hoffman, Anne Bancroft, and Katharine Ross.

Metro Cinema, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Through Feb. 6: "The Treasure of Sierra Madre" (1948; John Huston), with Walter Huston, Humphrey Bogart, Tim Holt, Alfonso Bedoya, and Robert Blake; and "Casablanca" (1942; Michael Curtiz), with Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains.
Feb. 7-9: "Barry Lyndon" (1975; Stanley Kubrick), with Ryan O'Neal and Marisa Berenson; and "The Draughtsman's Contract" (1983; Peter Greenaway), with Anthony Higgins, Janet Suzman, and Anne Louise Lambert.
Feb. 10: "Stranger Than Paradise" (†); and "Repo Man" (1984; Alex Cox), with Emilio Estevez and Harry Dean Stanton.
Feb. 11-12: "My Dinner with André" (†); and "Christmas in July" (1940; Preston Sturges), with Ellen Drew and Dick Powell.
Feb. 13: "Late Autumn" (1960) and "A Story of Floating Weeds" (1934), both films in Japanese, directed by Yasujiro Ozu.
Feb. 14-15: "Badlands" (1973; Terrence Malick), with Martin Sheen and Sissy Spacek; and "Days of Heaven" (1978; Terrence Malick), with Richard Gere, Brooke Adams, Sam Shepard, Linda Manz, and Robert Wilke.

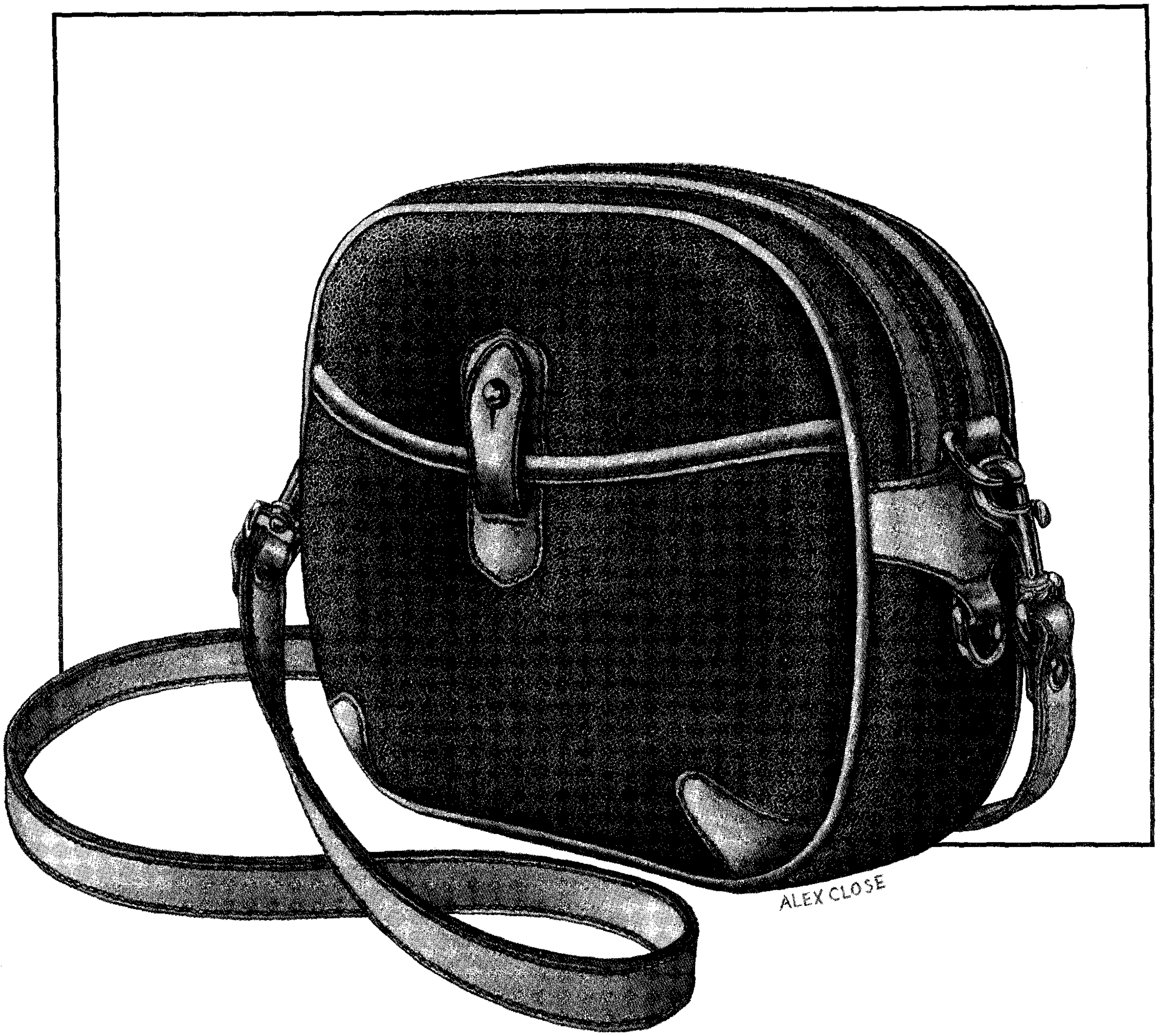
Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Feb. 5: "The Green Room" (1979; François Truffaut; in French), with Truffaut, Natalie Baye, and Jean Dasté; and "Such a Gorgeous Kid Like Me" (1973; François Truffaut; in French), with Bernadette Lafont.
Feb. 6-8: "Stolen Kisses" (1968; François Truffaut; in French), with Jean-Pierre Léaud, Delphine Seyrig, and Claude Jade; and "Love on the Run" (1979; François Truffaut; in French), with Jean-Pierre Léaud, Marie-France Pisier, and Claude Jade.
Feb. 9-10: "Willie & Phil" (†); and "Day for Night" (1973; François Truffaut; in French), with Jacqueline Bisset, Jean-Pierre Aumont, Jean-Pierre Léaud, and Valentina Cortese.
Feb. 11-12: "Fahrenheit 451" (†) and "Close Encounters of the Third Kind" (†).
Feb. 13-15: "The Woman Next Door" (1981; François Truffaut; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Fanny Ardant; and "Confidentially Yours" (1984; François Truffaut; in French), with Fanny Ardant and Jean-Louis Trintignant.



Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Feb. 5: "Cry, the Beloved Country" (1952; Zoltán Korda), with Canada Lee; and "Broken Strings" (1940).
Feb. 6: "Maniac" (1981; William Lustig), with Joe Spinell and Caroline Munro; "Child Bride" (1934); and "Reefer Madness" (1936).
Feb. 7: "Paris, Texas" (1984; Wim Wenders), with Harry Dean Stanton, Nastassja Kinski, and Dean Stockwell; and "Tender Mercies" (1983; Bruce Beresford), with Robert Duvall, Tess Harper, Ellen Barkin, and Betty Buckley.
Feb. 8: "Manhattan" (1979; Woody Allen), with Allen, Diane Keaton, Michael Murphy, and Meryl Streep; and "Annie Hall" (1977; Woody Allen), with Allen and Diane Keaton.
Feb. 9: "The Cameraman" (†) and "Spite Marriage" (†).
Feb. 10: "Death in the Garden" (1956; Luis Buñuel; in French), with Simone Signoret and Georges Marchal; and "Daughter of Deceit" (1951; Luis Buñuel; a Mexican film, in Spanish).
Feb. 11: "Major Dundee" (†) and "Red River" (†).
Feb. 12: "Up Tight" (†); and "A Hero Ain't Nothin' but a Sandwich" (1978; Ralph Nelson), with Cicely Tyson, Paul Winfield, and Larry Scott.
Feb. 13: "The Naked Kiss" (†) and "Shock Corridor" (†).
Feb. 14-15: "The Go Masters" (1983; Junya Sato and Duan Jishun; in Japanese and Mandarin).

Thalia SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)
Feb. 5: "Immoral Tales" (1976; Walerian Borowczyk; in French); and "Stay As You Are" (1979; Alberto Lattuada; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni and Nastassia Kinski.
Feb. 6: "Runaway Daughters" (1956; Edward L. Cahn), with Marla English; and "Reform School Girl" (1959; Edward Bernds), with Gloria Castillo.
Feb. 7-8: "The Godfather" (1972; Francis Ford Coppola), with Marlon Brando and Al Pacino; and "The Godfather, Part II" (1974; Francis Ford Coppola), with Al Pacino, Robert Duvall, Diane Keaton, and Robert De Niro.
Feb. 9: "Judex" (†); and "La Faute de l'Abbé Mouret" (1970; Georges Franju; in French).
Feb. 10: "Day of Wrath" (1943; Carl Dreyer; in Danish); and "Ordet" (1955; Carl Dreyer; in Danish), with Kaj Munk.
Feb. 11: "Hangmen Also Die" (1943; Fritz Lang), with Brian Donlevy, Anna Lee, and Walter Brennan; and "The Shanghai Gesture" (†).
Feb. 12: "If . . ." (†); and "Zero for Conduct" (1933; Jean Vigo; in French).
Feb. 13: "Day the World Ended" (1955; Roger Corman), with Richard Denning and Lori Nelson; and "How to Make a Monster" (1958; Herbert L. Stock), with Robert Harris.
Feb. 14-15: "The Conformist" (†) and "Luna" (†).

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Feb. 5: "The Decameron" (1971; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian), with Franco Citti, Ninetto Davoli, and Pasolini; and "The Gospel According to St. Matthew" (1966; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian), with a cast of nonprofessionals.
Feb. 6: "While the City Sleeps" (1956; Fritz Lang), with Dana Andrews and Ida Lupino; and "Clash by Night" (1952; Fritz Lang), with Barbara Stanwyck, Paul Douglas, and Robert Ryan.
Feb. 7-8: "Walkabout" (1971; Nicolas Roeg; an Australian film); and "Picnic at Hanging Rock" (1975; Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Rachel Roberts and Dominic Guard.
Feb. 9: "M" (1932; Fritz Lang; in German), with Peter Lorre; and "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" (1919; Robert Wiene; a German silent film), with Werner Krauss, Conrad Veidt, Lil Dagover, and Friedrich Feher.
Feb. 10: "Rififi" (1955; Jules Dassin; in



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French), with Jean Servais; and "Shoot the Piano Player" (1960; François Truffaut; in French), with Charles Aznavour.

Feb. 11: "The Street with No Name" (1948; William Keighley), with Richard Widmark and Mark Stevens; and "The House on 92nd Street" (1945; Henry Hathaway), with William Eythe, Signe Hasso, Lloyd Nolan, Gene Lockhart, and Leo G. Carroll.

Feb. 12: "Red Dust" (1932; Victor Fleming), with Clark Gable, Jean Harlow, and Mary Astor; and "Bombshell" (†).

Feb. 13: "Beauty and the Beast" (1946; Jean Cocteau; in French), with Jean Marais, Josette Day, Marcel André, and Michel Auclair; and "Black Orpheus" (1959; Marcel Camus; in Portuguese), with Marpessa Dawn.

Feb. 14-15: "The Cat and the Canary" (1939; Elliott Nugent), with Paulette Goddard and Bob Hope; and "The Old Dark House" (1932; James Whale), with Charles Laughton, Melvyn Douglas, Raymond Massey, Boris Karloff, and Gloria Stuart.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; *a limited number of tickets are available to those* applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

THEATRE 1: Feb. 6 at 2:30 and 6: "The Love Parade" (1929; directed by Ernst Lubitsch). . . . ¶ Feb. 7 at 2:30: "Private's Progress" (1956; John Boulting), with Richard Attenborough, Dennis Price, Terry-Thomas, and Ian Carmichael. . . . ¶ Feb. 7 at 6 and Feb. 8 at 2: "The Smallest Show on Earth" (1957; Basil Dearden), with Virginia McKenna, Bill Travers, Peter Sellers, and Margaret Rutherford. . . . ¶ Feb. 8 at 5: "Private's Progress." . . . ¶ Feb. 9 at 2: "Catch Us If You Can" ("Having a Wild Weekend;" 1965; John Boorman), with the Dave Clark Five. . . . ¶ Feb. 9 at 5 and Feb. 10 at 2:30: "Under Your Hat" (1939; Maurice Elvey), with Jack Hulbert, Cicely Courtneidge, and Cecil Parker. . . . ¶ Feb. 10 at 6: "Catch Us If You Can." . . . ¶ Feb. 11 at 2:30: "Monty Python and the Holy Grail" (1975; Terry Gilliam and Terry Jones), with Graham Chapman. . . . ¶ Feb. 11 at 6: "Oh! What a Lovely War" (1969; Richard Attenborough), with Laurence Olivier, John Gielgud, and Ralph Richardson. . . . ¶ Feb. 13 at 2:30 and 6: "Sous les Toits de Paris" (1930; René Clair; *in* French). . . . ¶ Feb. 14 at 2:30: "Local Hero" (1983; Bill Forsyth), with Burt Lancaster and Peter Riegert. . . . ¶ Feb. 14 at 6: "Gregory's Girl" (1982; Bill Forsyth), with Gordon John Sinclair. . . . ¶ Feb. 15 at 2: "Oh! What a Lovely War." . . . ¶ Feb. 15 at 5: "Monty Python and the Holy Grail."

THEATRE 2: Feb. 6 at 3 and 6:30: "High Schools" (1984; Charles Guggenheim and Nancy Sloss) and "The Children of Soong Ching Ling" (1984; Gary Bush), both documentaries. . . . ¶ Feb. 7 at 3: "Half Truth" (1983; Govind Nihalani; in Hindi, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Feb. 7 at 6:30: "The Mirage" (1983; Nirad N. Mohapatra; in Oriya, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Feb. 8 at 2: "Festival of Fire" (1984; Ketan Mehta; in Hindi, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Feb. 8 at 5: "The Silent Storm" (1984; Manmohan Mahapatra; in Oriya, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Feb. 9 at 2: "The Threshold" (1981; Dr. Jabbar Patel; in Marathi, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Feb. 9 at 5: "Wages and Profits" (1984; Kumar Shahani; in Hindi, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Feb. 10 at 6:30: "Illuminated Texts" (1982; Bruce Elder). *Mr. Elder will be present.* . . . ¶ Feb. 11 at 3 and 6:30: "Journeys from Berlin/1971" (1980; Yvonne Rainer). . . . ¶ Feb. 13 at 3 and 6:30: "The Times of Harvey Milk" (1984; Robert Epstein and Richard Schmiechen), a documentary. . . . ¶ Feb. 14 at 2:30: "Wages and Profits." . . . ¶ Feb. 14 at 6:30: "The Threshold." . . . ¶ Feb. 15 at 2: "The Meaning" (1983; Mahesh Bhatt; in Hindi, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Feb. 15 at 5: "Phaniyamma" (1982; Prema Karanth; in Kannada, with English subtitles).

IN BRIEF

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IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

BLUME IN LOVE (1973)—Susan Anspach, looking frail and beautiful, as the divorced wife of a lawyer (George Segal), in a clodhopping story of unkillable love. The film is set mostly in Los Angeles, with tourist-dream sorties to Venice, where a cure-everything baby is had, apparently in the Doges' Palace. Paul Mazursky directed. (Cinema Village; Feb. 10-11.)

BOMBSHELL (1933; also known as "Blonde Bombshell")—A wisecracking comedy-satire, with Jean Harlow in the title role as a good-hearted, dumb-blonde movie star. Great fun in the *uninhibited early-thirties style, made at* M-G-M before fear of church pressure groups turned the studio respectable and pompous. Lee Tracy is the star's finger-wagging, fast-talking press agent and Franchot Tone is slickly funny as the man who woos her with such lines as "Your hair is like a field of daisies—I should like to run barefoot through your hair." With Frank Morgan, Una Merkel, Ted Healy, Isabel Jewell, Pat O'Brien, Louise Beavers, and C. Aubrey Smith. Victor Fleming directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 12.)

THE BOSTONIANS (1984)—Another of the film adaptations of great novels that fail to communicate what's great about the book—in this case, Henry James's liveliest novel, which is set in the period after the Civil War. As the tall, distinguished-looking, and intelligent young Mississippian Basil Ransom, who thinks women essentially inferior to men, Christopher Reeve has such a likable, wholesomely romantic presence that he takes the sting out of his lines. And as Verena, the sparkling, flirtatious young girl who has been trained by her mesmerist father to surrender her mind, Madeleine Potter is odd and overcontrolled. The only good reason to see the insignificant, washed-out film is Vanessa Redgrave's performance as the repressed lesbian Olive Chancellor. Her voice shaking with emotion, Redgrave gives this woman who is "unmarried by every implication of her being" mythological size. James's story is, of course, a *tug-of-war between Ransom and* Olive, who are both drawn to Verena. With Jessica Tandy, Linda Hunt, Nancy Marchand, and Wesley Addy. Directed by James Ivory. (Reviewed in our issue of 8/6/84.) (Cinema Village; Feb. 9.)

BRAZIL—With Jonathan Pryce, directed by Terry Gilliam. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex.)

THE CAMERAMAN (1928)—Buster Keaton was no longer in control of his productions when he made this late silent film (he wanted to use sound but wasn't allowed to), but his behind-the-scene struggles don't show. It's a film about the making of films, with recollections and echoes of his earlier work. With Marceline Day. (Thalia; Feb. 9.)

CARNAL KNOWLEDGE (1971)—Jules Feiffer, who wrote the screenplay, had what sounds like a promising idea: to take two college roommates in the mid-nineteen-forties and follow their sexual attitudes and activities through *to their middle age in the early seventies.* But Feiffer rigged the case and wrote a grimly purposeful tract on depersonalization and how we use each other sexually as objects, and, in the director Mike Nichols' cold, slick *style, the movie is like a neon sign spelling* out the soullessness of neon. As the men age, the picture scores off them repeatedly and never lets them win a round. In the film's politicized morality, if well-heeled Americans have sex it must be vile, because how could they possibly know anything about love? With Jack Nicholson, Arthur Garfunkel, Ann-Margret, Rita Moreno, and Candice Bergen. (Cinema Village; Feb. 14-15.)

CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE THIRD KIND (1977)—Steven Spielberg's celebration of the wonders up there in the skies is the best-humored of the technological-marvel fantasies. It has visionary magic and a childlike comic spirit. The version playing now is called "The Special Edition;" Spielberg has made some trims, put in some outtakes, and shot a few new bits. The action is swifter, and the central character, played by Richard Dreyfuss, is easier to understand, but you may miss some of the scenes that have been cut. With François Truffaut, Melinda Dillon, Teri Garr, Bob Balaban, and Cary Guffey. (Regency; Feb. 11-12.)

THE COLOR PURPLE—The popular novel by Alice Walker is about the bonding of Southern black women in the first half of the century. It's written in a raw, cadenced dialect, and it has a joyous emotional swing to it. S[illegible]n Spielberg, who directed the movie version, appears to have taken the novel seriously—inspirational tone, pop-folk religiosity, triumph of the human spirit, and all—and *been intimidated by it. This family saga,* spanning more than thirty years, is the clumsiest, least confident feature he has done. He filters everything through movies and sees rural Georgia in 1909 the way a European *director might. The picture is muffled*—it seems to be taking place in a made-up, faraway kingdom. With Desreta Jackson as the young Celie and Whoopi Goldberg taking over the role, Danny Glover, Willard Pugh, Margaret Avery, and Oprah Winfrey. (12/30/85) (R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin, Cinema 3, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ Beekman; through Feb. 6. . . . ¶ Sutton, and R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin; starting Feb. 7.)

THE CONFORMIST (1970)—Bernardo Bertolucci wrote and directed this extraordinarily rich adaptation of the Alberto Moravia novel about an upper-class follower of Mussolini. It's set principally in 1938. Jean-Louis Trintignant is the aristocratic Fascist—an intelligent coward who sacrifices everything he *cares about because he wants the safety of* normality. Stefania Sandrelli is his deliciously corrupt, empty-headed wife, and Dominique Sanda, with her swollen lips and tiger eyes, is the lesbian he would like to run away with. *It's a triumph of feeling and of style—lyr*ical, flowing, velvety style, so operatic that you come away with sequences in your head like arias. With Pierre Clémenti, Gastone Moschin, and Enzo Tarascio. In Italian. (Thalia SoHo; Feb. 14-15.)

DOWN AND OUT IN BEVERLY HILLS—With Nick Nolte, Bette Midler, and Richard Dreyfuss; directed by Paul Mazursky. (Reviewed in this issue.) (34th St. East, Coronet, 23rd St. West Triplex, and Ziegfeld.)

FAHRENHEIT 451 (1966)—Ray Bradbury's story about a future society in which books are forbidden was filmed in England by François Truffaut, with Julie Christie and Oskar Werner. The idea has an almost irresistible appeal, but Truffaut doesn't exploit the obvious possibilities. He barely dramatizes the material at all, and though there are charming, childlike moments, the performers seem listless, and the whole enterprise is a little drab. (Regency; Feb. 11-12.)

FOOL FOR LOVE—You'd think that if anybody could film Sam Shepard's 1983 play and keep it metaphorical and rowdy and sexually charged it would be the intuitive Robert Altman, but the material seems to congeal on the screen, and congealed rambunctiousness is not a pretty sight. The play—a carnal (and existential) screwball comedy—is about the no-exit tormented sex relationship between Eddie, a broken-down rodeo cowboy (Shepard), and his half sister, May (Kim Basinger), who lives in a cheap motel "on the edge of the Mojave Desert." It's counterculture macho (circa "Easy Rider") gone mythic. Though this stuff isn't much, it might get by if it were just faster and more kinetic, if there were less mood and atmosphere, and *Eddie and May were ferociously passionate* and excitable. But Sam Shepard's adaptation opens out the play and the steam escapes. And Altman directs this adaptation almost reverently, as a series of near-static pictures. As Eddie, Shepard is a feeble presence; when he delivers Eddie's lines they have no visceral force. Kim Basinger works hard and she has a flushed, smeary-faced, wounded quality, but she lacks spirit. Randy Quaid gives the role

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of Martin, May's gentleman caller, a solid, hick doggedness (and Shepard does his best acting in his hipster-outlaw gamesmanship with Quaid). As the Old Man, the lovers' father, Harry Dean Stanton has the right tequila-swigging grunginess but he doesn't seem to have any idea what he should be doing. The cinematography is by Pierre Mignot; the country songs were written and performed by Sandy Rogers. (1/27/86) (Quad Cinema.)

101 Dalmatians (1961)—Late Disney, but for once not vulgar. This is most delicately drawn, with beautiful graphics of Nash's London and an entrancing espionage chain of dogs barking at one another from signal points across the island, like the beacon flares before the Armada. (New Embassy 49th St. No performances on Monday and Tuesday, Feb. 10-11.)

If. . . (1969)—At first, and for a considerable stretch, this Lindsay Anderson film appears to be a clinical exposé of the horrible organized bedlam inflicted on English boys in the name of a gentleman's education. Then it turns into an epic on student revolt. It's really not a rebellion of the young that he shows us but a rebellion of a self-chosen few—three boys (and a girl picked up along the way) who set fire to the school and start sniping at those who flee the fire, including the rest of the young. Their way of destroying the prison is to kill the inmates. There are so many muddy undercurrents in this film that even the best sequences are often baffling. With Malcom McDowell. (Thalia SoHo; Feb. 12.)

Judex (1963)—An *hommage* by Franju to the great Feuillade silent of 1916. What was a natural and wonderfully gifted expression of the technical limits of cinema in 1916 seems affected in pastiche. In French. (Thalia SoHo; Feb. 9.)

Kiss of the Spider Woman—Set in a nameless South American country, Hector Babenco's film is about a homosexual window dresser, Molina (William Hurt), and a revolutionary, Valentín (Raul Julia), who share a prison cell. Molina tries to comfort Valentín and help him forget his pain and misery by telling him the stories of old movies. Hurt is just about the only thing to look at; he's very likable in the scenes where Molina reveals his tenderness and warmth and humor. But it's a slack piece of moviemaking, and as sentimental as the forties screen romances that Molina is infatuated with. This Brazilian production, made in English, from Manuel Puig's novel, was shot in São Paulo. (8/26/85) (D. W. Griffith, Quad Cinema, and R.K.O. Century National Twin. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; starting Feb. 7.)

Luna (1979)—A faltering on the part of the admirable Italian director Bernardo Bertolucci, who here brings Jill Clayburgh, as an American opera star, into confrontation with the horribly dreary and painful world of drug addiction; her son (Matthew Barry) sticks a fork in his arm because, we're meant to believe, he's not loved enough. Clayburgh tries to make up this lack by offering to go to bed with him. The film is amazingly silly. (Thalia SoHo; Feb. 14-15.)

Major Dundee (1965)—Sam Peckinpah on location in Mexico, imbuing a conventional Western with moments of true, clear character. Not the best Peckinpah, but worth seeing; he pulls actors like Charlton Heston and Richard Harris up by the bootstraps. (Thalia; Feb. 11.)

My Dinner with André (1981)—It's like a mad tea party or a mad, modern Platonic dialogue about the meaning of life. Self-effacingly directed by Louis Malle, it flows smoothly, creating the illusion that we are simply listening in on the dinnertime conversation of the playwright Wallace Shawn and the former avant-garde theatre director André Gregory. The premise of the movie is that they haven't seen each other since 1975, when André dropped out—took off on a spiritual quest for "reality," which led him around the world. André pours out the record of his transcendental experiences. He keeps going, in wave after impassioned wave, describing astonishing, preposterous adventures. Wally, the pragmatist and sensualist, throws in an occasional skeptical dart, and then, when he begins to talk, he plays warthog to André's soaring flights of mysticism. The two are perfect foils. This is a bizarre and surprisingly entertaining satirical comedy—the story of the search beyond theatre turned into theatre, or, at least, into a movie. (Metro Cinema; Feb. 11-12.)

The Naked Kiss (1965)—A New England town that is pleasant on the outside and filthy rotten on the inside. Samuel Fuller's movie is like soap opera run hysterically amok. With Constance Towers, Patsy Kelly, Virginia Grey, Betty Bronson, and a bunch of forgettable men. (Thalia; Feb. 13.)

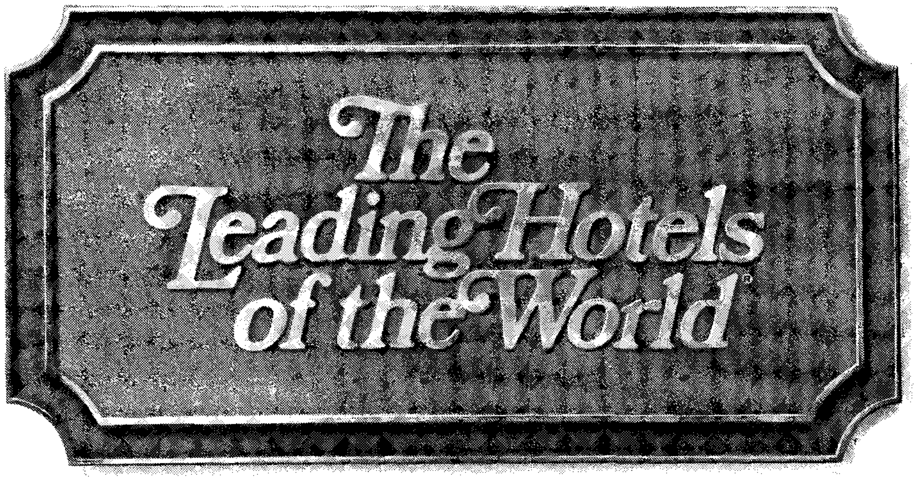
Out of Africa—Adult, cryptic, self-conscious, and unsatisfying, it attempts to romanticize the lives of the high-strung Danish woman (played by Meryl Streep) who ran a coffee plantation in Kenya, saw herself as a patrician, and wrote under the name Isak Dinesen, and the handsome English big-game hunter Denys Finch Hatton (Robert Redford). Directed by Sydney Pollack, from a script by Kurt Luedtke, the picture squirms around trying to make these people morally acceptable to a modern audience. Streep is animated in the early scenes, but Redford doesn't give out with anything for her to play against, and the energy goes out of her performance. The film hums a little when Klaus Maria Brandauer or Michael Kitchen or Suzanna Hamilton is on the screen; they're recognizably human. (12/30/85) (Loews Tower East, R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Loews State.)

Ran—Set in the sixteenth century, Kurosawa's epic spectacle, a variation on the theme of "King Lear," is static, but it deepens, and it has its own ornery splendor. For the first forty minutes or so, the picture is all preparation, and it seems dead, but then the preparation begins to pay off, and by the end the fastidiousness and the monumental scale of what Kurosawa has undertaken can flood you with admiration. With Mieko Harada, Tatsuya Nakadai, the Japanese transvestite pop star known as Peter, and Hisashi Ikawa. In Japanese. (2 hours and 41 minutes.) (1/13/86) (Cinema I.)

Red River (1948)—A magnificent horse opera—this time it's the mid-nineteenth-century first cattle drive up the Chisholm Trail. The director, Howard Hawks, structures the drive as an exciting series of stampedes, Indian battles, and gunfights, with a ferocious climax in the fight between the two principals—John Wayne, as the father, and Montgomery Clift, as the adopted son. A lot of it is just terrible, but Clift—in his most aggressively sexual screen performance—is angular and tense and audacious, and the other actors brawl amusingly in the strong-silent-man tradition. The cast includes Walter Brennan, Harry Carey, Coleen Gray, John Ireland, and Joanne Dru. (Thalia; Feb. 11.)

The Shanghai Gesture (1941)—Hilariously, awesomely terrible. Pressure groups were so strong at the time that the moviemakers had to clean up John Colton's old melodrama about night-life depravities in Shanghai; Mother Goddam became Mother Gin Sling (Ona Munson), and her establishment became nothing more disreputable than a gambling den. Josef von Sternberg proceeded to pack the orgiastic, smoky atmosphere with crowds, and in the foreground he put one of the most ridiculous casts ever assembled. Victor Mature, in a burnous, as the languid Dr. Omar—his eyes welling with mysterious passions—is worth the price of admission, and when you throw in Gene Tierney, as Poppy, a rich girl going to the dogs (Tierney acts as if she's having a tantrum in Schrafft's over the fudge sauce), you've got a gorgeous travesty. Some of this effect is probably intentional, but the total effect couldn't have been. With Walter Huston, Maria Ouspenskaya, and Phyllis Brooks. (Thalia SoHo; Feb. 11.)

Shoah—Claude Lanzmann's nine-hour-and-twenty-three-minute documentary epic is made up of interviews with people who have knowledge of the Nazi extermination centers—whether as slave laborers, railroad workers, technicians, bureaucrats, or just onlookers. The film has fine, painful moments, and it's widely regarded as a masterpiece. But some may feel that it lacks the moral complexity of a great work, and may also find it logy and diffuse, and exhausting right from the start. Divided into Part I (four hours and thirty-three minutes) and Part II (four hours and fifty minutes). In Polish, French, German, English, Hebrew, and Yiddish,



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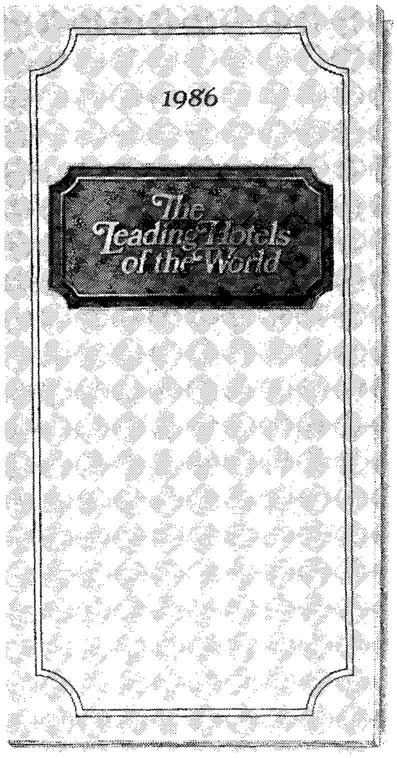

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with English subtitles where necessary. (12/30/85) (Cinema Studio.)

Shock Corridor (1963)—An action-packed film, written and directed by Samuel Fuller, that has acquired a considerable reputation. The hero is a reporter who has himself committed to a mental institution so he can investigate a murder there; his experiences include being attacked by a gang of nymphomaniacs, being put in a straitjacket, losing the power of speech, being subjected to shock therapy, etc. He gets a Pulitzer Prize, and he goes mad. (Thalia; Feb. 13.)

Spite Marriage (1929)—Buster Keaton's last silent comedy, with Dorothy Sebastian, Leila Hyams, and Hank Mann. The hero is a pants presser in a tailor's shop who falls in love with an actress and gets a job in the theatre. The film is a joy, and it was a great success despite Keaton's problems with M-G-M; the studio dumped him anyway. (Thalia; Feb. 9.)

Stranger Than Paradise (1984)—The young writer-director Jim Jarmusch uses a minimalist aesthetic for low-key comic effects. This punk picaresque is in black-and-white, and each scene is a single take followed by a blackout; the three anomic principal characters—deadpan deadbeats—live in dead space. Jarmusch keeps the picture formal and cool, and it has an odd, nonchalant charm; it's fun. But it's softhearted fun—shaggy-dog minimalism—and it doesn't have enough ideas (or laughs) for its ninety-minute length. With John Lurie, Eszter Balint, and Richard Edson. (11/12/84) (Metro Cinema; Feb. 10.)

The Trip to Bountiful—Geraldine Page gives a controlled, all-out performance as Carrie Watts, an old-age pensioner who wears seat-sprung housedresses and lives in a tiny apartment in Houston with her sad, defeated son and his shrill wife, who keeps picking on her. The movie—a weeper—is about Carrie's longing to escape and return to Bountiful, the Gulf Coast town where she grew up; she runs away, gets on a bus headed in the right direction, and lives out her dream. Directed by Peter Masterson, from Horton Foote's adaptation of his 1953 teleplay, it's a "spiritual" picture—a tribute to the decency of the common people who endure by doing the best they can, and it has the glow that movies get when they're about the need to have compassion. With John Heard, Carlin Glynn, Rebecca DeMornay, and Richard Bradford. (1/13/86) (Cinema II.)

Twice in a Lifetime—This miracle of psychobanality presents the basic story of a long-married middle-aged man (Gene Hackman, as a Seattle steelworker) who experiences a renewal of vitality when he has an affair with a younger woman (Ann-Margret), but the story is now so dressed up in the language of self-help books that the man is a life-affirming force—and not only for himself but also for his wife of thirty years (Ellen Burstyn), whom he leaves. The movie could be every errant husband's self-justifying fantasy. Directed by Bud Yorkin, from a script by Colin Welland. With Amy Madigan, Brian Dennehy, and Ally Sheedy. (12/2/85) (Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ Gemini; through Feb. 6. . . . ¶ Lincoln Plaza; through Feb. 10.)

Two for the Road (1967)—The scriptwriter, Frederic Raphael, set his brittle stamp on this story of a husband and wife—Albert Finney and Audrey Hepburn—seen on European trips at different periods of their lives, not consecutively but shifting back and forth. The intention is to show a modern marriage in which ideal people, in love and successful, are still not happy. But the film's veneer is that of slick commercial comedy: there's always a swimming pool for the characters to take their pratfalls into. Raphael's lovers seem shallow and empty not because of the spiritual malaise he's trying to show us but because he took them out of old movies and failed to give them enough character. Directed by Stanley Donen. With Jacqueline Bisset, Claude Dauphin, and Nadia Grey. (Cinema Village; Feb. 10-11.)

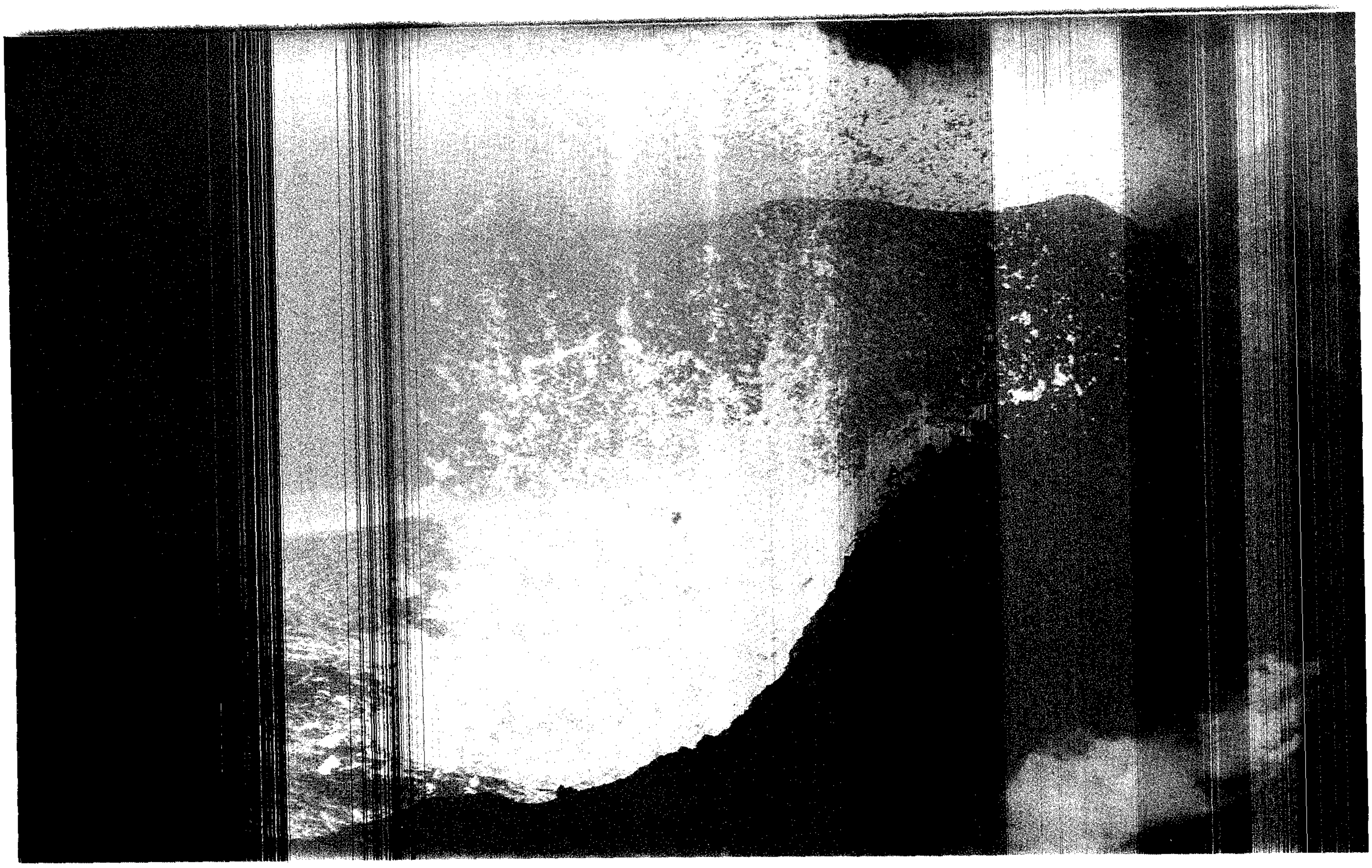
Up Tight (1968)—An updated version of "The Informer," set in the black community of Cleveland, in the days following the death of Martin Luther King, Jr. Everybody tries hard, but the material doesn't transfer successfully, and the movie lacks spirit. With Raymond St. Jacques, Julian Mayfield, Ruby Dee, Roscoe Lee Browne, Juanita Moore, and Frank Silvera. Directed by Jules Dassin in a forties melodrama style; Dassin also wrote the script, with Ruby Dee and Mayfield. (Thalia; Feb. 12.)

White Nights—The magnificent Mikhail Baryshnikov plays a Russian ballet star who defected from the Soviet Union to the U.S. and is on his way to dance in Tokyo when his plane crash-lands in Siberia. The movie's central gimmick is that the ballet dancer is put in the care of a black American tap dancer (Gregory Hines, acting morose and embittered) who defected from the U.S. Army during the Vietnam War. The tap dancer is miserable, and now a K.G.B. colonel tells him that if he can't convince the ballet star to renounce the U.S. and perform in just a few days at a Kirov gala, he'll be sent to work in the mines. This cheap melodramatic plot is like a straitjacket that the director, Taylor Hackford, got into voluntarily and can't wriggle out of. It's often ludicrously bad, but there's enough footage of Baryshnikov to carry you past the embarrassments of the tacky script. With Isabella Rossellini, Jerzy Skolimowski, Geraldine Page, Helen Mirren, and John Glover. The script is credited to James Goldman and Eric Hughes. (11/18/85) (23rd St. West Triplex, and Embassy 1. . . . ¶ Manhattan, Embassy 72nd St., and Olympia Quad; through Feb. 13.)

Willie & Phil (1980)—Writer-director Paul Mazursky's homage to "Jules and Jim" is also an overview of the psycho-social fashions of the seventies, but there's no texture to the lives of the characters. We have no idea why Willie, a high-school teacher (Michael Ontkean), and Phil, a go-getting fashion photographer (Ray Sharkey), become inseparable friends, or why they both fall in love with Jeannette (Margot Kidder), rather than with any other stray pretty girl in Washington Square. Apparently looking for an escape from his principal characters, Mazursky drags in ethnic humor and never lets up on it. With Helen Hanft, Julie Bovasso, Jan Miner, and Kathleen Maguire. (Regency; Feb. 9-10.)

Witness—An eight-year-old Amish boy (Lukas Haas), on his first trip to a city, sees a murder taking place in the men's room of Philadelphia's Thirtieth Street train station. In order to protect the boy and his widowed mother (Kelly McGillis) from the killers, the police captain (Harrison Ford) who's in charge of the investigation tries to hide their identities, and, with a bullet wound in his side, drives them back to their farm in Lancaster County before he collapses. Directed by the Australian Peter Weir, the movie seems to take its view of the Amish from a quaint dreamland, a Brigadoon of tall golden wheat, and to take its squalid, hyped-up view of life in Philadelphia from prolonged exposure to TV cop shows. With Alexander Godunov, Patti LuPone, Josef Sommer, Danny Glover, and Jan Rubes. (2/25/85) (8th St. Playhouse, and Embassy; starting Feb. 7. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; Feb. 7-13.)

Young Sherlock Holmes—There's a coziness about the familiar murk and gloom of Victorian London around 1870. The schoolboy Holmes—Nicholas Rowe, a six-foot-four adolescent, with a slender, ascetic face—has a gentle, sweet precociousness. As his stocky, loyal chum Watson—a junior version of an old duffer—little Alan Cox has to keep stumbling and sprawling, and he takes his falls like a pro. And with a fiendish killer who is armed with an Egyptian blowgun (which is basically a peashooter) this promises to be a funnier, zestier picture than it turns out to be. Directed by Barry Levinson, from a script by Chris Columbus, it's mildly, blandly amusing as long as it stays within the conceits of the Holmesian legends. It falls apart when it starts turning Holmes into an action-adventure hero, and it lets you down with a thump when it rips off "Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom." Levinson's temple of doom (where a fanatic religious sect offers up human sacrifices) has a choir chanting solemnly; the pomposity of this music is lethal—it's like a High Mass for a dead mouse. With Nigel Stock as the smiling, dotty Professor Waxflatter; Earl Rhodes as the slimy blond young rotter Dudley; Anthony Higgins as a fencing master and all-around smoothie; and Sophie Ward as the too sugary ingénue Elizabeth. Presented by Steven Spielberg, handsomely lighted by Stephen Goldblatt. (1/27/86) (Film Forum, and Embassy. . . . ¶ Loews Orpheum; through Feb. 6.)



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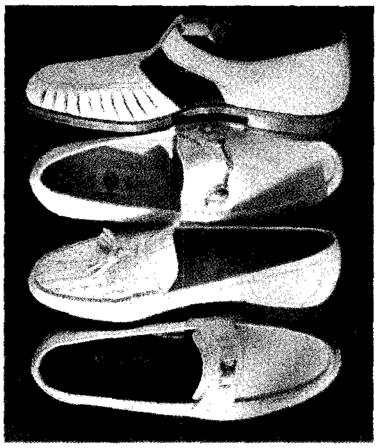

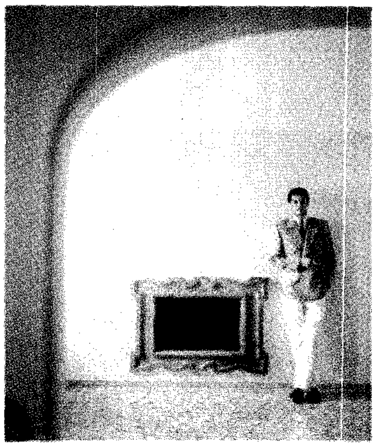

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THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

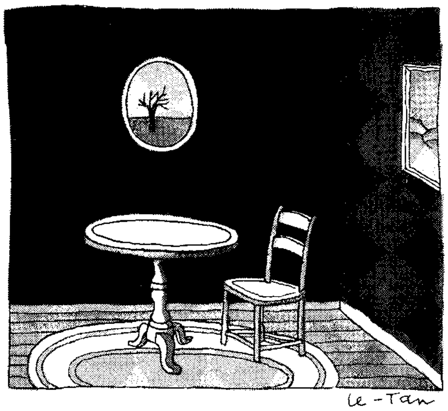
Notes and Comment

NEARLY everyone on earth knew that a spacecraft could blow up during its ascent into space—in part, that may have accounted for the fascination with which many people watched launches. In particular, everyone at the National Aeronautics and Space Administration knew that sometime there would be an accident in space, and that there could be death. John Young, the chief of the astronaut corps, told us once that flying a spacecraft was hazardous, and that anyone who thought differently was "kidding himself." He said, "The solid rocket boosters are state of the art. So are the main engines in the orbiter's tail. Something could blow." And NASA engineers and astronauts even knew the likeliest moment when something might blow—the time of maximum aerodynamic stress on the vehicle, during the first minute or so of the flight. There is nothing new in this; since antiquity, sailors have known that their ships are in the gravest danger when they are entering or leaving harbor in a rough sea. The Challenger exploded at a point just after maximum stress—the point where, after being throttled down, the main engines, each of which could deliver four hundred and seventy thousand pounds of thrust, had been throttled up again. One of our reporters, who happened to be at a distant NASA base at the time, tells us that afterward a television monitor for NASA's own internal satellite service kept on its screen a view from a camera on the beach at Cape Canaveral which had been following the spacecraft's ascent. Now that camera simply stared searchingly out over the blue-gray sea to where it met the blue-gray sky, like a sailor's widow gazing endlessly at the horizon. Twenty-eight years into the space age, the sea is as much a symbol of eternity as the sky. Both have swallowed up the Challenger and its crew, leaving behind a double emptiness of sea and space.

• •

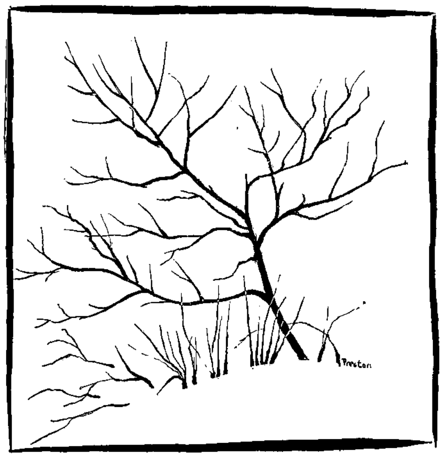
George Rose

"ONE has to do a face that goes with the clothes," George Rose said as he patted reddish matte makeup on his face and outlined his eyes and eyebrows with black, "because one doesn't want to look as if acting were nothing more than dressing up." We were backstage at the Imperial Theatre watching Mr. Rose—one of England's most distinguished character actors—transform himself into Mr. William Cartwright, the genial, florid-faced chairman of the Royale, a nineteenth-century English music hall. As Cartwright, Mr. Rose is the master of ceremonies for a company that is presenting a musical version of Charles Dickens' unfinished novel, "The Mystery of Edwin Drood," and it is this play-within-a-play that provides the framework for one of Broadway's most unpredictable shows. Mr. Rose, a compact, gray-haired man in his mid-sixties who has small, twinkling eyes set in a strong-featured face, explained that Cartwright has to project an avuncular air of absolute authority. "He's indisputably in control of things, even when there's a crisis and he has to substitute for one of the players," Mr. Rose said. "He's always in a spotlight, too, and I have to create a face that inspires confidence when he comes down to the floats to talk to the audience. I've modelled my character on several actors who were trained in the late nineteenth century—Sir Godfrey Tearle, Charles Doran, and Sir Lewis Casson—all of whom were very old gentlemen when I worked with them. They gave me some idea of the nineteenth-century vocal sound: the breathing, the phrasing, the volume, and the grand, absolutely effortless way of speaking the classics. The nineteenth century was more comfortable with artifice than we are, but there was an intense believability in the work of these men which made you accept the acting on a completely different level—as you accept opera. There was no attempt to be introspective or conversational. An actor's job was to be audible and somewhat larger than life. Which is how I see Cartwright."



A hairdresser popped through the door to hand Mr. Rose a curly gray wig and a pair of gray muttonchop whiskers. As Mr. Rose glued them into place with spirit gum, he continued, "What makes this show unique is that it involves the audience to such an extent that it could not be reproduced in *any other medium*. Since Dickens died before he could tell us what happened to Edwin Drood, we have fifteen possible endings, and we ask the audience to determine the outcome by three votes. They select the murderer, they select the character who will play the disguised detective, and they match up a pair of lovers." An electrician handed Mr. Rose a tiny microphone attached to a small, square transmitter, and a dresser helped him into a resplendent Victorian outfit: tailored brown trousers, black boots with elastic sides, a striped shirt with a separate stiff white collar, a rose silk cravat with a jewelled pin, a flowered vest, and a purple-and-black plaid coat with brown velvet lapels. "My first speech is highly energized and almost operatic in quality, and in it I try to establish immediate rapport between the stage and the audience," he said. "Very often, people become disconcerted by such direct contact, but they usually warm up by the opium-den scene." Mr. Rose picked up a black top hat and bounded onstage for the fast-moving musical number that opens the show. When he reappeared at the end of the first act, he said "This is a superior audience. They're getting the theatrical jokes, and I think they'll throw themselves into the voting. If they don't, I have a couple of lines up my sleeve. I may say, 'I suppose you're all still "cramm'd with distressful bread," ' which is 'Henry V,' or I may ask them if they're peeling oranges with their gloves on—a line we used at the Old Vic to describe a dull house."

At noon the following day, we visited Mr. Rose in a sunny West Side loft that he shares with two black dogs and a slinky Burmese cat named Rosita. The enormous central room was filled with books and records, and the walls were lined with turn-of-the-century French theatrical posters. We asked Mr. Rose for a brief biography, and he told us that he had grown up in Bicester, a market town near Oxford. "My father was a butcher, and my aunts and uncles were farm workers," he said. "Unlikely as it may seem, that was a fertile background for an actor, because the rural areas of those days were full of the most amazingly eccentric characters. When I played a series of Shakespearean clowns, I based many of them on people I'd known as a child." In 1944, when Mr. Rose was working as an orderly at a London hospital and studying at the Guildhall School of Music ("I had a kind of noisy baritone voice"), he was hired by the Old Vic as an offstage singer in "Peer Gynt" and as a spear-carrier in "Richard III." "The Old Vic Theatre had received a direct hit in the war, and the company was being re-formed, as a morale-raiser for the entire city of London," he said. "When I fell into such an extraordinary group of people, I decided to give up music and be an actor. Larry Olivier gave me a letter to the Central School of Speech and Drama, and after I'd had a year of very solid training in the art of speech the Old Vic offered me a contract playing small parts and understudies." Mr. Rose spent the next decade playing his notable series of Shakespearean clowns with the Old Vic, the Royal Shakespeare, and a company headed by Sir John Gielgud. "I look back and realize that it was a golden era of the English theatre," he said. "Larry was an enormously exciting physical actor. Ralph Richardson was one of those actors who are a complete package. He had a special warmth and humanity—the ability to take the ordinary and render it poetic and moving. John Gielgud and Edith Evans were my real mentors, because they taught me to use words properly and follow the text faithfully. Gielgud put me through a tremendous baptism of fire when I joined his company, in 1951. Edith Evans was a martinet who would analyze a text as if it were a musical score. Once the lines were set, she would never change so much as an inflection, and when you worked with her you couldn't vary your performance by a hairbreadth." In 1961, Mr. Rose came to New York in "A Man for All Seasons" (he played the Common Man), and he has worked steadily in this country ever since. He has appeared in musicals ("My Fair Lady," "Coco," "The Pirates of Penzance") and plays ("Hamlet," "The Royal Hunt of the Sun," "Sleuth") and an occasional television show. He prefers the theatre ("In television, clichés will always triumph over curiosity"), but he is distressed by the permissiveness of present-day acting. "Classical training gives you a high regard for the text and form of a play and for the disciplines of your profession," he said. "It does *not* encourage self-referral at the expense of technique. I've never lusted after the grand parts—Othello, Lear, Falstaff. But last year a friend from London told me that young people there who could never have seen me do the Shakespearean clowns in the forties and fifties—in 'Winter's Tale,' in 'Much Ado,' in 'Measure for Measure'—still hold me up as a paragon in those roles. So I think I probably set some kind of standard at the time without really knowing it."



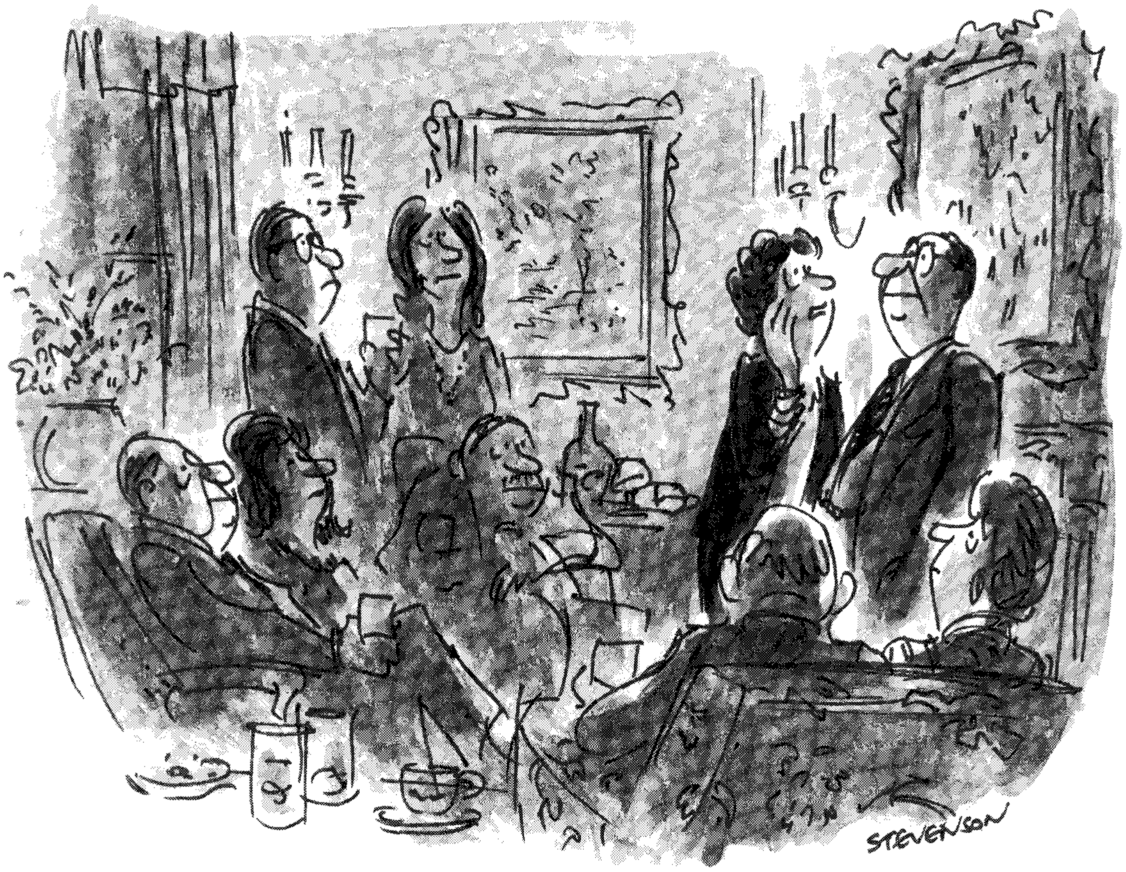
The Museum of Money

A FRIEND in Rio de Janeiro writes:

The evolution of the Brazilian cruzeiro is a numismatic saga of incredible complexity. My personal familiarity with the saga covers only ten years, but in that time the changes that the cruzeiro has gone through have been wild, to say the least. When I first came to Brazil, in September of 1976, the cruzeiro was a perfectly sane, comprehensible currency. It fetched 11.3 to the dollar. The largest denomination it came in was the five-hundred-cruzeiro note, but I didn't see such a note until my third visit, in 1979. By then, the cruzeiro had dropped below the twenty-to-the-dollar mark, and the Banco Central had come out with a thousand-cruzeiro note, which was soon nicknamed *o barão* (the baron); it bore the effigy of the Baron of Rio Branco, a bald man with white handlebars. When I returned in the summer of 1984, the rate of exchange was eighteen hundred cruzeiros to the dollar, and the *barão* was only good for a beer. I was going off into the Amazon for a couple of months, and was obliged to travel with an unwieldy brick of crisp, mint *castelos*, as the newly issued purple five-thousand-cruzeiro notes—which portrayed Humberto Castelo Branco, Brazil's President after the military revolution of 1964—were already being called. The year 1984 was also the year that the centavo, the hundredth part of the cruzeiro—having become worth a lot less than a thousandth of a cent—quietly went into extinction. Now I am down in Brazil again, spending the holidays with my wife's family. The country is in better shape politically than it has been in at any other time since the fifties, and its economy is looking up—pulling out of the recession it has been in for most of this decade. The people have put 1985 behind them—the year ended with the traditional blizzard of scrap paper, computer printouts, receipts, bulletins, memos, and other superannuated documents and communications sifting down gaily from office windows into the streets of the Centro, and, as the clock struck midnight on the thirty-first, with millions walking together into the surf at Copacabana, Ipanema, and the other beaches—and now they are gearing up for Carnival. The only problem is the cruzeiro. Since my arrival, a few days ago, it has plummeted below ten thousand to the dollar at the official rate and fifteen thousand on the black market; the annual inflation rate is a record two hundred and thirty-five per cent. There are three handsome new bills to contend with on this visit. The sepia ten-thousand-cruzeiro note, nicknamed the *cabeção* (big head), bears the effigy of the noted turn-of-the-century jurist, writer, orator, and politician Rui Barbosa. The violet fifty-thousand-cruzeiro note, or *galo* (rooster), portrays the turn-of-the-century hygienic pioneer Oswaldo Cruz. The turquoise hundred-thousand-cruzeiro note, or *kubitschek*, honors the late President Juscelino Kubitschek, who built Brasília. It is the largest bill in circulation but is worth only about six dollars and fifty cents. Soon the Banco Central will have to issue a five-hundred-thousand-cruzeiro note, then a million-cruzeiro note. And then it will have to strike off the zeros, rename the currency, and start all over again.

The only person who is having trouble with the new megabills is me. I take a taxi across the city and the meter reads seventy-four hundred cruzeiros. The cabby takes down a table of adjusted rates tucked under the sun visor and announces that the fare is actually nineteen thousand cruzeiros. I take a *castelo* instead of a *galo* out of my wallet—a forgivable error, since the two bills are similar in color and the difference between them is the difference between five thousand and fifty thousand cruzeiros. The significance of the *galo's* additional zero, which translates to about three dollars, hasn't yet sunk in. At a pharmacy that preys on disoriented gringos, I am sold for two hundred and thirty-nine thousand cruzeiros medication that I later discover is worth only twenty-three thousand nine hundred. In other words, I am ripped off of about fourteen bucks. After a couple of days, my wallet is bulging with one-hundred-, two-hundred-, and five-hundred-cruzeiro notes—worthless roughage whose removal from circulation is imminent. I wonder how anybody can take this money seriously, how semi-literate street venders can perform six-figure calculations in their heads, how the people can appear so unfazed by the almost daily rise in prices. Soon their salaries will be readjusted; across-the-board "monetary correction," or "indexation," every six months by most employers is a unique feature of the Brazilian inflation, born of an attempt to neutralize its effects. The heady impermanence of the cruzeiro is virtually an institutionalized part of Brazilian life—a custom. I ask a carioca friend—a native of Rio—what Brazilians think about inflation, and he says, "No problem," dismissing the matter with an insouciant wave of the hand. One of my wife's uncles, who works at the Bank of Brazil, tells me that the bank has a museum that traces the history of Brazilian money from the beginning. My carioca friend thinks this is delicious. "Our money is in a museum?" he says, chuckling. "This is an important step. Maybe we will be the first country to do without money altogether."

One morning, I pay the museum a visit. It's on the fourth floor of the Bank of Brazil's former headquarters, a majestic marble-columned, wood-panelled edifice on the Rua Primeiro de Março. Like most museums in Brazil, it is empty; Brazilians are not great museum-goers. I am warmly received by the museum's curator emeritus, Rafael Chaves. A self-effacingly polite and patient man, he takes the rest of the morning to reconstruct for me, with the help of books and the



"I think it's a bit late in the evening, Harold, to tell them about your watershed experience."

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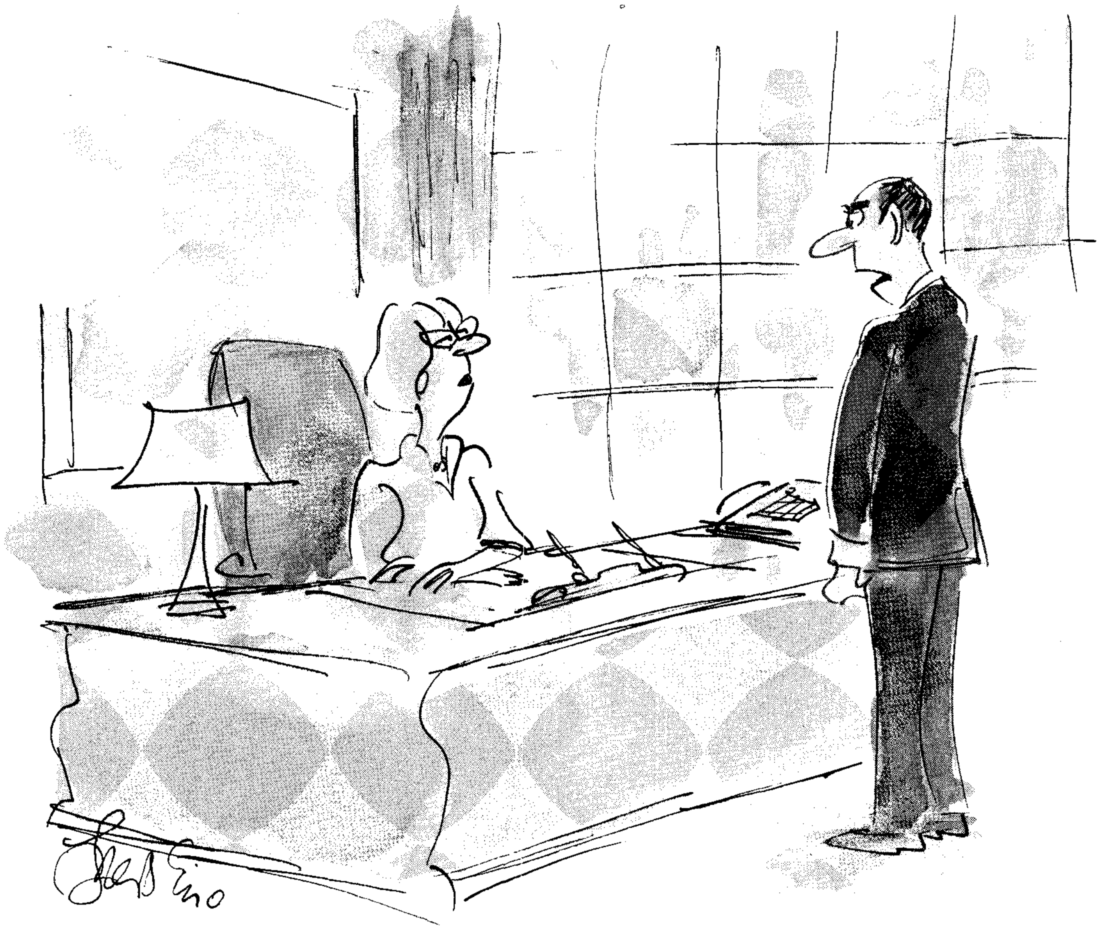
material on display, the basic lines of the nation's numismatic saga. Brazil's first money, he explains, was the Portuguese real, which circulated from 1495 until 1942. But there were all kinds of other issues, legal and illegal, that served as tender over the years. The Dutch who colonized Recife minted florins. Cowries from Bahia, called zimbos, were taken to Angola and traded for slaves. In 1867, a shortage of copper coins made monetary transactions temporarily impossible, and shopkeepers, tavernkeepers, feed suppliers, and even prostitutes printed up vouchers redeemable in goods or services until money came back into circulation. The first paper money, circa 1778, was a handwritten receipt payable in diamonds. An extravagant cornucopia of sepia, violet, pink, green, carmine, and magenta banknotes, emblazoned with lions, cherubs, cupids, St. Sebastian riddled with arrows, raging battles, riotous vegetation, allegorical Greek females, and successive Ministers of Finance proceeded to spill down, erratically, through the nineteenth century and the first half of the twentieth. The iconography of the paper money, Chaves explains, was determined by the tastes of the Finance Minister of the moment. The woman on the two-thousand-real note of 1903, for instance, was the mistress of the previous Minister, Joaquim Murtinho. "History has not recorded her name," Chaves tells me. He adds that Rui Barbosa (the politico-literary giant whose face graces the present ten-thousand-cruzeiro *cabeção*) "thought it absurd that a woman of the demimonde of Rio should be portrayed on our national currency," and lobbied vigorously, but in vain, to have the note recalled.

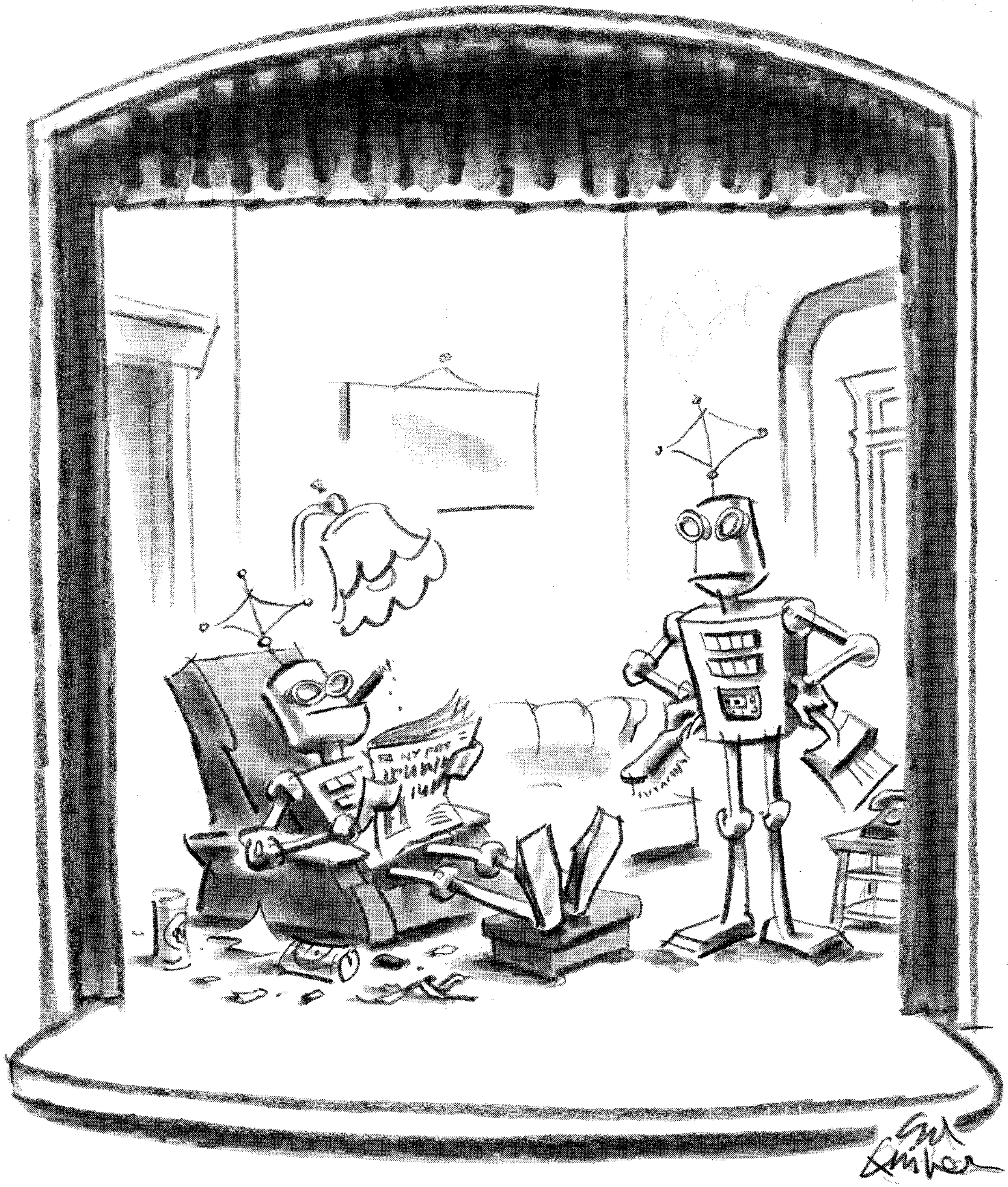
By 1883, a hundred-thousand-real note had come into existence, suggesting that inflation was already a problem. Chaves attributes the early inflation to several factors: all of Brazil's gold was shipped to Portugal; the money didn't have much to back it up; and it was further adulterated by counterfeiting. (The causes of twentieth-century Brazilian inflation are very complex. According to one theory, they boil down to a social conflict between the entrepreneurial sector, the wage earners, and the federal government, each of which wants to increase or, at least, to retain its share of the economic pie.) By the time Brazil became a republic, in 1889, the money was counted not in réis but in milréis—units of a thousand réis. By 1942, there were million-real notes, known as *contos de réis*, or *contos* for short. That year, on November 1st, a new monetary unit, the cruzeiro, was created. One cruzeiro was worth a thousand réis. The new banknotes, emblazoned with Presidents, generals, admirals, Indians, Amazonian water lilies, and other subjects from the country's national and natural life, lost value steadily but not alarmingly until the early sixties, when a spectacular spate of inflation, caused largely by the construction of Brasília, necessitated the creation of a new monetary unit, the new cruzeiro. For several years, the old notes were simply surcharged; the ten-thousand-cruzeiro note, for instance, honoring the father of Brazilian aviation, Alberto Santos Dumont, was stamped ten new cruzeiros. Then, in 1967, the Banco Central came out with the first family of new cruzeiros. They were a lot less busy, more starkly modern, than the florid real and old-cruzeiro notes had been. "Now we are using the fourth family of new cruzeiros," Chaves explains. He emphasizes, as we take leave of each other, that he has given me only the bare outline of a saga to which careers have been devoted and of which important chapters remain untold. He recommends as the best study of the period before 1900 Julius Meili's monumental and minutiose three-volume "The Currency of Brazil."



"Please, R.K., stop mothering me."

Wigs

Barry Farber is a talkmaster on radio station WMCA. He earns his living talking. When Barry Farber talks about talking, we stop talking and start listening. Lately, Barry Farber has been offering listeners a chance to purchase, through the mails, a cassette tape with twenty-five words that will make them into better talkers—"separator" words, which will distinguish their chat from common chat. When people first approached him about making the tape, Barry Farber said, he was reluctant. But then he realized that it could help an awful lot of people out there who are just not as good at talking as he is. Barry Farber doesn't seem to worry that those people are going to pay ten dollars and listen to his tape and then take his job away from him. He's a better man than that. We ordered his tape, and when it arrived and we played it we heard Barry Farber explain that there were three ways to express any idea: first, "the street—almost the vulgar—way;" second, "the normal way, probably the very way that you would say it right now;" and, third, "the separator-word" way. For instance, first a man with a Brooklyn accent says, "In the long run, we're gonna be on top." Then a woman, an extremely normal-sounding woman, says, "In the end, it will wind up being good for us." And then a man who sounds as if he made considerably more money than the Brooklyn guy and the woman combined, and had a better fringe-benefits package—dental and everything—says, "It will *redound* to our benefit." "Redound" is the separator word. A third man, a man who sounds as if his two hobbies were cruelty to animals and watching "Masterpiece Theatre," offers a definition: "Redound: to lead to an end, usually unplanned, through an inevitable flow of consequences." We'd like to tell you the twenty-four other words, but then, unless you were as fair as Barry Farber, you might not mail your ten dollars to P.O. Box 121, Times Square Station, New York, N.Y. 10108.



THE ODD COUPLE VIII

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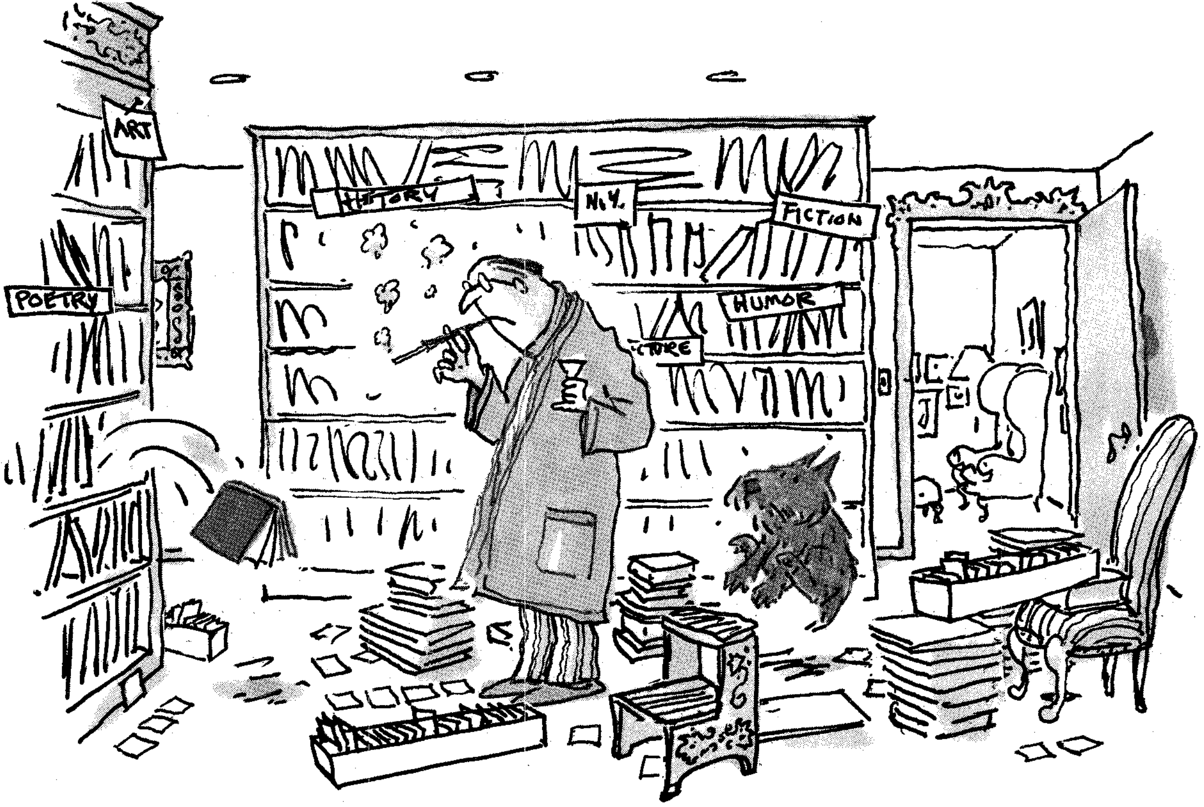
The night after we studied our separator-word tape, we went to Limelight—the Chelsea discothèque—to watch a wig show. The music at Limelight is loud—inordinately loud. Our visceral impulse was to leave, but we mitigated it. It was too noisy to hear what people were saying; we had to read lips, and as the speech of many was slightly slurred we may not have apprised everything exactly right. But a couple near us appeared to be having an argument. "Your mother is ephemeral," one of them seemed to say, with a look of rancor—an excoriating look of malevolent rancor. A look of admonition.

As the heavy music pounded, happy young folk vacillated on the dance floor, first this way, then that way, each swivel and bop abrogated by its reverse. We reconsidered our earlier acrimonious appraisal. "Kids today are just like kids of yesterday—maybe exacerbated and embellished a bit, but we can condone them," we remarked to a waitress, who disappeared and returned a little later with a drink. Her unassailable transmogrification pleased us mightily. Drink downed, we felt pleasantly placid, but still cogent—cogent as hell. And we settled back to watch the show, which started at about one in the morning. The models strutted out wearing fabulous bright-colored wigs. We are never sycophantic—in our purview, the models were anything but amorphous. They had morphous than any models we'd ever seen. The prettiest model of all walked out last—tall and broad-shouldered, with silver hair down to her sinecure; she turned, she teased, she sent the audience back a step with each step she took. Finally, she whipped off her wig. Underneath, she was as bald as a basketball. She had euchred us! But we had loved every minute.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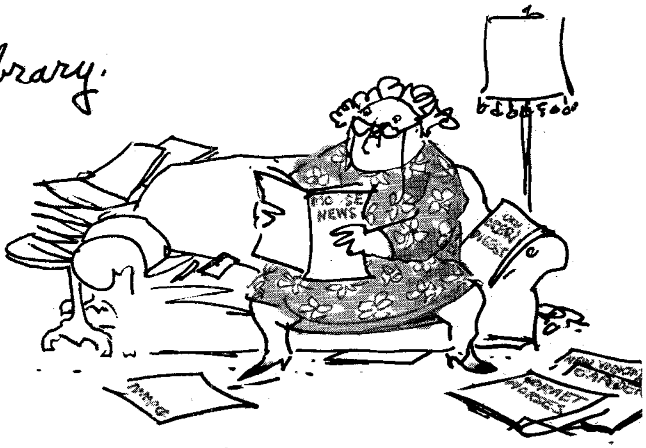

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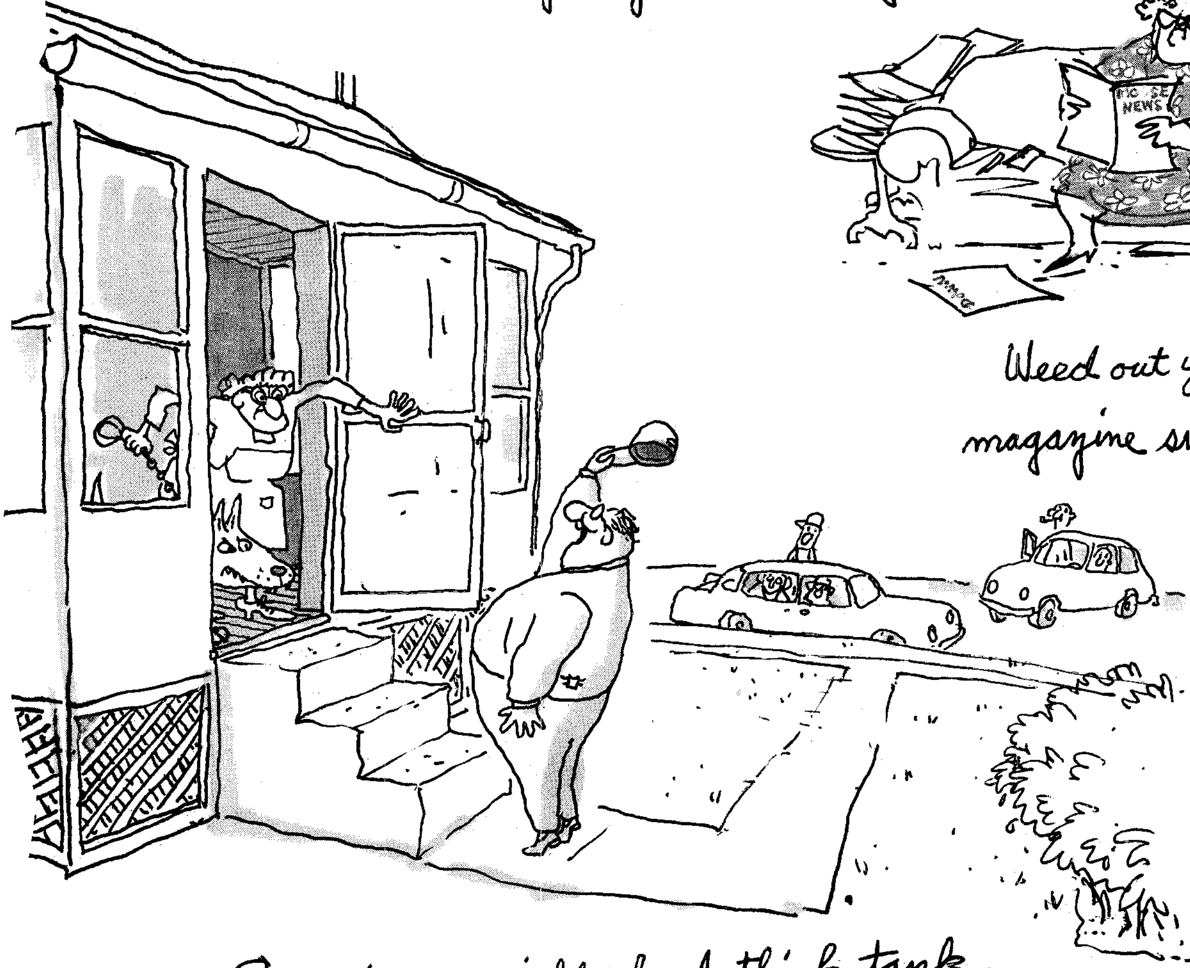
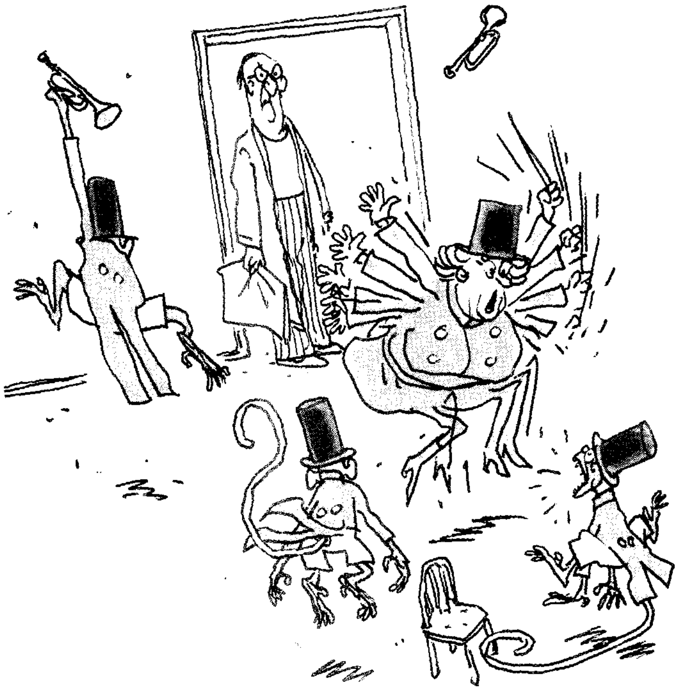
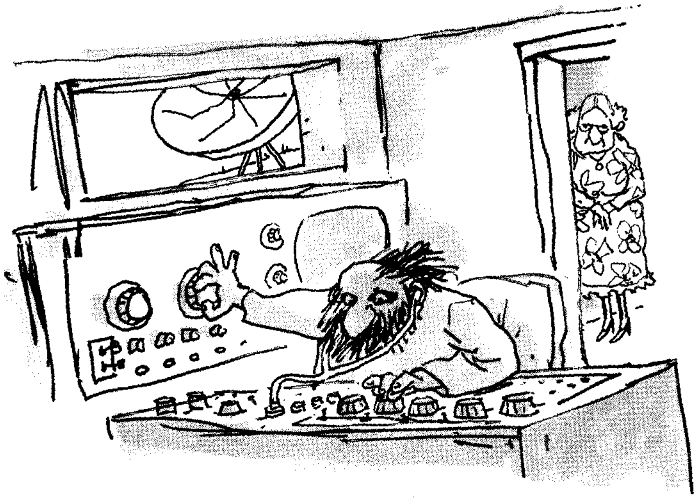


Organize a neighborhood think tank.



Train animals.



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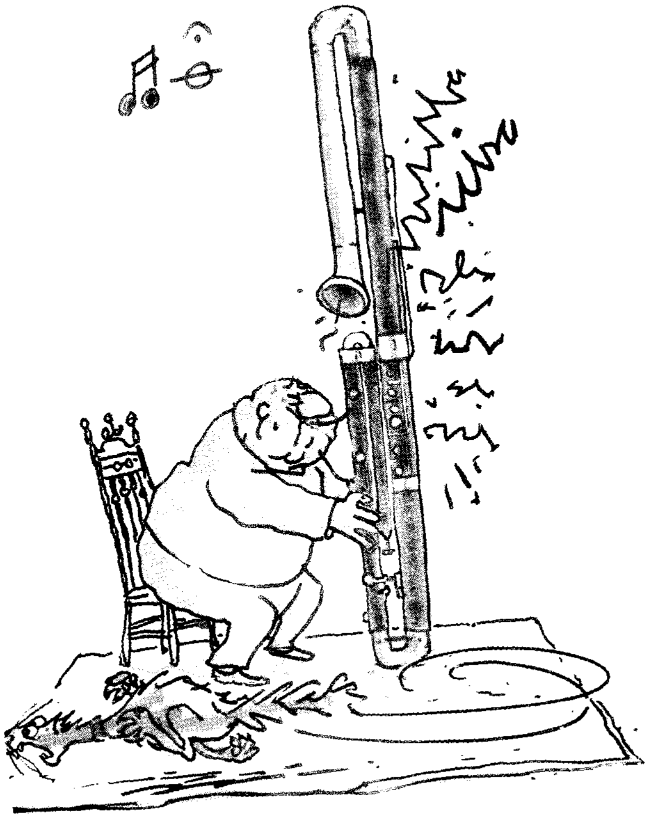
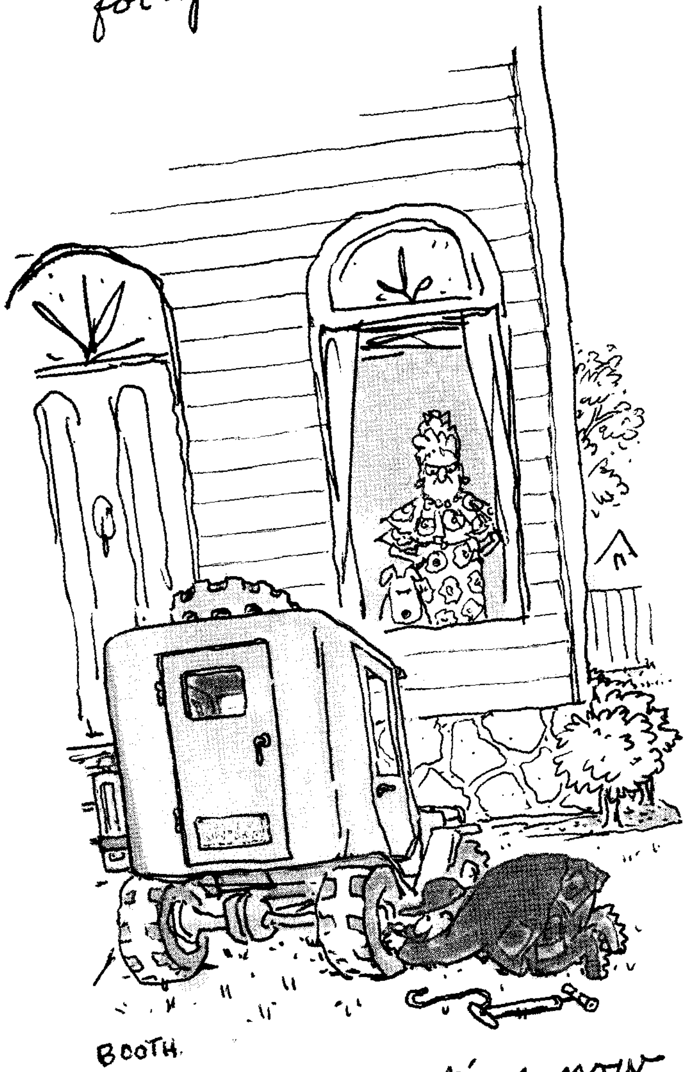
for space messages.



Reacquaint yourself
with the contrabassoon.



Begin preparations now
to explore the great rivers of
the world.

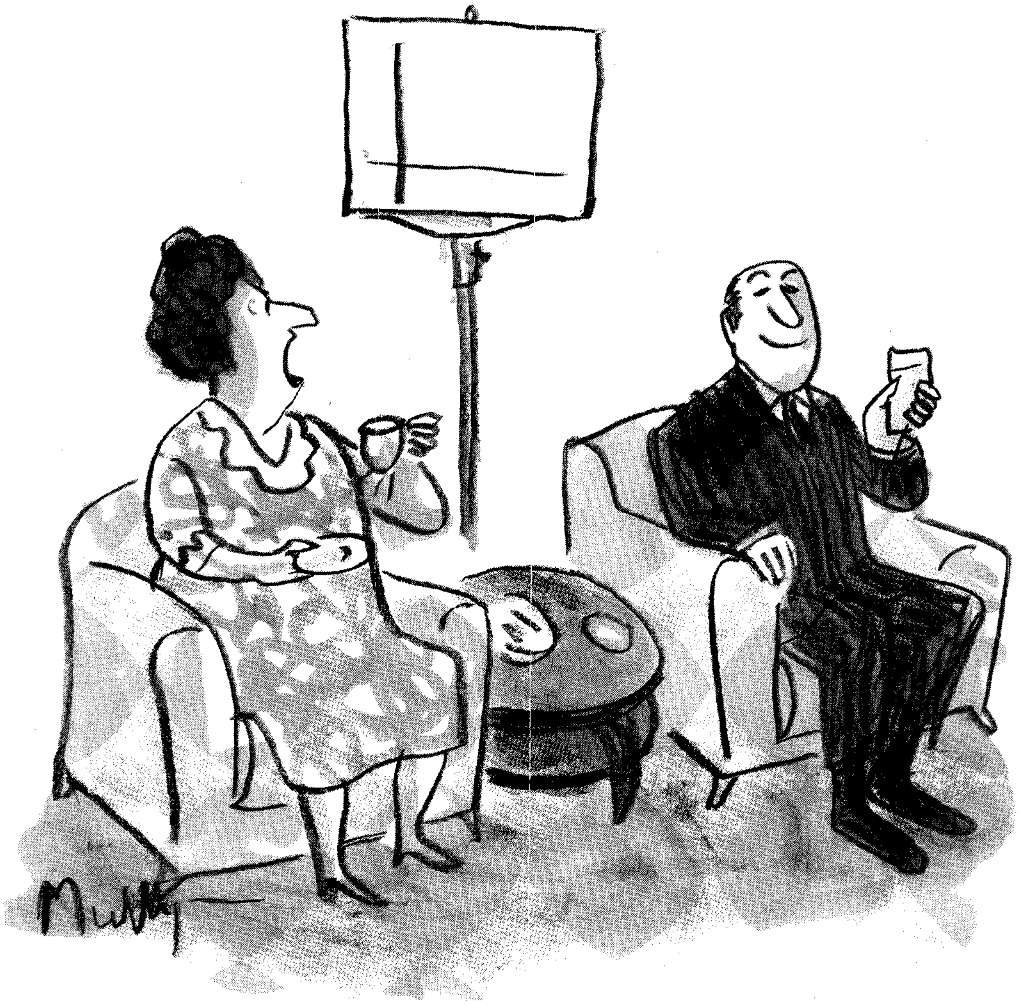
OFFICIAL AMERICANS

IT was the next day.

Not a moment too soon, Carl thought, exhausted. He watched the corona brighten around the drawn curtains. Hot light was flooding Africa one more time. His days were like nights and his nights were like days, because of the dogs. He got his rest during the day—in increments, in stolen naps at his desk or in the car, or at lunchtime at home. His days were dim, like dreams. His nights were war. The dogs began barking every night at seven, or when he went to bed, whichever came first. There were eleven dogs in the yard next door. The furor kept up until daybreak, except for weekends, when—he'd be willing to swear—it went on even later. When he came home for lunch, the dogs were laid out around Letsamao's yard like slugs or duffelbags, sleeping in the sun—filling up with sleep.

He inched himself up into a sitting position and looked down at his sleeping darling. They had been married less than a year. Sometimes she smiled in her sleep. He loved her teeth, small and white, like mints. He had all his teeth, knock wood. Lois was twenty-eight and he was fifty-six. She was his second wife, and she was perfect. Her skin was perfect for Africa—the way she tanned beautifully. She loved Botswana's dry climate, and in fact that reminded him to remind her to be sensitive about the drought when she was enthusing about the climate in front of people. He loved her all the time. She was grateful for everything. He had saved her from Oregon, she liked to say. She meant the climate and what it had done to her sinuses. She meant her job as a cashier in a hotel restaurant in Medford, where they had met when he was on vacation recuperating from his breakup with Elaine. Lois was unmarried when he met her, because she had been waiting for two key things in one: a man she could respect, who was also someone not fated to live in Oregon forever because of his work or family ties. She thought that Carl's job with the Agency for International Development was wonderful, because it kept him in sunny countries and it helped the poor. She thought of AID as something like the Red Cross. She was a wonderful specimen. She was improving his life in so many ways that he couldn't keep up with it. His salt intake was down, thanks to her tricks with lemon juice and so on. Also, he had always thought of hair spray as effeminate and had preferred to duck out and comb his hair nineteen times a day, with water if need be, rather than use it. But then she had shown him that the hair sprays he had tried were too strong and made his hair look like icing, and she had gotten him one that was the right strength, and now his hair was fine all day and could be forgotten about. She was a helpmeet: his first. She could be an ad for health food, she looked so well. She could sleep almost at will, it seemed to him. She invariably slept through the dogs. They couldn't keep her awake. He kept her awake, if he was restless, but not the dogs themselves.

He lowered one foot to the floor. It was amazing to him how much he wanted to be fit, these days. Of course, anyone with a young wife would want to be fit, to some extent. That was why the thing with the dogs had to be brought to an end. But his attitude toward being in shape was a hundred per cent the reverse of what it had been under Elaine, if that was the right way to put it. His attitude toward jogging was a case in point. Jogging had been invented while his back was turned—while he was in Malawi or Togo, probably. He could remember that the first time he had seen joggers, when he and Elaine were back in New York on home leave—in an expensive hotel, naturally, on Central Park South—it was already a mass movement. Elaine had been a genius at choosing the most expensive city or country for rest and recreation. If there were two countries, one where the dollar was high and the other where it was really



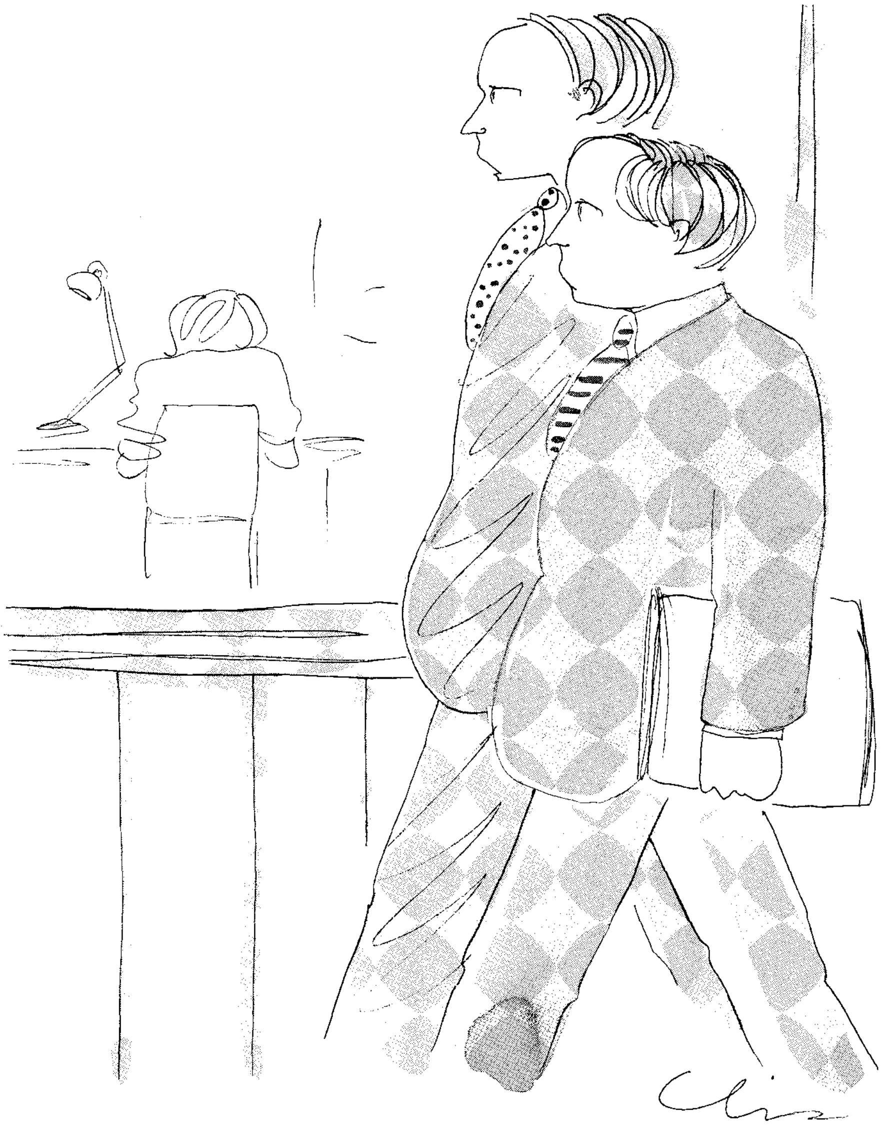
"I wish you would stop calling Paris 'Gay Paree.'"

low, there would always be a compelling reason to go where it was more expensive. It had to be France because the springs under the Fontaine de Vaucluse were drying up, or it had to be Italy because the Villa d'Este was closing down its best fountains because a tire factory was polluting the water. So, there he had been, looking out the window down into beautiful, green Central Park and seeing joggers everywhere. Now he saw the point of it—he himself was walking everywhere he could—but at the time he had been able to see the joggers only as something interrupting his pleasure in looking at the park, something agitating, something that marred the beauty of the vegetation, like aphids. Lo had information about health. People were amazed when she proved to them that some salt companies were adding sugar, or some form of it, to salt.

He was up. He felt fragile, because of the dogs. By rights, he should be feeling reborn, almost. He was hardly drinking. There was Lo. He was basically through with smoking. But he felt fragile. Botswana felt dangerous to him. For instance, the floor beneath his feet. The Batswana kept waxing, no matter what was said to them. Lo was too soft. Overwaxing was still going on. At work, the cleaners waxed directly on bare concrete, on stoops, on steps. The floors blazed everywhere. They could kill you. Barefoot was safest. Thongs were dangerous on these floors.

There was one other thing that not sleeping was making him irrational on: the geyser. He tried not to be. But the hot water for the tub and shower came from a gigantic cylinder bolted to the wall above the bathtub, with electric coils in a collar at its base. It would crush anyone in the tub if it ever came loose from its moorings. And Lo took baths, exclusively. He was always obsessively inspecting the geyser, pulling at the mountings and feeling at the same time that he might be weakening the thing with all his testing. Hot baths were therapy for Lo. The giant tubs the British had established as normal all over Africa were a revelation to her. The shower stall was separate and safe.

He set the shower to spray just enough to get him rinsed but not enough to bother Lo. He was expert at showering quietly. He was used to the African workday starting when it did—ungodly early. She was still adapting. He liked her to sleep late. Small things about her made him emotional, like lying about her age to make herself older and more appropriate for him when they were courting. That was the kind of thing he loved. Or, recently, when he'd said he felt like Prometheus having his liver torn out every night and regenerating each day so it could be torn out again the next night and she asked who Prometheus was. The hot water directly on his scalp was helping.



"It's all over the office that you buy your clothes in Connecticut."

• •

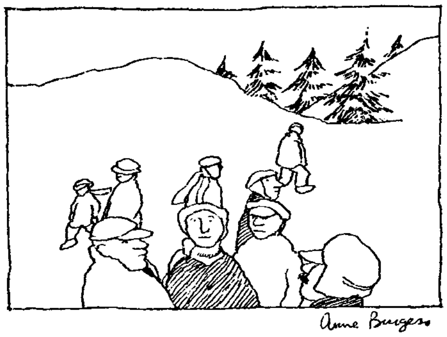
WALKING was calming, and Carl liked the half-mile walk from his office to the medical unit. The Embassy nurse wanted to see him. He knew he was overdue for his gamma globulin, but there was something more she wanted to discuss. He was going to plead with her for a state-of-the-art sleeping pill. He wouldn't get it: she was to the right of medically conservative. The regular pills were no help. They would knock him out but not keep him out. Lo's prescription for him was more exercise, as in jogging. The thought was torture. He was too tired for exercise. In any case, the problem wasn't falling asleep, it was getting back to sleep once the Minister of Labor's dogs started their demented crooning and baying and snarling and fighting or mating or tunnelling under the fence to come skulking around the house, rifling his trash cans.

When he walked in Gaborone, he used the network of dirt paths behind the houses—the "people's paths." Africa was humanity walking, or, rather, Africans walking. Whites rode. He was almost the only white ambulating along with the Batswana. People looked at him. It would be fair to say they stared. They were staring now, a little. He thought, They can't get over my uncanny resemblance to Samuel Beckett. Immediately, he felt guilty. He did look like Beckett, but the thought was bad—the kind of thing Elaine would have broken up over. There were plenty of reasons to stare at him. He was tall and so forth. He remembered about his posture and straightened up. This part of Gaborone was like a university town someplace in the American Southwest, except for the walls and fences around the house plots. He had been in Africa so long that residential neighborhoods in America looked utopian—no property-line fencing to speak of, people's lawns intermingling.

He should enjoy nature more. There were a lot of gum trees on this route. There were other trees, whose blooms looked like scrambled eggs. Lo noticed everything. The first time she saw him naked she noticed that his right arm was permanently darkened by the sun, from the elbow down, from having it out the window as he drove around Africa on site visits. Sometimes Lo said his name in her sleep. It moved him enormously. It was proof of something. He doubted Elaine had ever talked in her sleep. But how would he know, because in those days he slept at night, and Elaine was on her guard to the roots of her being. Lo wanted him to show more interest in the local birdlife. He thought, When it comes to bird-watching, I say let the birds watch *me*. A colony of Cape vultures had a nesting ground in the cliffs near Ootse. There was supposedly a trail up the cliffs, so that interested parties could get close enough to look directly at the vultures or even interfere with them. Lo wanted to go. He might be able to manage that.

Just ahead, at the edge of the path, was a fruit stand—two upended cartons. The vender was a Motswana matron wearing a housedress and a blanket over it like an apron. He was going to be irritated, he could tell. He stopped to look over the display of bananas and green apples. The fruit was less than fresh—probably it had been four or five days on the street already. Batswana merchants absolutely would not bargain. This woman needed to clear her stock. She should lower her prices drastically—for the bananas at least. But she had her unit price figured and would stick to it unto death. She knew what the other street venders were getting and would consider she was being made a fool of if she took less. If he offered a lower price, she would think he was trying to take advantage of her. He had been through this. The fruit came from South Africa and was substandard to begin with—*ondergraad*. The Batswana wholesalers were stuck with long-term contracts for fruit the South Africans wouldn't touch. He knew all about it. It was a scandal.

The vender waited for him to say something. She decided to eat an apple. He predicted that she would take one of the best ones, not one of the least salable, and she did. Sometimes he thought Southern Africa was specially designed to try the souls of small-business experts. He had had his difficulties persuading Africans elsewhere in the continent to be serious about business, but Southern Africa was the sharpest thorn in his crown so far. He had to give himself mixed reviews at best for his performance to date—his career—so he had to succeed in Botswana. This was not the best subject vis-à-vis his blood pressure. Botswana was probably his last chance to stay overseas. He ought to be able to succeed, because his main project was foolproof: it was all women, very tractable, making school uniforms for a guaranteed market—the state.



The settlement with Elaine had impoverished him. Because of Lois, he had to be overseas to recoup, because the housing and utilities were covered and they could save like bandits. If they demoted him back to Washington, he and Lo would end up living like graduate students—at that level. Lo would have to go out and cashier. It was unthinkable. Since he'd stopped, he had to buy something from this woman. He paid twenty thebe for a banana—four thebe more than his highest estimate. Still, the woman was looking implacably at him. What had he done? It came to him: he had forgotten to greet her before starting the transaction. That made him a worm, in her eyes. He moved on.

Secretaries and technical personnel tended to live at the Embassy compound, a square of apartments around

SERENADE

Here's your letter the old portable
Pecked out so passionately as to crack
The larynx. I, too, dream of "times
We'll share." Across the river: MUTUAL LIFE.

Flush of a skyline. Faced with past
Decorum, present insatiety,
Let corporate proceedings, one by one,
Be abstracted to mauve onionskin,

Lit stories rippling upside down in thought
Be stilled alike of drift and personnel,
Only then the lyric I-lessness
At nightfall banked upon renew

Today's unfolder. Whose lips part. Heard now
In his original setting—voice and reeds—
As music for a god, your page
Asks to be held so that the lamp shines through

And stars appear instead of periods.
—JAMES MERRILL

• •

a microscopic swimming pool. One apartment had been turned over to the nurse, for a medical unit. In a previous incarnation he would have been interested in the nurse, Rita. She was single. She was low-forties and Hispanic, and tough. He liked lean women. He looked at the empty pool wrinkling and creasing in the noon sun. There was a woman he had read about, a prodigy, nineteenth century, who could sleep floating in water. It might have been a man. There had been two prodigies, one of them named Fraticoni, and one was the Human Magnet and metal objects stuck to him or her, and the other was the Human Cork, who could sleep floating.

THE nurse was steely. This was a lecture. "I'm not giving you any sleeping medication," she said. "I don't trust you around medication. You scared us with your X-ray. We don't need this. You showed four strange round spots in your gastric region, which we finally figured out had to be mineral-supplement pills with a lot of iron in them you weren't absorbing. Does anybody at your house know what vitaminosis is? Maybe you can't sleep because you're irritating your nervous system yourself with whatever you're taking. If you want to self-medicate, then self-medicate, but don't come to me looking for sympathy." There was more. Did he know too much niacin could turn his face red? Was he aware that it was natural for the body to require less sleep as it aged? He used to think Rita liked him.

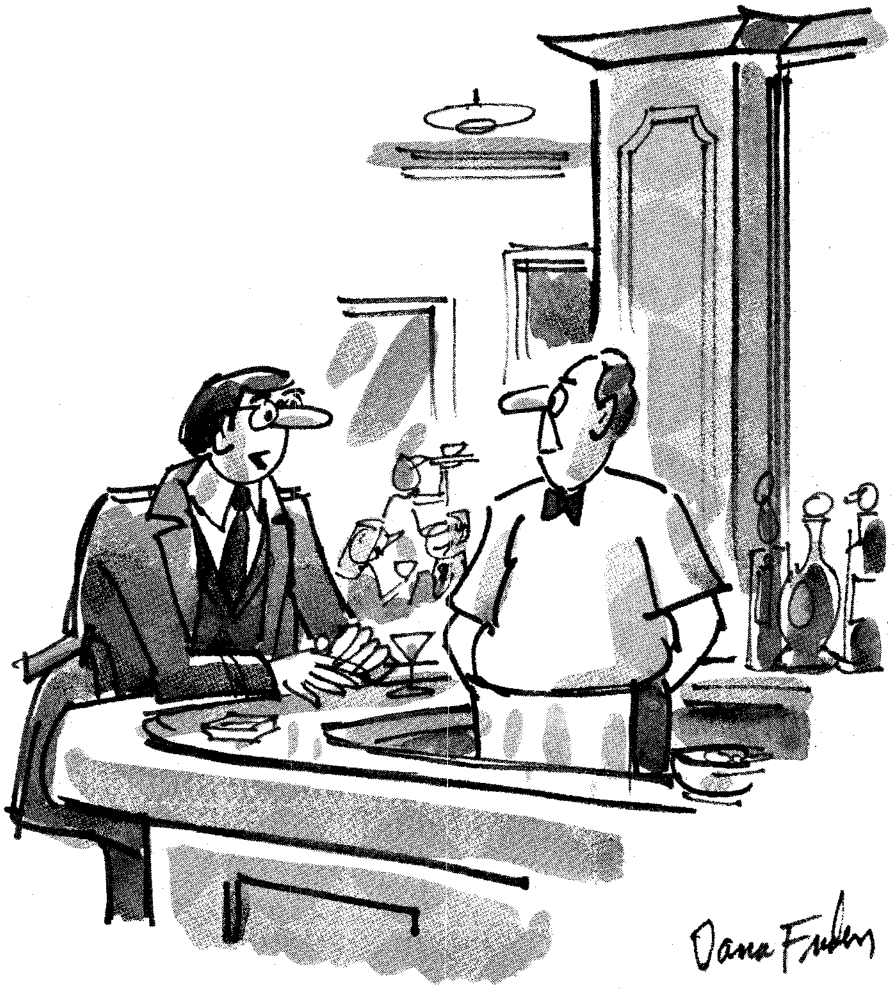
"And *also*, I never want to find you in my office when I walk in," she said. "I don't want to make a big issue. But you sit in the waiting area, period."

"I was looking for you," Carl said. The nurse began writing.

Stepping into her office when he saw it was empty had been the latest in a recent line of bright ideas. He was having too many bright ideas. He had foreseen not getting pills. The possibility that he might spot some lying around loose in the empty office had suggested itself. Then there had been a vague idea that he might be able to do something against the dogs with a syringe, if he had a syringe. He had seen disposable hypodermics in Rita's wastebasket more than once. One dog, a big orange bitch, seemed almost like the choirmaster of the pack. Whether dogs could die from an air injection he didn't know. Would it have been feasible to creep up on the bitch while she was rooting around near the fence and jab her? Probably not. He had taken a stupid chance. He felt pale.

Rita handed him the appointment card for his next shot. She reminded him to use the stress cassette she had given him, and said maybe he should try earplugs again. He got up, putting on his sunglasses. Lately his eyes were on the reddish side. The whites of Lo's eyes were clear, like stationery. There was a problem connected with sunglasses, which he had to keep in mind. Apparently, older Batswana resented sunglass-wearing. A Member of Parliament had criticized young Batswana for wearing sunglasses, because it was disrespectful to conceal your eyes when you were in conversation. It had been in the *Daily News*. There was probably no special dispensation for expatriates.

He left. Rita was dense about earplugs. From his standpoint, there were two things wrong with earplugs. He could hear through them—any that he had tried. And earplugs forced him to listen to his own heartbeat. He had a functional murmur. It was impossible not to listen for irregularities. Listening to his heartbeat was like listening to the drum in a Roman galley. He had explained all this, but she was still pushing earplugs. He forgave her. She still gave the best gamma-globulin shots in the foreign service. She always warmed up the ampule first in her bra and then had you toe-in to loosen up your gluteus muscle. The bruising was always minimal.



"I think my life would have been played better set against a Roaring Twenties or Civil War background."

HE was yanked from sleep. The barking was on.

Someplace he had seen a movie where the hero is dragged into the air on ropes attached to hooks in his flesh. This was similar, except that the movie ordeal had been an initiation for an English lord who wanted to be a Sioux brave for some unknown reason. So there was a point to it.

The moon was full. It would almost be worth it to be a werewolf. After all, he would have his little problem only once a month, like women. Then he could take care of Letsamao's dogs, either all at once or a few per month. But did werewolves eat dogs? He would.

Normally, he would go to mind force now. But he had given up on mind force, permanently. That was clear. Mind force was the only form of warfare that would let him lie immobile and not wake Lois up. Unfortunately, it was a delusion and stupid. He had tried hard to give mind force the benefit of the doubt. After all, there was a Russian medium who could make matchsticks hop around under a bell jar, supposedly. Poltergeist cases seemed to reduce to something real—certain adolescents sending out streams of invisible energy able to smash crockery and empty ashtrays on their parents' heads. Freud once made Jung faint through sheer hatred during an argument, according to Jung, and so on.

Doing mind force, he had imagined white fire flowing up from the root of his spine and out between his eyes, where it would take weaponlike forms and destroy the dogs. He had started out with benign visualizations, such as sleep-inducing fogbanks. Then he had escalated to winged nooses, blunt instruments, and then to spikes and blades. Sometimes he had accompanied his visualizations with body English, like tensing his neck cords or clenching his teeth.

He was beginning to resent all the slow motion getting in and out of bed. He realized it was making him feel old. This time, he got out of bed normally. Lo murmured, but was asleep again by the time he had frozen. He picked up his bathrobe and went out into the breezeway to sit until daybreak.

Diabolically, the barking stopped.

LOIS said good morning, startling Carl. She was in the kitchen doorway. There was something in her expression. It was possible he'd been thinking out loud about the breakfast he'd made, because, seeing it all laid out, he realized it was excessive.

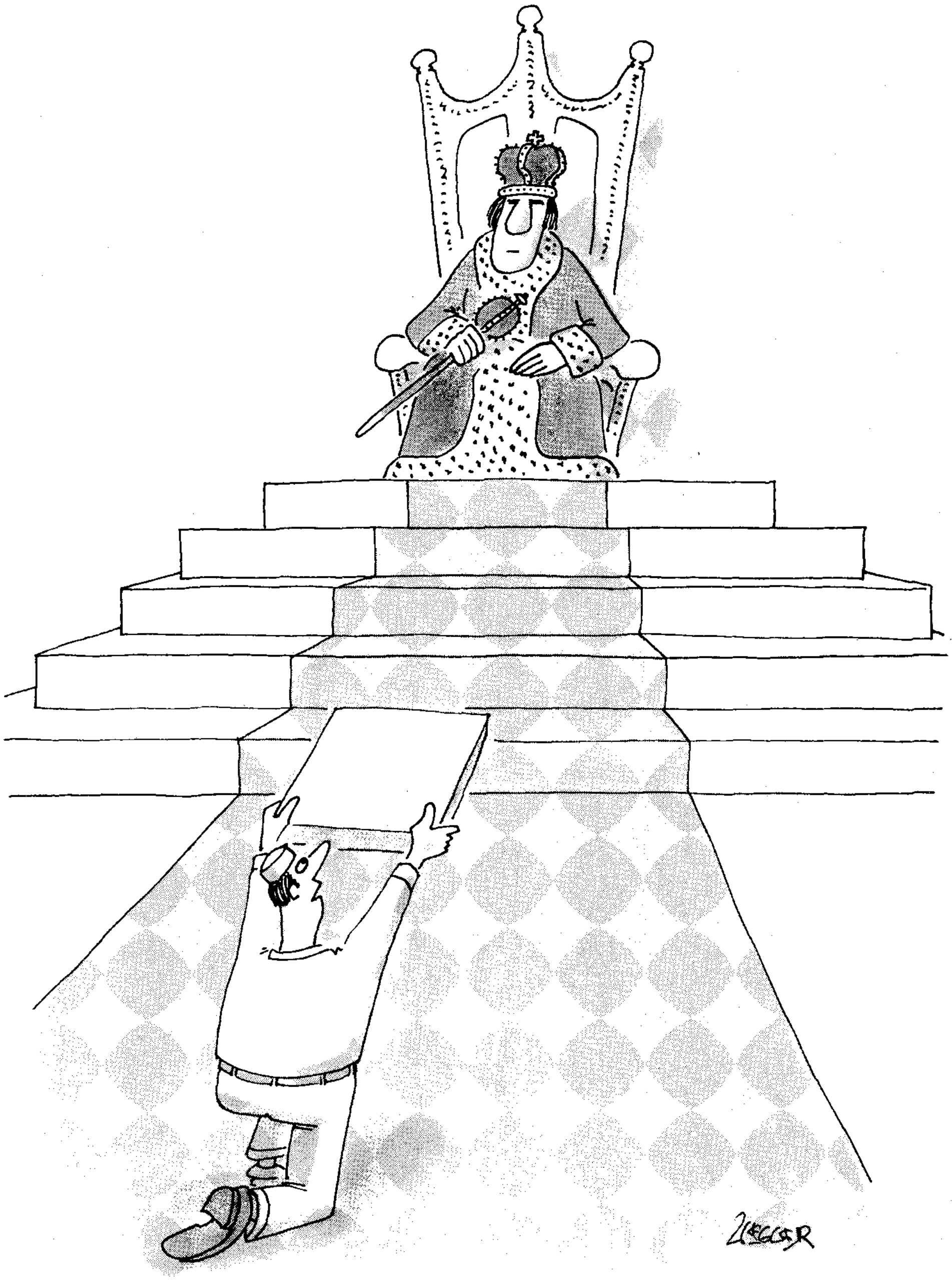
"Hey, please don't interrupt me when I'm talking to myself," he said, getting a weak smile out of Lo.

There were poached eggs, four slices of toast, broiled tomatoes, kippers, sliced peaches in *maas*, cornflakes, the last of their decent coffee. There was a reason for the extravagance. He had something urgent to get across. He felt that a leisurely breakfast would set up the right mood.

Lo excused herself. She would never come directly from bed to the breakfast table. Even if breakfast was brought to her in bed, she would insist on getting up to rinse her face before eating anything. She was inflexible about it. That was an example of what was worrying him about her. He had a feeling that she'd made up her mind to appeal to the ambassador for a change of housing. Carl had to prevent that. He had already explained why, and she had seemed to be listening. But there was a reservation in her attitude that had him worried. She had a naïve conception of the ambassador and his powers. He sensed she was planning to do something. It wasn't that Lois was aggressive by nature. Lo wasn't even a feminist. But Lois loved him, and because of the dogs she was a potential fanatic on getting assigned to another house.

They sat down together. There was no reference to the extent of the breakfast. She ate a little of everything, praising everything.

Over coffee, he began. "Lo, I need you to promise me something." He reached across the table for her hand. "I need you to swear on my life you won't go to the ambassador about our housing." She was silent. He knew that he had been right.



"With all due respect, Sire, the Pizza King sends his kindest regards."

• •

He explained it all again, watching his tone. There were no alternative houses to be had. The housing shortage in the capital was grave. The government of Botswana was going so far as to turn down any project that required it to provide housing in the capital for experts. The ambassador was not a god, and he was helpless on this issue. There was no way anyone in his right mind would trade quarters with them, because everyone knew about the dogs. Americans were doubling up in houses meant for one family. Contract people were stuck in hotels for months.

She came back with her experience in hotel work. Desk clerks might say there was nothing available, but if you were important enough there would always be a room. She reminded Carl that they were official Americans in Botswana, not contract people.

He explained again that the ambassador saw himself as a new broom. Under the previous ambassador, the housing committee had been a circus, an uproar, a black mark for the ambassador when the inspectors came through. As a sign of strength, the new ambassador had killed the whole appeal process in the housing committee. Now it was policy that people took the housing they were assigned and liked it, or they were sent home.

Finally, he had to explain about Elaine and housing—something he had minimized until now. He was under an emotional injunction from Lois against speaking ill of Elaine, which he accepted. But there had to be exceptions. Elaine had made a hobby out of challenging their housing assignments. She had become notorious. It had gotten into his efficiency-rating reports. In short, there was a negative history to be lived down. He recognized that Elaine had needed to assert herself as a person, under what she probably saw as difficult overseas conditions. Nevertheless, there had been a difficult result. Lois seemed to be understanding all this. He finished by saying that going to the ambassador, besides being absolutely not in their own interest, would make her look childish—like someone who couldn't appreciate facts. It would *look like* a tantrum.

She was unhappy, but she promised. He stood up. He was reluctant to go until she released him with some sign of forgiveness for everything.

A hornbill called in the garden. He had a thought. Lo had no idea that the one bird he could always identify was the hornbill. He remembered the first time he had heard it, years ago in Rwanda. He had stiffened at whatever he was doing, guiltily. He always heard the harsh, drawn-out *aww* as a cry of disapproval, probably maternal. "I think that's a hornbill," he said.

She looked up, pleased. He could go.

WALKING home late that evening, Carl made himself contemplate trying to see Letsamao again. He had already spoken to Letsamao, once by phone and once in person, but both times he had been too gingerly. Whether to avoid seeming neurotic or to engage Letsamao's chivalrous side, Carl had put it that it was mainly Lois who was suffering from the dogs. Both times, Letsamao had said the same things—that Carl's wife was oversensitive and would in time adapt; that the dogs were not extreme, as shown by the fact that no one else was complaining; that among the numerous Europeans who had lived in Carl's house previously there were none who had ever complained. Letsamao had as much as said that it was the business of a husband to manage a wife's problems and to avoid intruding on the valuable time of a Cabinet minister. Letsamao had reacted in no way to the suggestion that he might take his dogs in at night. It was as though the suggestion hadn't even been made. Now Carl had a better and more moderate idea. It was that someone from among Letsamao's retinue—that was the wrong word and unfair—be appointed to come out and quiet the dogs when they started up. This time when he spoke to Letsamao he would bring himself into it, confessing that he was the one primarily suffering. Letsamao had dominated their earlier conversations, pressing Carl to finish his business quickly. Their second conversation had been short and sharp. When nothing resulted from the exchanges, Carl had gone over twice more, at times when he knew Letsamao was at home, only to be told each time by the maid that the minister was not to be disturbed. Trying to relay complaints through Letsamao's domestics was a waste of time.

MIDNIGHT IN FEBRUARY, GREEN RIVER, VERMONT

When I walked out with you
in the late-night hours
I keened for the trees I knew

were there, bone
divining timber
against the pitch-black cold,

and you said, "In summer,
this road is dust all over."
And from deep in the ice-held firs

a bird of dust flew out
and skidded on the frozen cistern
of winter.

—CYNTHIA ZARIN

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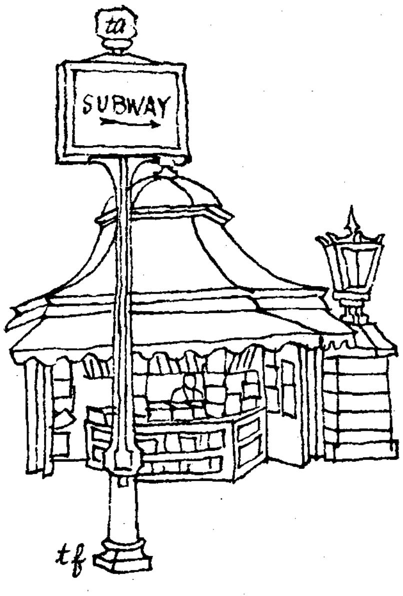


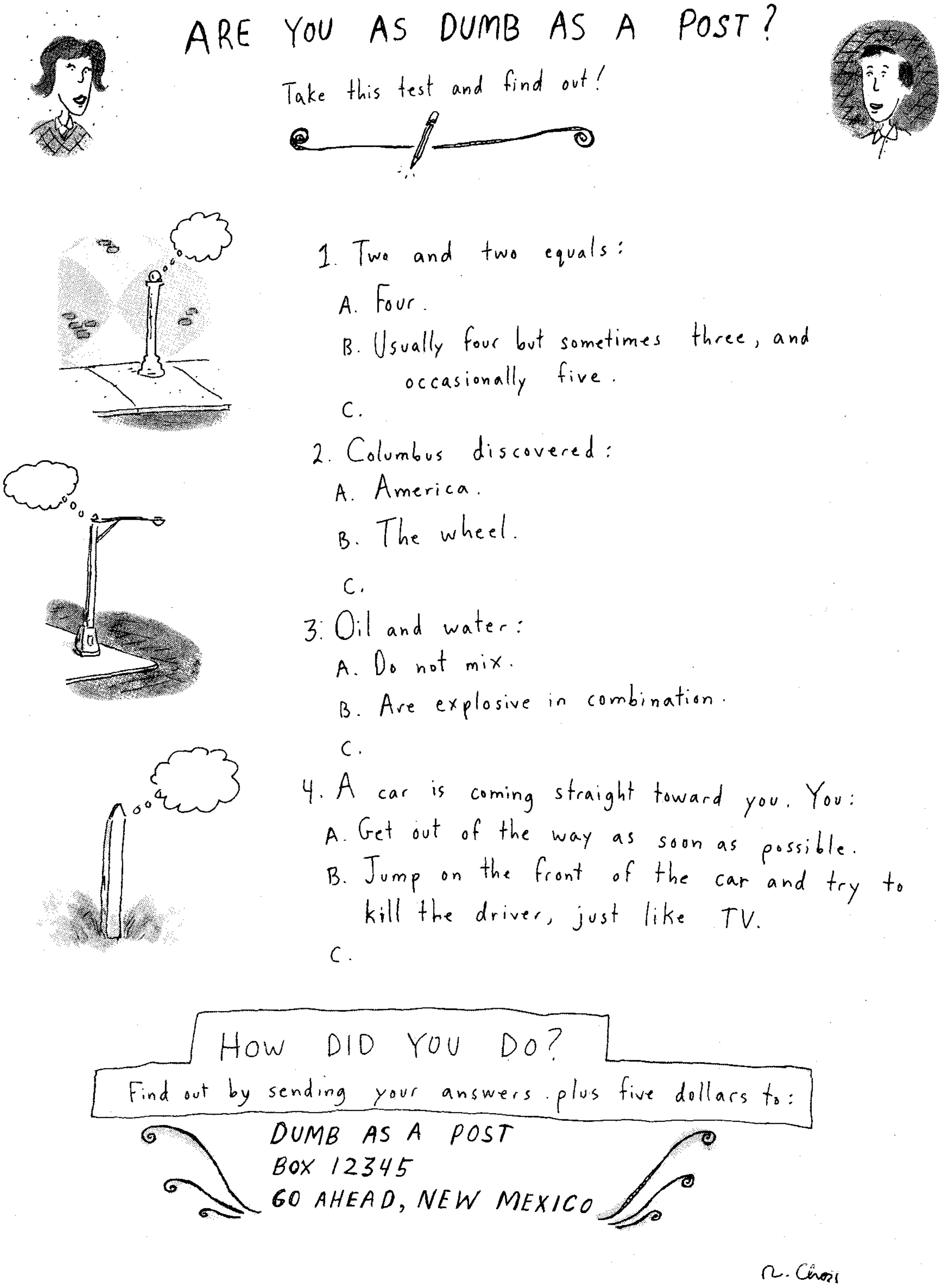
Letsamao was a rough customer he had a right to be afraid of. The Minister of Labor had oversight of all expatriates working in the country. Letsamao was a power in the ruling party. Moreover, he was a favorite of the AID mission director and the ambassador, largely because of a reputation as a strong administrator. Carl thought of the Batswana as an unusually agreeable people, as long as you remembered to greet them properly with "*dumela*." Letsamao was atypical. He was permanently expressionless. He was short, thickly built, hard-looking. He was cicatrized, with three faint scars like cat scratches on each cheek. Carl had never seen Letsamao in casual dress.

He was approaching Letsamao's house. The gates in the high front walls were ajar. Carl had a flash of irritation. Letsamao's front yard, with its oblong of chive-green lawn, was beautifully landscaped and tended, but the back yard, which faced the front of Carl's house through a wire fence, was a wasteland of bare earth, flailing laundry, children, dog life. Servant Theatre was what Elaine had called a similar scene they had lived with briefly, in Blantyre.

The coach lights on either side of the gate came on. That meant Letsamao was expected imminently. On impulse, Carl stopped. He would wait at the gate to intercept Letsamao. He had time. It would be pleasant. Because of the drought, mosquitoes were scarce. The first stars were out, twitching.

Letsamao's silver Peugeot appeared at the bend in Sefhare Road, travelling briskly. Carl waved. The Peugeot swung toward the driveway. Carl stepped into the middle of the drive, one hand up, smiling hard. Letsamao stopped—more abruptly than he had to, Carl felt.

He went around to Letsamao's window and tapped. Letsamao sat looking at him for a moment before lowering the window very slowly halfway. Carl noted that Letsamao was playing the clutch, keeping the car moving slightly forward. Carl was off balance. He did remember to begin with *dumela*, but then he rushed. There was too much to convey. He said he was getting sick. He used the word "insomnia," which he had decided against using. When he said he thought it was time for an *indaba*, he could see Letsamao stiffen. Carl knew the term, meaning "powwow," from reading the Rand *Daily Mail*. The term was Zulu and was supposed to be lingua franca all over Southern Africa—but was it? Had he patronized Letsamao?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1. Two and two equals:
A. Four.
B. Usually four but sometimes three, and occasionally five.
C.
2. Columbus discovered:
A. America.
B. The wheel.
C.
3. Oil and water:
A. Do not mix.
B. Are explosive in combination.
C.
4. A car is coming straight toward you. You:
A. Get out of the way as soon as possible.
B. Jump on the front of the car and try to kill the driver, just like TV.
C.
HOW DID YOU DO?
Find out by sending your answers plus five dollars to:
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Letsamao cut him off in a voice that was high-pitched, almost strangulated. "Mr. Schmoll, *dumela*, you must not trouble me with this matter time and again! I must have my watchdogs. In fact, my dogs are giving you protection, if you can understand, because they are alert as to your place as well. So, really, you must leave this! Because really my dogs are watching over you, yet I must feed them. Mr. Schmoll, you must consider your position." He drove on. Carl was now on Letsamao's grounds. Two yardmen, anxious, ran up to usher him out. Letsamao's last words had been spoken heavily, meaningfully.

IT was dim in the police station. Why was it so damned dark in Africa, indoors, where people had to work? Carl thought of the artisan workshops in Mombasa—coffin-makers and metalsmiths laboring in cavelike slots lit by one light bulb or fluorescent tube. Maybe because people grew up in windowless rondavels a little light seemed like a lot. The cost of electricity was probably nine-tenths of the explanation. Decent lighting would do wonders for productivity, he would bet. He ought to write something on it when this was over and he felt less half dead. There was such a thing as his career.

Carl sat down on a bench among silent Batswana. They were the poor. Some of them looked banged up. There was no conversation. There was nothing to read. He decided that he had never seen a Motswana he would describe as nervous. The room was an oven.

An hour passed. The station commander would see him. Carl had already spoken to the charge officer, whose English was poor. Carl was hoping he had misunderstood the charge officer's advice.

But the station commander only reiterated what the charge officer had said. There were no laws to protect Carl. The barking of watchdogs could never be seen as a nuisance under the law. There was nothing in the law to limit the number of animals a man could keep on his grounds. All Carl could do was slay these dogs when they set foot on his plot. He could shoot them. But the best was to lure them with meat and poison them—taking care that the poison was given within his plot. And it would be best if the animals, once they were slain, could be found on his plot as well, although that was sometimes difficult and was not essential. The station commander recommended an arsenic compound available from a stockist near the railway station. Carl was assured that this was a thing commonly done.

THE skirl of the hot comb ceased. Carl sampled the soup Lois had made for dinner. It was dawning on him that Lois—all her sympathy re the dogs to the contrary notwithstanding—felt deep down that his real problem was crabbèd age. The soup was a case in point. It was dense with powdered kelp or lecithin or some other additive she'd looked up in her health library. She was doctoring his soup because he was at the outer limits of what a human being could be expected to ingest in the form of pills. The soup had a medicinal tang. He would deny it. He served the soup. Lois came in, damp and pink, in her bathrobe. Her eyes looked a little red. His report of the police-station incident had obviously upset her. They sat down.

He still needed to talk about the business with the police. He couldn't believe that poisoning dogs was commonplace. On the other hand, when it came to considering such an extreme proposition, not everybody lived next door to the Minister of Labor.

Lo had nothing to say. Her problem was that she loved animals. He had even caught her patting Letsamao's dogs once or twice, when she'd found them nosing around the house during the day.

Carl said, "And what if you poisoned some meat and it got into the wrong hands, kids picking it up? Kids eat paint and bark—all kinds of things. It's called pica. This soup is delicious."

It was evident Lo wanted to change the subject. He knew he was being compulsive. He said, "And how do you even go about it? Do you marinate the meat in it, or do you sprinkle it on like salt?" Lo was barely eating.

"It's ironic," he said. "Because I like dogs all right. I had dogs as a kid. But these dogs make me physically ill, almost, when I see them. Especially the ringleader bitch, who's pregnant again, by the way. Her nipples stick out like thumbs."

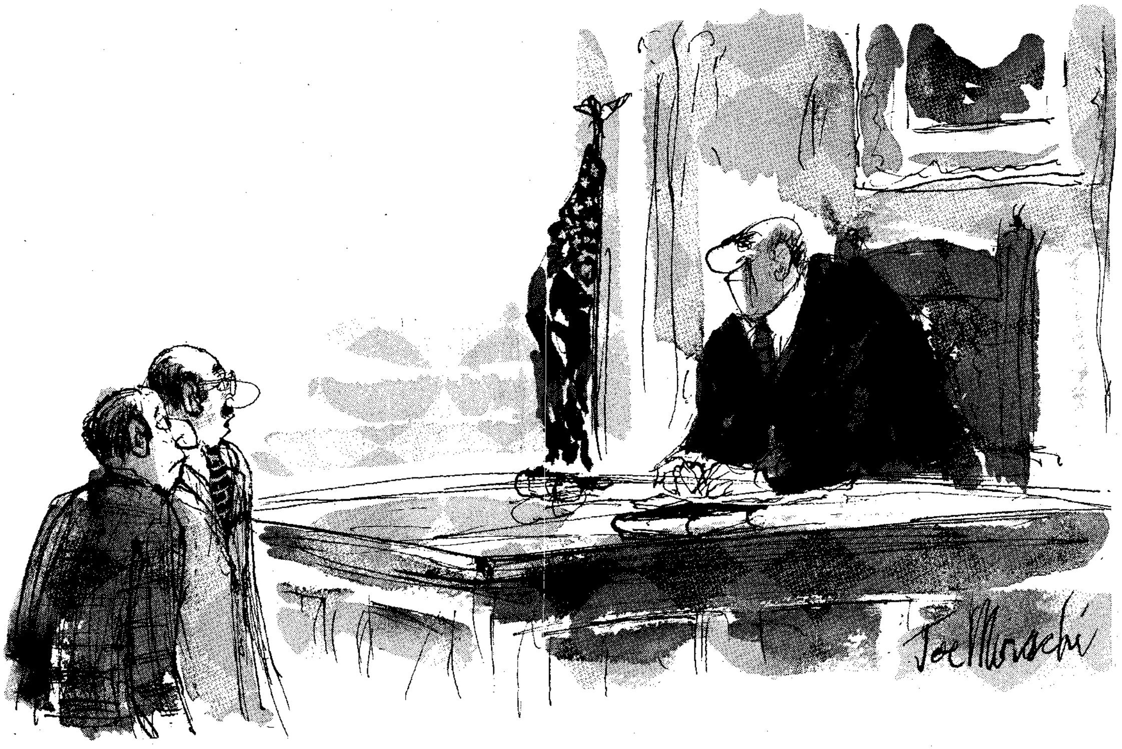
He had to get off the topic, and now. He was an adult and was aware that he couldn't have everything, such as a wife who was both cheerful and depressed on his behalf in the same instant of time. She was still on the verge of tears. He realized that he'd only seen Lois really crying once in Africa, so far—when Letsamao's dogs had gotten into the yard and torn up the parsley she'd planted. The parsley had been dedicated to Carl, for his clotting-factor needs. She had been horrified to find that weeks could elapse without parsley showing up in the markets. She loved him. He apologized for bringing up the police nonsense again.

"It isn't that," she said, pushing her soup away, definitely crying.

She said, "Oh, Carl. It isn't about that. But, Carl, today I found out that Scott Nearing died." She waited. Her voice was faint. "I just found out that *Scott Nearing* died."

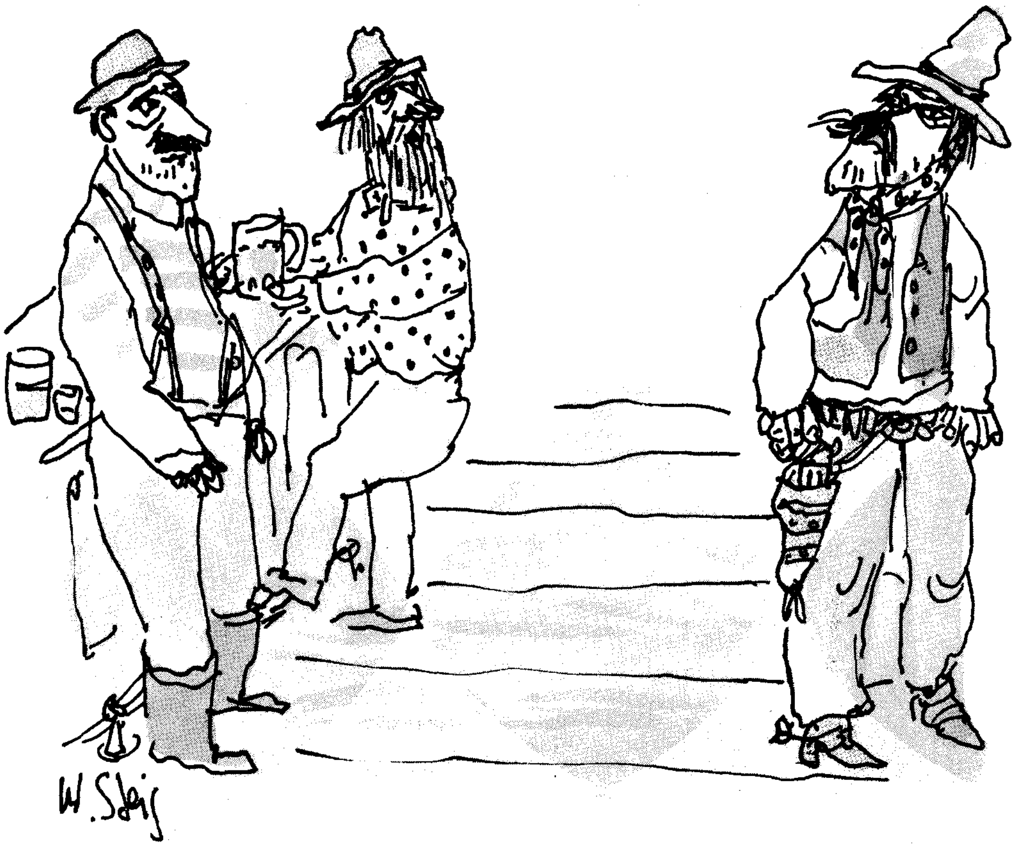
Carl said, "I don't know the name, I don't think."

She was surprised. "Well, he wrote some wonderful books with his wife, about living and diet and so forth, that I really loved. I



"My client would like to plead guilty if that would make you feel any better."

don't even know why this upsets me and I'm crying like this. Well, he was wonderful and he was really old, about in his nineties. And he had a wonderful life in Maine. I don't know. I guess partly it's because I just found out he died a few months ago, because I'm in Africa. You can't experience your feelings for a person when they make transition at the time they do if you didn't even know about it at the time. Homesteads. Now Helen Nearing is all alone." Her tears coursed down.



"Some people can't take a joke."

AT midnight, the dogs woke him—a trio. The barking was listless. It was the heat. Tonight it was so hot he knew he'd never get back to sleep, even if the dogs quit. He sat up slowly. Sweat crept down his sides. It was December. High summer had come.

All the windows were open, and an electric fan sent a stream of tepid air across the foot of the bed. There was an air-conditioner, but Lois was opposed to it. She had once worked for six months in an office at a desk directly under an air-conditioner, and that had been the beginning of the sinus problem, which only Botswana had ever helped. At work, he used his air-conditioner, but guiltily. Lo's point was that man had evolved without air-conditioning, and that using it had to deprive the body of some positive adaptive exercise. Her main dogma seemed to be to preserve the body's flexibility, by any means necessary. Lois fasted for a day every couple of weeks, just to be fasting and just because there had to be something in the body's capacity for adaptation which would be triggered by fasting. He wouldn't relish fasting, but he could see it coming, a cloud no larger than a woman's hand. He could deal with it.

Carl got out of bed. He was going to be restless. His unhappiness was too great. He knew what he was going to have to do: because of the dogs, he was going to have to sleep alone from now on.

There had to be a good side to this, somewhere, because the pain of it was too much, and the heaviness coming into him. The only thing was that his night vision was improving, from all his creeping around in total darkness. He could get from room to room, find things, fix snacks, all in pitch-blackness. It was a useless skill, unless it was rehearsal for blindness or becoming a cat burglar. Another thing was that if he slept in his study he could work when he was awake. He could attack his paperwork arrears, which were getting to be significant. He could do anything that didn't involve noise, like typing. Visualizing himself working at night, he felt worse. Working at night was for students, the young.

In his study, Carl lay down on the couch. It was no good: he was sticking to the vinyl surface. He would have to spread towels over the cushions. Being in the study reminded him of an option he'd toyed with early on. He had thought of turning the study into a soundproof chamber, lining the walls with slabs of corkboard gotten from somewhere. That idea had broken up on the reef of ventilation. It would have been like lying in a crypt. There was no way he could have asked Lo to join him there. Now he had to get the towels.

The hinges on the linen closet needed oil. Lo was awake now. He heard her coming out into the hall, saying his name.

She found him at the closet and embraced him. He put the towels down and held her.

He told her he had decided he had to sleep in the study for the time being because he was destroying her sleep. He patted her. He could feel her nodding yes.

A QUEUE lengthened outside the Ministry of Agriculture stand, where a hermaphrodite calf was on display. I could be an exhibit myself, Carl thought. Heat corrugated the hill view over the metal roofs of the food stalls. People could come and marvel at me for being able to stand up.

His plan for Saturday had been to sleep like the dead. But the wife of the deputy chief of mission had struck by phone. Lois had been reminded about what it meant to be an official American. The ambassador wanted total attendance by official Americans at the Red Cross Fête. The D.C.M.'s wife had been blunt. The ambassador was determined that the American exhibit should take second place this year. By

"I wonder if the 'Harvard Classics' are still up there. Yep, there they are."

• •

custom, first place always went to an African entry. The chief of station said Zambia was looking strong. Second place was between Britain and the United States. Vigorous attendance by an exhibit's nationals counted with the judges.

An unfamiliar American wife handed Carl a red-white-and-blue paper shoulder sash and matching boutonnière. He was wearing a T-shirt, so he attached the rosette to a belt loop at his hip, hoping that that would be acceptable. The American pavilion was major—bigger than ever before. But Carl was picking up anxiety—two kinds of it. The Americans were worried, not by the British but by the Swedes and their Southern Cross Coffee House. Apparently, the Swedes were underpricing tortes and pastries worth a fortune in terms of ingredients, let alone labor. The Batswana were notorious for their love of sweets. The other anxiety was that a certain number of official Americans had been noticed stocking up on tortes for the freezer, until the ambassador had expressed himself on the subject. The word was that the judges were staying a little longer in the coffeehouse than was standard. It would be unfair if the Swedes won, because their exhibit had only two elements—the coffeehouse and a borehole-pump demonstration. Carl knew all about the wood-fired pump, which had a bad image among the American technical people. First of all, there was a famous fuel-wood shortage in Botswana. Secondly, even though the pump could run on low-quality coal, which was cheap in Botswana, the cost of transporting coal out into the Kalahari would be too high. America had gone with diversity—a cartoon-show tent, a used-clothes - and - white - elephant table, a fashion show, a bake table, a palmist. Somebody had travelled to the Republic and come back with sausages that could almost pass for American hot dogs. Carl had to make sure that the ambassador saw he was there. Should he go up and say it might be a good idea to charge the Swedes with dumping? He decided not to. He saluted the ambassador from a distance. Lois was around somewhere. She should be seen, too. He went to find her.

The Anglicans had set up their tombola stand in a grove of dying silver oaks. The trees were shedding: the fallen leaves were crisp, like fishbones underfoot. It was the drought. Improvised shelving, braced against a row of trees, held the tombola prizes: canned goods, sundries, Bibles, cheap plastic toys in blister packs, five-kilo sacks of mealie and sorghum. There was a crush around the tombola stand, with Lois at its heart.

Carl made his way to her side. She was a hit. Poor devils were cheering her on, like extras in a gambling

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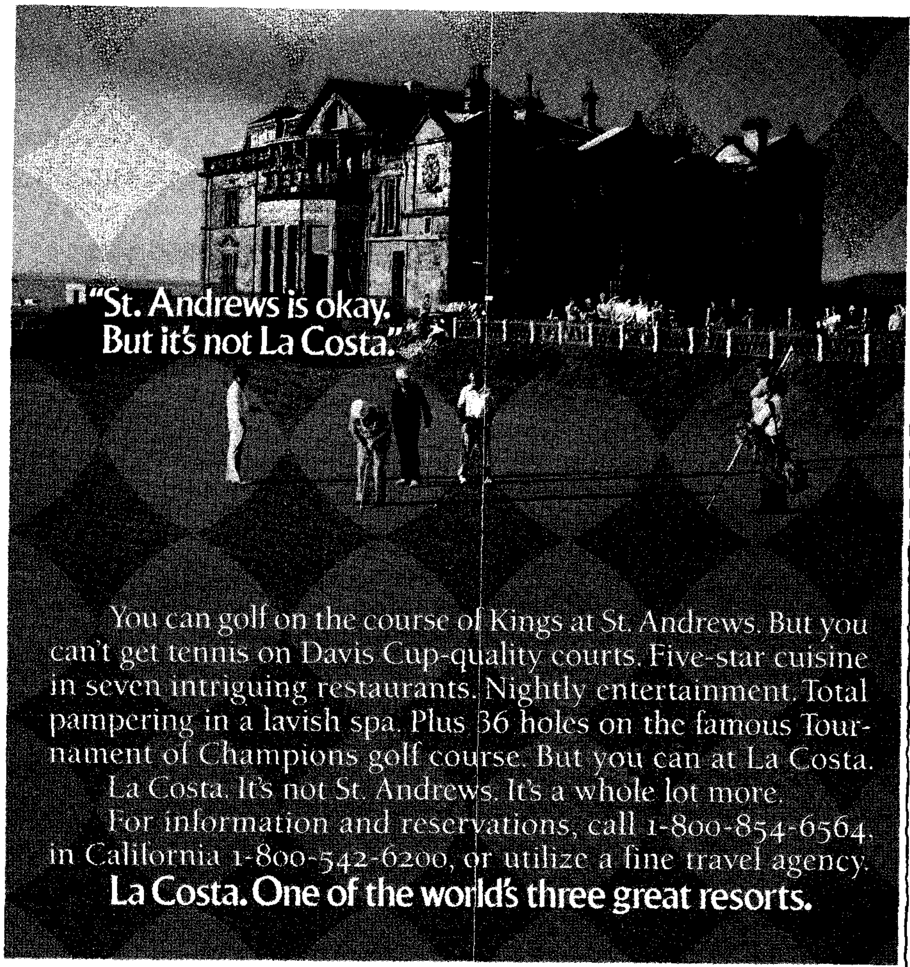
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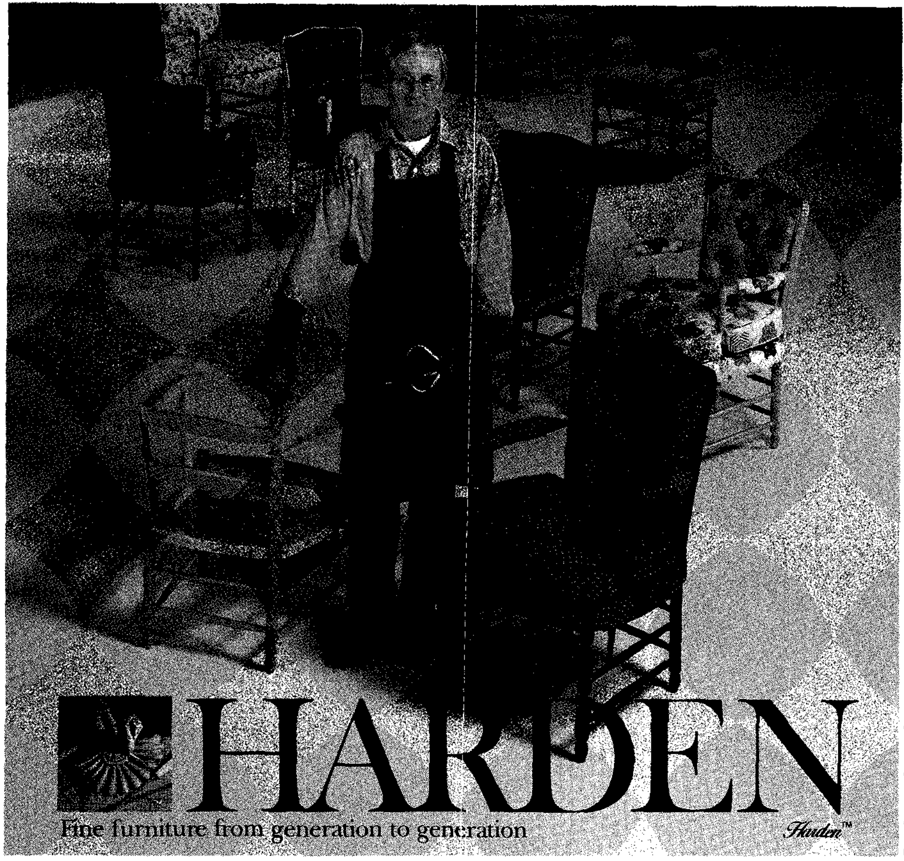
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movie cheering the heroine at roulette. He loved her. He touched her shoulder. She was damp. He wanted to get her over to the American pavilion, but she was too engrossed. She had won a mountain of things, mostly canned. She hated canned goods, as he recalled. He glanced at a few of the cans. Some of the brands were extinct, he was sure. Storekeepers donated their dead stock to the fête, but some of her prizes looked as though they should have been destroyed instead. That was a merchant for you. But getting rid of old stock was the right thing to do. Lo had won a lifetime supply of pocket combs for him. He let her know that he had to find someplace to sit down. She nodded, preoccupied just then with trying to convey what chutney was to a Herero woman who had won a jar of it. Glum Anglican Auxiliary women were churning up the chances, probably in reaction to Lo’s run of luck. He told Lo to come to the American pavilion as soon as she could, and to find a kid to carry her prizes to the car. Carl said he was going to America, and left.

In the American pavilion, the mood was poor. The judges had been cursory. People were saying the ambassador was annoyed. One of the judges was Letsamao. Carl thanked God he had been elsewhere during the judging. He needed to sit down, badly. He considered the cartoon-show tent. He put his head inside and saw that he would be the only adult. He backed out. There was another tent, smaller, pitched outside the main circuit of stalls and exhibits. The sign above the door flap said “Your Fate,” the letters formed by handprints in different colors. From a marketing standpoint, the sign was dubious: it was hard to read, because the lighter-colored handprints broke up some of the letters, and there was no price posted. The palmist would be wondering where her trade was. He went in. There was a chair—an armchair.

The interior was candlelit. The atmosphere was dark yellow. The palmist was a woman his age. She was seated behind a table draped with a kaross. He knew who she was: she was the wife of their dental-systems man, Napier. Carl knew something about her and tried to remember what it was. There was some kind of feeling against her among the wives, except for Lo, as per usual. As he recalled, people said she had something to do with the occult. Her name was Ione, he knew. She had gone all out. Her lean face was masklike with powder, and her eyes were extreme—framed in squared-off black makeup patterns like the eyes of women in Egyptian-tomb murals. She was wearing a black turban and a red caftan with mirror chips sewn into embroidered eyelets around the yoke. She was pretty striking. He liked her. He sat down and paid. The chair was perfect. He was going to prolong this. There was some colorless bright stuff on her lips that looked good. He was comfortable. She reminded him that she needed his palm. There was a tremor in his fingers. His hand calmed down right away when she took it. He admired her for staying in character. He could rest. She was value for money, just for her getup.

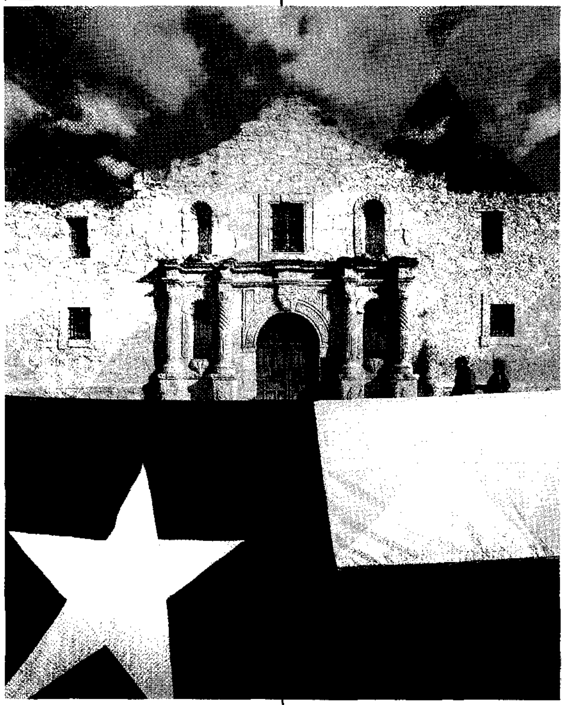
His mind drifted while the woman studied his palm. Friendship was a problem in the foreign service—having the kind of friend you could go to for comfort and advice. It was only natural to hold back when everybody you met would be moving on to some other country in two years at the outside. On top of that, potential friends were always one of two things—superiors or subordinates, neither of them good categories of people to expose your troubles to. Life was brief, really brief. And if on top of everything else your wife was your enemy, good luck. He wanted to knock wood about having Lo.

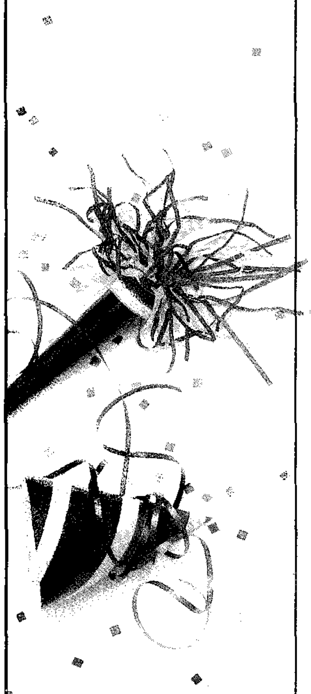
He remembered another thing about Ione. She knew Setswana. But he had heard that when she was learning the language she had refused every female tutor assigned to her by the Orientation Centre, insisting on having a male. People had carried on about that. Now she was speaking.

She told Carl that she was picking up enormous stress, but she wanted to know if it made sense to say that the source of this stress was unusual in some way. He said yes. She asked if this stress was from something other than a person around him at present. To Carl, this meant the dogs. This woman was extraordinary. Something was happening to him that was undeserved, she said.

He began about the dogs. She stopped him and said she wanted him to know she had sensed a nonhuman source for his problem, as he could verify in what she had said. He told her more. She said that he was facing a threat but that he could be helped. Either she was a superb actress or she was really concerned and serious. He found her convincing.

He told her everything. She listened





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intently. When someone tried to come in, she got up and said she was closed. It was only someone reporting that the Brits had won second. She had him go over his situation again, repeating certain parts. She was intelligent.

Ione said she was going to help him.

THAT night he was still awake when the dogs began, at two. Things about Ione were agitating him. Why would all their arrangements have to be so sub rosa? Why did he trust her? She was extreme.

He got up. Now that he was sleeping in the study, he had more freedom for quick, furtive acts of vengeance against the dogs: "venting behavior," Ione had called it, approving of it as a stopgap. He put on his shaving robe and went softly out into the yard. Next to the stoop he had a cache of small stones and fragments of roof tile. He hurled three stones in the direction of the worst noise. Two of his shots struck metal. There was no change in the barking. He felt better, less wound up, when he was back inside.

Also, he had never thought of Lois as tiny until Ione—trying to identify who Lois was—had asked if she was "that tiny blue-eyed person." Lo was small. Maybe she seemed smaller because of being with someone his height and also because she would never wear heels because of what they did to your spine. Of course, Ione herself was on the tall side, which would also explain what she'd said.

He was smoking again, a little, as a pastime and only at night. He felt it was justified. He lit a cigarillo. There was no inhaling involved. Lois would understand, when she found out. Dutch cigarillos were the best in the world, and they were cheap in Southern Africa, for some reason. He would never be able to afford Ritmeester Seniors back in the U.S.

Ione put things in a way that stayed with him. He should imagine everything he'd done about the dogs so far as pictures in an album, with everything he had done in a certain category represented by one picture with a caption: a picture called "Lapidation" would show him throwing rocks through the fence at night. And the title of the whole album would be "Things That Didn't Work." And then he should believe that there would be a second album coming, with just one picture in it, and the title of that album would be "The Thing That Worked." But he had to believe in the second album. She had been shocked by his trapezius muscles, the rigidity. She had made him feel them himself.

He was getting more hopeful. The dogs continued. Idly, he began singeing the hairs on his wrist with the tip of his cigarillo.

IONE said, "I learned hypnosis from a fairly sinister woman—a religious charlatan, really. Classes in hypnotism were a sideline for her. Her main business was a little sect she ran in her garage, the Church of the Supreme Master." She was moving her hands in a smoothing pattern above him as he lay in a lounge chair. He was supposed to relax, but her insistence on meeting in the motel was still bothering him. She was sitting to his right, leaning over him. She had made him take off his shoes. Was it a sign that he was going under that he saw her hands almost as detached things? He asked her.

She said, "You have to try and avoid critiquing each step of the way or you won't go under. You have to let go more. Tell me anything that's still bothering you. I think you understand about confidentiality and so forth. I want to help you. Your situation is pretty severe. Go long enough with low sleep and you can begin seeing things—seriously. So I want you to seal all that up in a mental envelope and lick the flap and visualize it going into a mailbox. Concentrate on your tongue, licking. Good. That's better." She resumed her breaststroke-like movements. "Remember, we have plenty of time and you'll be back in your office by four, tops. I run a tight ship. You can trust me." He concentrated.

She said, "We met in her garage, where she had, I'll never forget it, a picture of Christ on the wall with the eyes coated with clear nail polish—to give you some kind of frisson, I guess. The other students were something. A woman who demonstrated stove polish in ten-cent stores for a living was one. And a man who at the time owned the largest sandblasting concern in New Jersey. He was losing contracts. And an unfortunate type who was in it for one thing only—the power to cloud women's minds. You follow me. She was a wonderful teacher, though."

Today Ione was normally dressed, except that her blouse had unusually deep armholes, if you were interested. She was wearing a tight white skirt and a white sleeveless blouse. She had started off by removing an ivory bracelet and her wedding ring, because they would distract him when he was concentrating on her hands.

She bent closer to him. "Think what I speak, but don't move your lips," she said.

"THIS is sad," Ione said. Carl had the impression she was repeating herself. He had been asleep. "This is too sad, as they say here. You're too exhausted to be hypnotized."

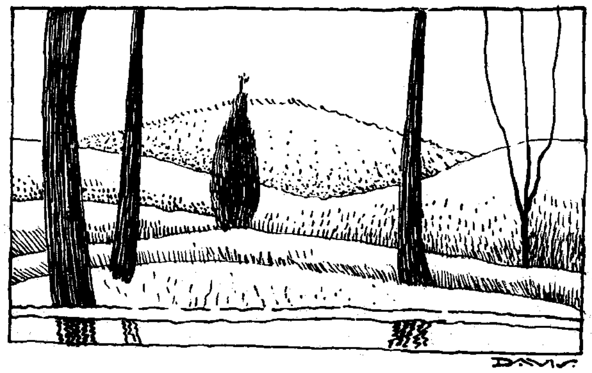
He said, "I thought you were going to try again."

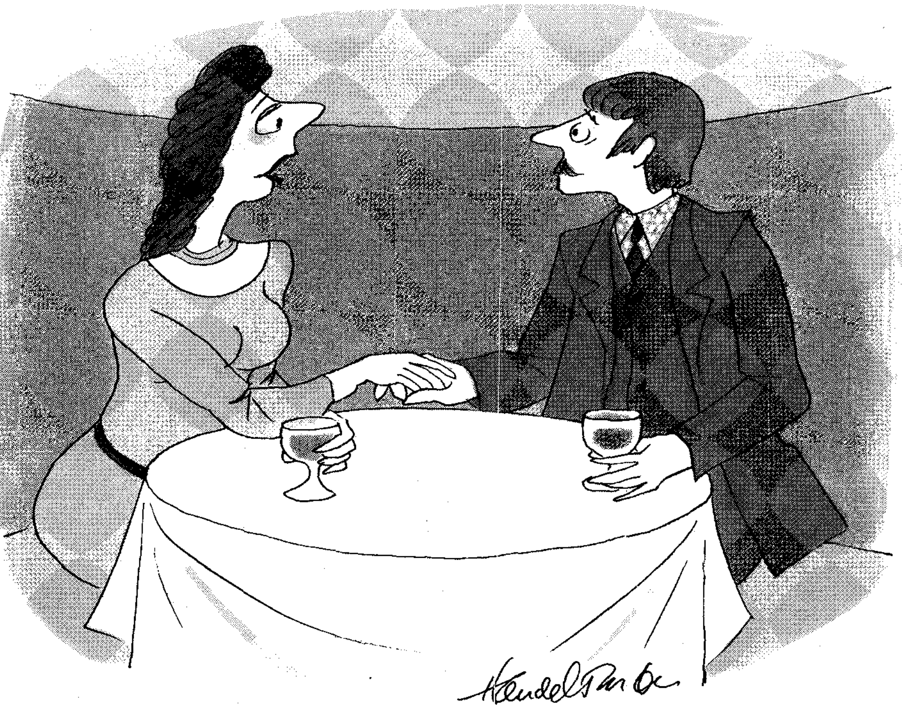
"I did," she said. "You only remember the first two tries, when I woke you up. The third time, I just felt like I was torturing you. So I let you sleep."

It's just as well, he thought. His mind felt unusually clear. He hated the motel room. A brown line led down the wall from the air-conditioner to a rank spot in the rug. He felt a little panic. He was in danger. It was nearly four.

Ione was smoking. "We learned something from this," she said, soothingly, letting smoke out as she spoke. "We learned I have to catch you at the right moment—sometime when you've had a good night's sleep. Wait, I totally comprehend that that's exactly the problem, but wait for my plan. It isn't difficult. You need to spend one night away from the dogs and just sleep yourself out before we try this the next time. You have to travel, in your job. You could tell your wife you had some field thing to do. Do you know the Mafenya Tlala Hotel, in Molepolole?" She said this quickly.

Lois was young. She would never understand this. Hypnosis had been a mistake. Ione was saying that she still





"I do like you, Peter, but interfacing is a very serious step."

maintained he was a good subject for it.

He interrupted. "This is it for hypnosis, I think. It's not a good idea for me. I don't like the feeling, to tell you the truth."

She said, "But you haven't really experienced it yet, because you kept falling asleep."

He tied his shoes. He would leave first. She looked penetratingly at him, in a way that made him feel guilty and ungrateful. "I bow to what I hear in your voice," she said.

He said, "I appreciate your efforts."

A sliding door gave directly onto the parking area. The drapes were drawn. "You can almost go," she said, looking out along the edge of a drape.

But he sat down. The idea of leaving was suddenly intolerable. It felt like a mistake. This was the only person who had tried to help him, except for Lo to the best of her ability.

He began apologizing. He said he'd felt from the beginning that hypnotism was going to be a no-go for him. He apologized because he realized what he really wanted from her was probably a fantasy. His fantasy had come about because people said she knew all about the culture, and about witchcraft in particular. Probably witchcraft appealed to him because he was at the end of his rope. But wasn't there something to it? He thought she had been implying that there was. He had seen birds kept off millet fields through juju in West Africa. He knew the Batswana used witchcraft on one another. There ought to be some way to use it on dogs. He wanted her to admit that she had implied there was a tool available in witchcraft the first time they talked, unless he had imagined it, which he admitted was possible.

She seemed to be going through some inner conflict, trying to persuade herself to help him. He said that he understood her position. He reminded her that he was desperate.

Finally, he sensed a reluctant decision in his favor. "I understand you," she said, seeming grave and hesitant. "But remember, I only know so much in this field. You could call me a novice. You want me to locate a *sangoma* for you—that's what you're asking." She closed her eyes for a moment. "Carl, you understand we'd have to be even more careful about getting found out than you can imagine. You know what it would mean if it got around that we were involved with witchcraft. And you would have to follow instructions, and I mean to the letter."

"Anything," he said.

Ione called him at work every couple of days to keep him current on her search for a *sangoma*. He found himself looking forward to her calls, which usually somehow evolved beyond the matter at hand to range over a lot of unlikely issues on which she had opinions he found interesting. His sleepless nights provided him with endless topics for discussion. Also, he liked her voice.

Again she was reporting no luck in finding a *sangoma*.

He said, "Stop looking if you want to. What really started me on this tack was when you said that some university had sent a team out to see if there was anything to the claim that *sangomas* could direct lightning strikes against certain people or places. I don't know. It gave me hope. When in Rome . . . But what a long shot! Maybe it's not a good idea. I get a lot of good ideas quote unquote at night while I'm memorizing the ceiling."

She said he was sounding defeatist. She went on for a while, trying to buck him up.

He said, "Here's another good idea that came to me, that I actually put some time into. It occurred to me that it would be funny to get up a fake memo saying AID should hereafter stop talking about the poor and instead refer to them as the 'pre-rich.' It was just for the bulletin board. This has to do with some incredible new reporting and nomenclature guidelines we recently got from Washington. I actually started typing this thing up the next day, before I realized what I was doing and tore it up. Close call."

She said she thought calling the poor the "pre-rich" was clever. She said his bright ideas should be thought of as insights.

"I'll give you another example," he said. "Answer this question: Do you like it in Africa?"

She said she did.

"But you can't quite figure out *why* you like it, am I right?" he asked. "Because, I mean, hell, it's inconvenient. Gaborone is dead at night, the movies are ancient and all mutilated because they have to come through South African censorship because that's where the distributor is located. But still we like it here. Drought, poor people . . . Even when they get a decent movie, they mix up the reels. We want to be here anyway, but we can't figure out why. Except that one night I figured it out. It's because it isn't our country and we can't help what happens. We can offer people advice and we get paid for it. We get good vacations, we eat off the top of the food chain, we get free housing. Hey!—but we're not responsible for what happens

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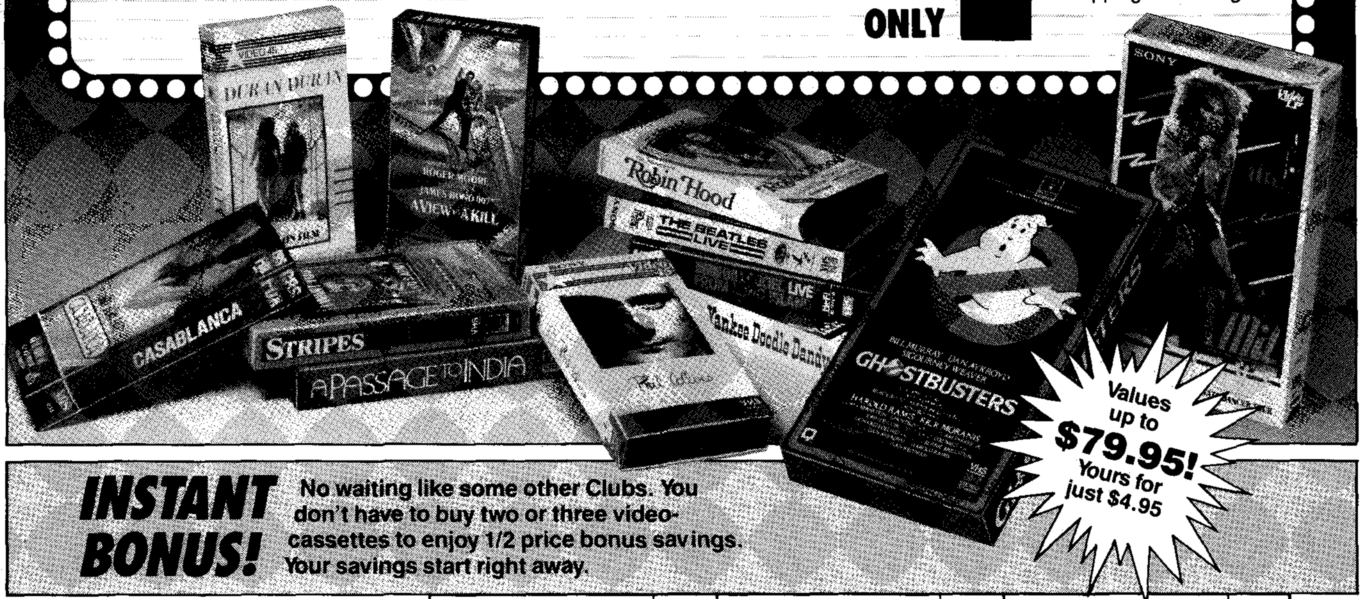

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if Africa goes to hell, *because we've done our best.* Also, at the same time, we're not responsible for what happens in America, either, really, because—hey!—we weren't home when it happened. Say we get fifteen per cent compliance on birth control here, which is what we do get and which is terrific by Third World standards. O.K., *it's not enough.* But what can we do, we tried. We told them. But *we're too late.* We all know it, but somebody pays us to keep up the good work, so we say fine. Why am I telling you this? I forget."

She said, "What we have here are night thoughts—that kind of thing. We all have them, Carl. You're very intelligent. You're excellent. I enjoy what you say. It's very O.K. to have night thoughts. I find you really thoughtful. One thing, though, is you might want to spare Lois this kind of thing. I know it's important to share night thoughts, but Lois seems so delighted about being here. Why cast a pall, if she's really enjoying herself—do you follow me?"

"I'm not going to be a pall-caster," he said.

"Like 'broadcaster'—oh, wonderful! I enjoy you," she said.

He said, "Here's another example: Lying awake, I figured out the meaning of life one night. Not life in general but my life . . . what my life is about. It's about women. Women are the meaning of my life: taking care of them, looking for the right ones, trying to stay on their good side. The meaning of my life is the emotions women have about me. That is a fact. I think it's interesting. I was amazed. When did I enlist for that? I thought I was doing something else."

She said, "I want very much to help you. Let me pursue what I'm doing. Let me find someone, Carl. I'll get back to you."

He said to go ahead.

"LOOK!" Lois said to Carl, as he came in from work. She was elated about something. She stood there, breathing forcefully.

It was nothing self-evident. Was it a new piece of clothing or something from the sea freight that had just arrived? Her hair was the same as recently. He resented having to guess. He was already fully tasked. Also, there were echoes of Elaine involved—Elaine's fury the times he had failed to notice some crucial purchase or that she'd bleached her lanugo.

"Carl, I can breathe through both nostrils at once! Look, my sinus thing is gone one hundred per cent! It was just about four this afternoon. It's just *gone away.* I feel like I'm just flooded with air." Her eyes were bright and moist. It was important. She embraced him a little fiercely.

He was already elsewhere. His mind was back on his mission. Ione had found a *sangoma* in a village fifteen minutes from Gaborone—a *sangoma* who seemed to know all about how to deal with problems like the dogs. So Carl had been right. Ione was giving him credit for guessing there had to be some ultimate mechanism in the culture for dealing with unbearable situations—whether it was witchcraft or not. In the United States it would be the Mafia. Ione had been skeptical at first. Now she was excited.

Lois was being grateful, pressing against him. She was easing his shirttails out. He was getting the idea. Lois slipped off a sandal and rubbed her heel against his calf. I can only do one thing at a time, he thought. There was no time for this.

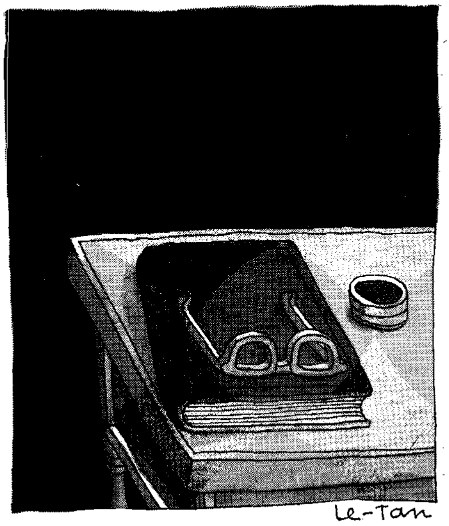
"Don't be so tired," Lois said, *pleadingly.*

But tonight he had to get a dog bowl from Letsamao's yard, somehow. He needed to plan. The *sangoma* had said to get hold of some object common to all the dogs. Carl needed to reconnoitre.

Lois was hurt. "You could at least put your briefcase down," she said.

He did. "I don't think you grasp how tired I am," he said. He was all apology.

She was badly upset. She was likely to go to the bedroom, which would be perfect if she would stay put there long enough for him to get outside and spot the last locations of the dog bowls before night fell. Then he could recoup with her.



Lo announced that she was going to lie down for a while. She was giving him another chance. The implication was that if he was as tired as he was saying, it would make sense for him to lie down along with her. He acted blank. She left. The bedroom door closed loudly.

In the yard, he wandered along the fence, pausing to pick bits of refuse out of the mesh. The dogs were dining. There was the bowl he needed. It was white enamel. When the dogs were through, the bowl was twenty feet from where he stood. He needed an instrument. He needed an instrument that didn't exist, except in comic books—a pair of monster accordion tongs. He would have to go over or under the fence in the dead of night. There was no other choice. It would be safer to go underneath. He could excavate in the guise of filling in tunnels dug by the dogs. A shallow trench would do it—something just deep enough to let him roll under the sharp bottom tips of the fence. Would he ignite the dogs *when he got over there? He would* have to see. He wasn't physically afraid of the dogs, except for the two ridgebacks. The dogs were cowards, basically. Pretending to pick up a rock would make them shy off. Even if they did bark, he would be there and back so fast there shouldn't be any danger. Also, the dogs knew him. And best of all, nobody at Letsamao's paid any attention to the dogs, whatever they did. It would be safe. He would wear heavy stuff on his arms and legs, and heavy gloves, just in case. He wound a twist tie around the fence wire at the point closest to the dog bowl. He was set.

This would be work. It was manual labor. He wouldn't mind it. The real beginning of the end with Elaine had been when he overheard her refer to herself as "labor" and to him as "management." Naturally, he had let her snake out of it, believing her when she claimed she was only calling him "*the* management"—a different thing. Then, during the divorce, it had turned out that calling him "management" was nothing—it was praise, compared to other things she'd said.

Everything tonight had to be kept from Lo. He was grateful it was Lo that things had to be concealed from, not Elaine. Elaine would have been a participant, because she would have

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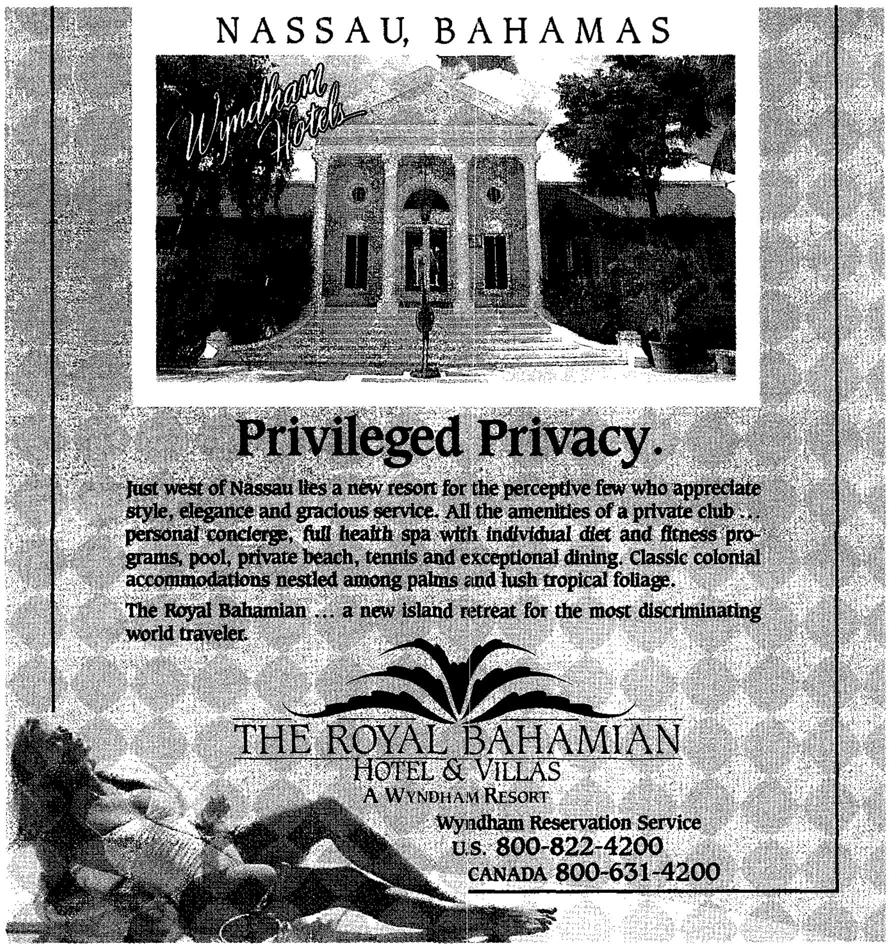

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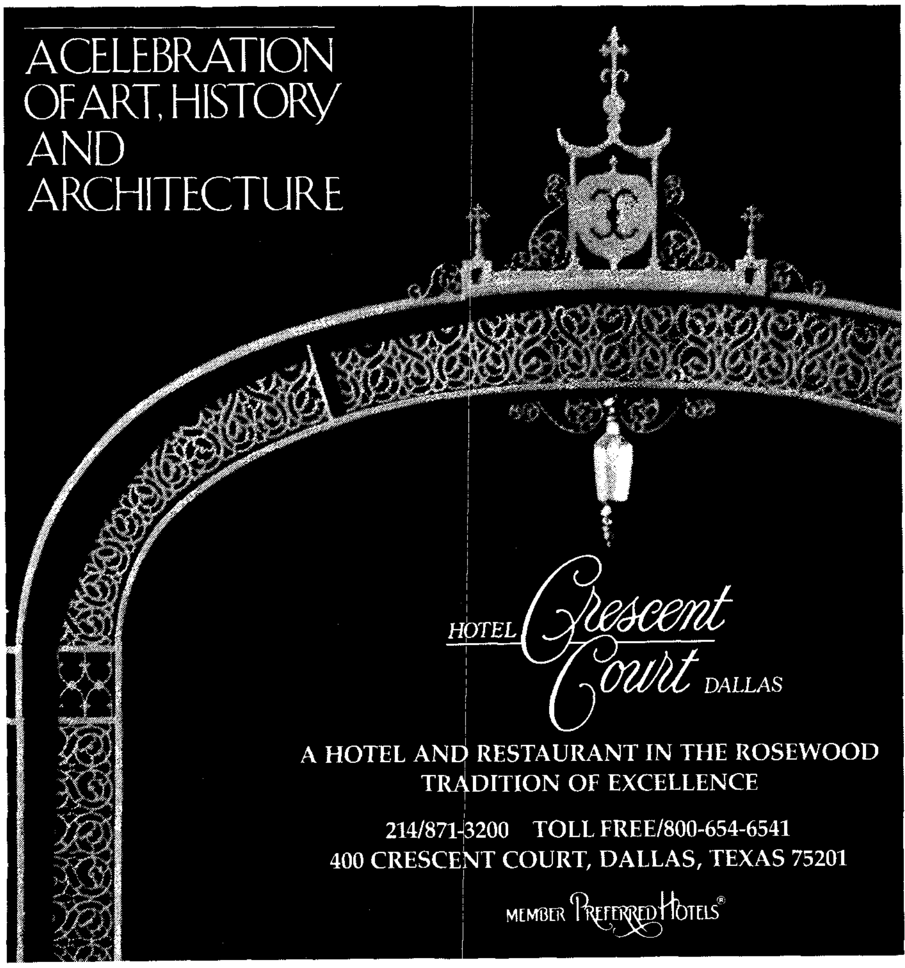

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found out what was going on. Elaine was temperamentally a Roman empress. And especially in her tastes—she had worn herself out trying to force her needs through the eye of a needle: himself. Lo wanted less than he could provide. And she was still economizing. He would have to be certain she was asleep when he struck tonight, like a commando.

In the garage he examined the spade he would use. If Elaine had been a Motswana, she would be the richest woman in the country. More Africans should be like Elaine. It was too bad there had been no way she could go into business for herself—for the wife of a foreign-service officer, that had been impossible. Mostly she had been able to get only trivial jobs, like doing property inventories or managing the commissary, except for the one job she had done everywhere and done magnificently—writing the post-differential-payment report. Her reports were masterpieces. She could prove that any foreign-service post in the world was enough of a hellhole to justify twenty to sixty per cent more income in the form of hardship allowances for all hands. Everywhere they had gone, Elaine had been given the differential report to do. Nothing escaped her: windy seasons so brief that no one else noticed them, cheese shortages, mildew problems, no dry cleaning, obscure local diseases lying in wait. The differential report had spoken to her genius at faultfinding. He could imagine what she would have done with the dog problem: she would have turned it into gold for the entire mission. She could take an earthly paradise like Blantyre and make it sound like Pompeii in its last ten minutes. People confessed things to her, like unreported rapes and embarrassing ailments. When she was in the presence of concealed information, she knew it. In fact, if he had ever missed two staff meetings in a row in Elaine's time, she would have known it and it would have meant cold meals, no sex—the whole works. It was bothering him that there might be some simple means of getting the dog bowl that would have been obvious to Elaine but that he was overlooking. It couldn't be helped. Tonight he would be a thief in the night, like the Thief of Bagdad, which he had just realized was the best movie he had ever seen.

CARL attacked the ground. Botswana was sand. Lo was sound asleep, knock wood. Carl worked hunched over, trying to remain alert for any sign of activity at Letsamao's. His body felt light. The dogs were watching him. It was moonless, knock wood.

He felt partly brilliant and partly absurd. He was wearing war-surplus paratroop boots he had carted all over Africa and never used, a watch cap pulled down to his eyebrows, a black, wet-look windbreaker Elaine had insisted on buying for him in the Marais. He hated it. The only reason for buying it had been to enable her to name-drop the point of purchase. With any luck at all, he'd wreck the jacket in the raid tonight. He had to be careful about Lo's black mittens, though, and get them back unnoticed into her glove drawer. She was frighteningly well organized. In the right-hand pocket of his windbreaker, ruining it, was his secret weapon—lumps of raw beef to throw to the dogs to distract them. He had to get things over with because he was stifling inside his action costume—which was what it was.

The trench was too short. Until this moment in life he had always enjoyed being taller than anybody around. He should have hired someone to do the trench, like the street boys who washed your car behind your back and against your instructions and then demanded money. It hadn't occurred to him. He continued digging. The bottom teeth of the fence went down less than an inch into the soil, he had been happy to discover.

He lay down and rolled under the fence easily. The bowl gleamed at him. He stood up as a wave of dogs, muttering, rolled toward him. He flung the meat in an arc just over their heads, and they wheeled. It was like magic. He had the bowl! The dogs were after the meat, breaking up into vicious knots here and there. This was Letsamao's karma for underfeeding them. Maybe their whole problem was being underfed. He was back in the trench and rolling home. He stood up, shaking himself. He collapsed the lips of the trench and swept loose earth into the hole, enjoying everything.

He was curious to know why he felt physically light, so light. He felt almost removed from his victory, standing aside. It was amazing. What he had done was amazing. He had forestalled the dogs. He felt fine, he felt amazing. Everyone said forestall this, forestall that, but how many people knew the term came from rebel merchants' setting up markets outside the authorized markets run by the barons and bishops and so on in England? How many people knew it came from the history of marketing? England was conquering the world in the guise of her language. Poor devils here in Botswana had to abandon their own languages in order to get a degree. Suppose he had had to learn German at a tender age in order to get anywhere? The people we deal with day in and day out are all linguists, he thought. He slipped the bowl inside his jacket, zipped up, and went in.

THE phone rang. It was Ione, at last. He had been waiting for days. She got directly to money. It was two hundred pula. At the current rate, that would be about two hundred and fifty dollars. Then she gave him instructions. She was breathless. At the end, she said, "Carl, I want only one thing out of this, and it's fine with the *sangoma*, and that's to be present—be there for it. This is a whole new step for me. So I'm hoping to God you have no objection. And also you owe me this. And it's a good idea for me to be there, just in general. And he understands absolutely about confidentiality."

He said he wanted her to be there. She was relieved.

The instructions were easy. He was supposed to be "clean in his person" and to wear clean clothes.

IONE was trying to modulate everything. Let her, he thought. As she drove, she was trying to keep him relaxed and positive. She was driving especially carefully, suppressing her impatience whenever she had to stop and get out to let them through cattle gates. She wouldn't let him help. She wanted him to rest, which was all right with him, because last night the dogs had been straight from hell itself. Ione had even brought a pillow for the small of his back.

There were a lot of mountainous clouds. She had pointed out some odd cloud forms. It was balmy. The little hills above Ramotswa were greener and more normal-looking than the ones he was used to—like the steep hills around Lobatse, which looked like piles of rubble or cobblestones. Was she worried that he was going to back out, still? He smiled to himself. On his lap in a paper bag was the dog bowl. He was holding on to it with both hands.

Ione was following directions written neatly on an index card. These

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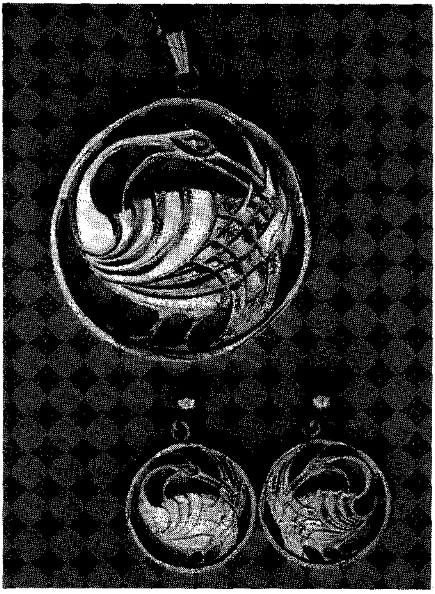

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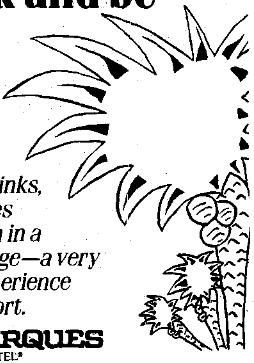

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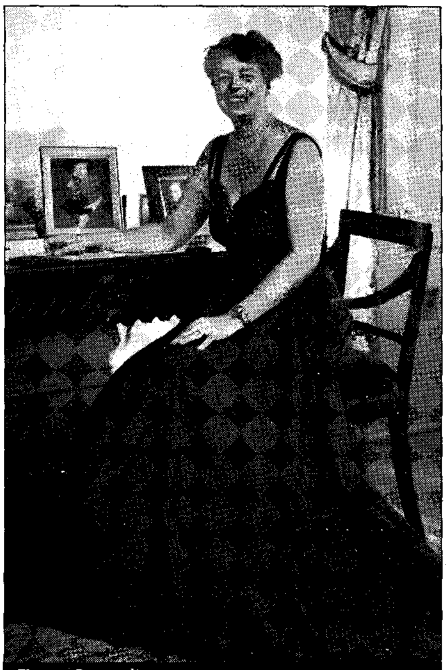
back roads were rough. He wasn't sure where they were, at this point. The last landmark he'd paid attention to had been a garage—a panel beaters' place near the main road, a good while back. He liked the way Ione dressed. Today she was wearing a long-sleeved khaki blouse and matching pantslike things whose name would come to him. Lo would look like a Brownie in Ione's outfit, but on Ione it was just right. Sometimes Lo bought clothes in youthwear. The only thing against Ione was her eyebrows, which were too thin and not in their original location. But that was nothing. He couldn't help admiring her calves as she worked the brake and clutch. She had muscular calves, like a dancer. Culottes, she was wearing.

They arrived. She seemed not to like the looks of the place, and told him to stay in the car while she scouted around. There was a mud-block storage building standing alone at the edge of a deep ravine. Where was this? They had come down into a valley with bad gully erosion everywhere he looked. The building was windowless. The roofing was motley—boards and sheet metal held down with stones. A line of elephant grass grew around one side and the back of the structure. There were no other buildings anywhere in view.

Now Ione was motioning him to come over. He got out. The entrance was at the back—a hole probably originally intended to receive a doorframe. The void was covered with a tarpaulin, which Ione pushed aside with a stick. Candles burned in several places inside. They entered.

It was difficult to see much. Where was his night vision? Something like a heap of rags in one corner rose up and walked. Ione jumped. Carl was steady. It was the *sangoma* approaching.

How usual was this? The *sangoma* was dressed in an assemblage of light and dark rags, pinned together, and he was masked. Towelling was wound around the top half of his head, ending just below the nose. The eyehole edges were ragged. A headband secured the towelling, and feathers hung down from it on one side. The *sangoma's* arms were bare. There was nothing imposing about him. There was something sad. He looked frail. He seemed to be alone. The place had been neatened up in a rough way, the earth floor raked. There were ramps of earth and debris in two corners. Some penetrating smell hung in the air.



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There were sacks of something along one wall which could be sat on in a pinch. It was all right. He didn't love the ceiling beams, which were studded with white pods—some of them as big as doorknobs—that he knew were spiders' nests. He could make out a cot and a small table at the head of the room. He was ready anytime.

CARL lay on the canvas cot, waiting. First, Ione had insisted on checking the cot for stability. Then she had insisted on dusting the cot off with some tissues she had. Then it had been O.K. to lie down. And now she had run out to the car to get him the pillow she'd brought. She was taking more of a hand in things than anybody else present liked. There had been trouble over the money, when she made Carl keep half of it until the procedure was over. And that had led to the *sangoma's* first request that she consider waiting outside, which she had resented. Now he had the pillow, and there was a compromise: she would sit on a sack at a reasonable distance from the scene of the crime.

The thing began, at last. He wanted to tell Ione to relax, and to remind her that there were such things as trade secrets and that from his standpoint the *sangoma* was already being pushed around. This man was an entrepreneur, when you came down to it. Also, it was Carl's money, and so far he felt that he was getting his money's worth—some dance steps and swaying as the *sangoma* circled around him, some business with bones in a pouch, some pouring of liquids into and out of the dog bowl. How could she expect to be allowed to scrutinize everything? They weren't there to make a documentary. It was too dark for that, and this kind of thing was along the lines of a séance. He wanted to tell her that people didn't take flashlights to séances and sit there shining them around. Besides, a good part of the ceremony was going on behind a screen made from sacking. Maybe the *sangoma* hadn't liked Ione explaining at the beginning, over and over and over, in what would have to be called Basic English, what Carl's problem was and what the ritual was supposed to be putting an end to. From what Carl had seen during the money imbroglio, the *sangoma* spoke perfectly good English, although maybe that was strange. Carl was satisfied, was the point. The *sangoma* was humming. For a moment, Carl felt he knew the

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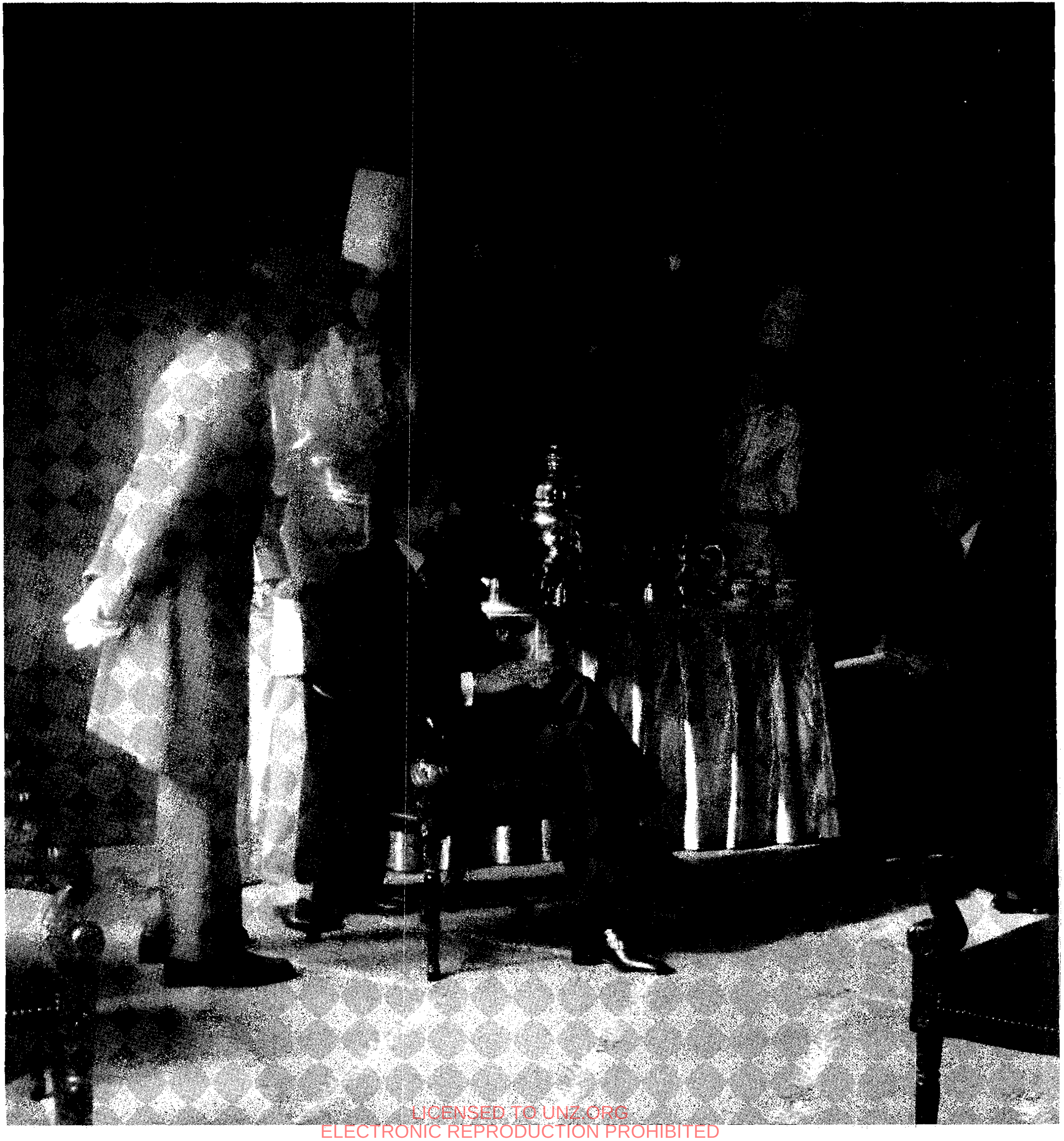

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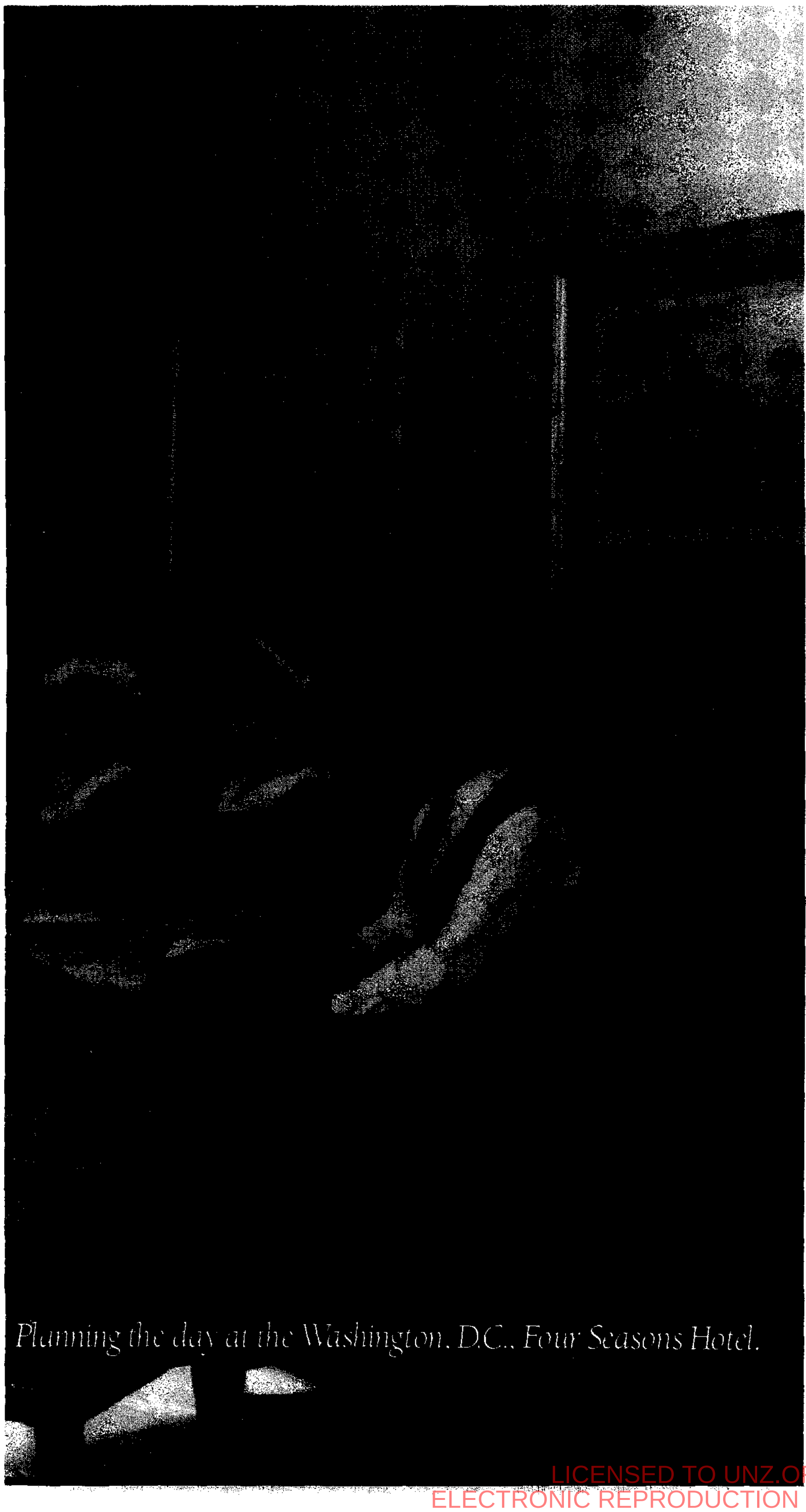

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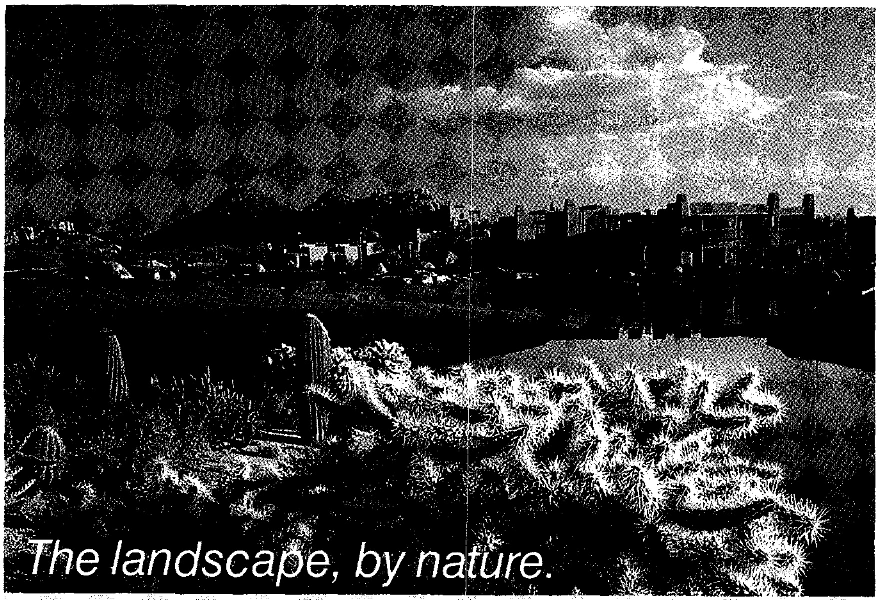

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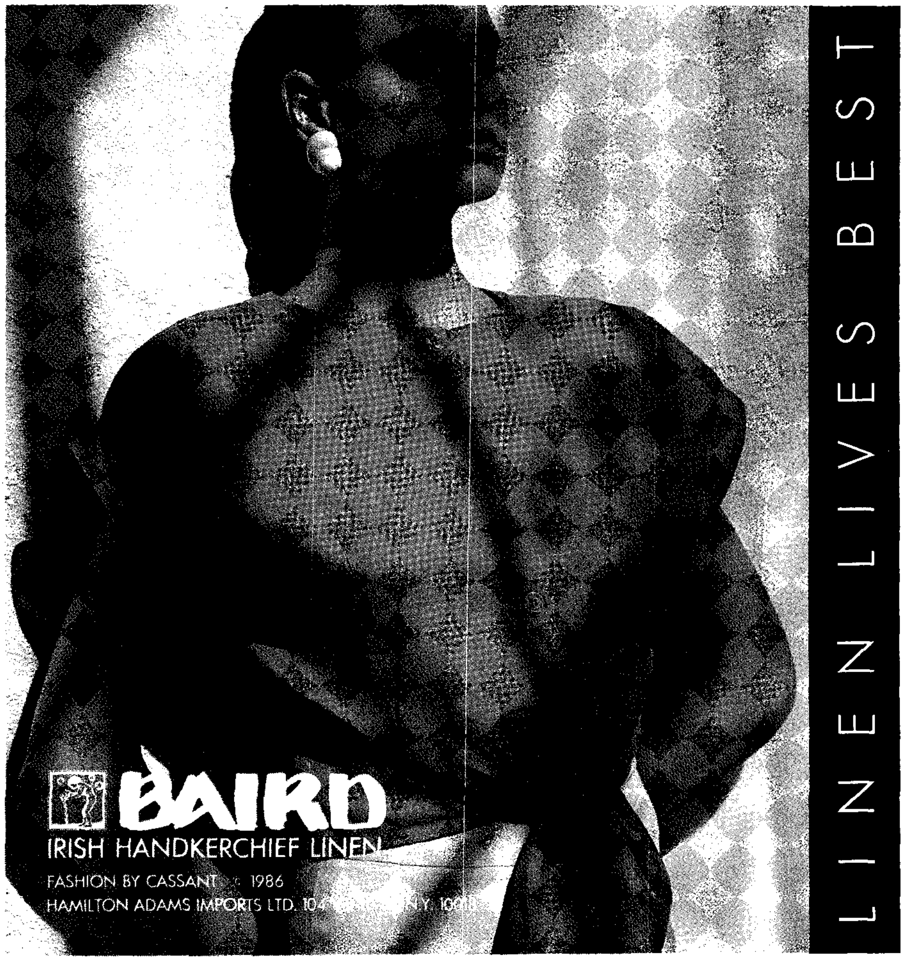
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tune, from South African radio. But that was impossible. He liked this thing. It went on.

Now the *sangoma* wanted him to turn onto his stomach. He complied. Ione materialized near them, enraging the *sangoma*. The old argument began again. Ione was interfering. This time the *sangoma* was obdurate. Ione would have to wait outside while he completed the ritual, which was almost at an end, and he would absolutely refuse to continue so long as she stayed. He appealed to Carl, saying, "Rra, you must command this woman. She must wait some time on the outside, from this moment. She shall destroy my power." He had a hoarse, grating voice. He sounded weak. Maybe this was hard work for him.

Carl asked Ione to wait outside. She was unhappy. He said he would tell her everything that happened—that was a promise. Something was bothering Ione that she wasn't communicating, but there was no time for this. She wouldn't budge.

He was having to keep her face in view from a painful angle. This business couldn't be dragged out forever just because she didn't like some detail or other. She had had her chance to be an observer. The *sangoma* had to be allowed to finish.

She said, "Then are you, yourself, asking me to leave you in here?"

"I think I am," he said.

He had to shout at her, finally. It took his last strength. He tried to point out that they had paid their admission, that this wasn't like going into a restaurant and walking out after you looked at the menu. That had been Elaine's specialty. She loved doing it just a little less than sending food back to the kitchen, which would happen at any point in a meal, so that you were never safe. You were on tenterhooks every time you ate out. He shuddered.

The *sangoma* bent over him. "Thanks, that woman is gone. Now you must set this into your mouth." The *sangoma* handed Carl a piece of cardboard folded in half. Carl didn't like this, and now the *sangoma* was untucking Carl's shirt and pushing it up to expose his back. Carl wanted to say something, but the *sangoma* was chanting again, and the thought of interrupting seemed wrong. The *sangoma* gestured for Carl to bite down on the cardboard, so he did.

The *sangoma* bent down to him again. "Now what I must do is cut you some places, just like this way . . ."

He dragged a thumbnail lightly along the canvas near Carl's face. "It is just your skin."

Carl started to get up, but checked himself, overcome by a new sensation. It was the sensation of conviction. The ritual felt real to him for the first time. Someone whose motives were good was going to reach down and cut him while he was wide awake. It was remarkable. He relaxed.

The pain of the first cut startled him. He had to concentrate. He counted the cuts as they came. The first was the worst—the deepest, he guessed. There were six cuts all told, three on each side of his spine, all on his upper back. It was like being burned. He gathered that the instrument was a knife blade, not a razor. He was breathing too fast.

"Rra, I must put you some powders," the *sangoma* said, tenderly. He patted Carl's neck.

The powder made his cuts sting even more. Carl spat out the cardboard. The *sangoma* tamped the powder down. Carl smelled ashes.

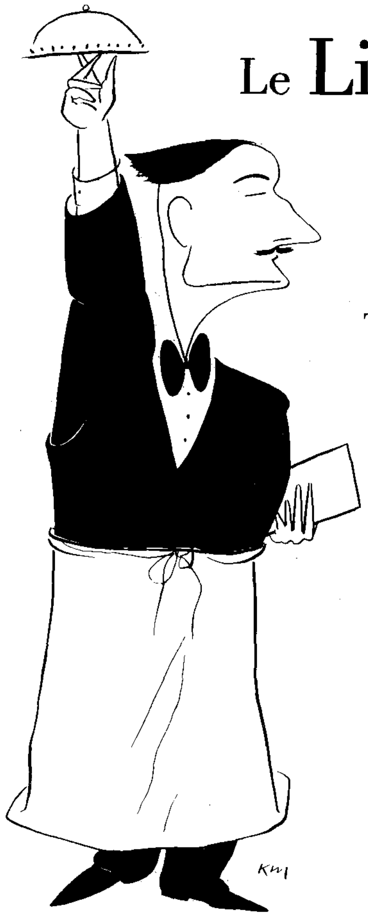
The *sangoma* helped Carl sit up. "You must set your shirt right," the *sangoma* said. Carl tried. His back was crawling with pain that had to stop if he was going to walk. The *sangoma* helped him with his shirt and then with finding which pocket the balance of the fee was in.

Carl got to his feet. He was all right. He could walk decently. The *sangoma* would keep the dog bowl, apparently. The *sangoma* said something about not worrying anymore about the dogs. It was over.

Outside, it was brilliant. He kept walking. The air was sweet, overwhelming. There was Ione, pacing and smoking near the car. Now she saw him. She flicked her cigarette butt into the donga, which he wanted to stop her from doing because of veldt fires, but it was too late.

The thing now was to get to the car. There might be some bleeding. If Ione noticed something, she would start up again with the *sangoma* and they could never leave. He thought, I have to keep my back behind me.

Once they were moving, she wanted to talk. He put her off, pleading fatigue. A taxi passed them, going in the opposite direction—unusual, because taxis mostly stuck to the paved roads. Ione slowed, craned her head out the window: clearly, she was trying to catch the taxi's plate number, but why? Something is eating her, he thought. He would hear all about



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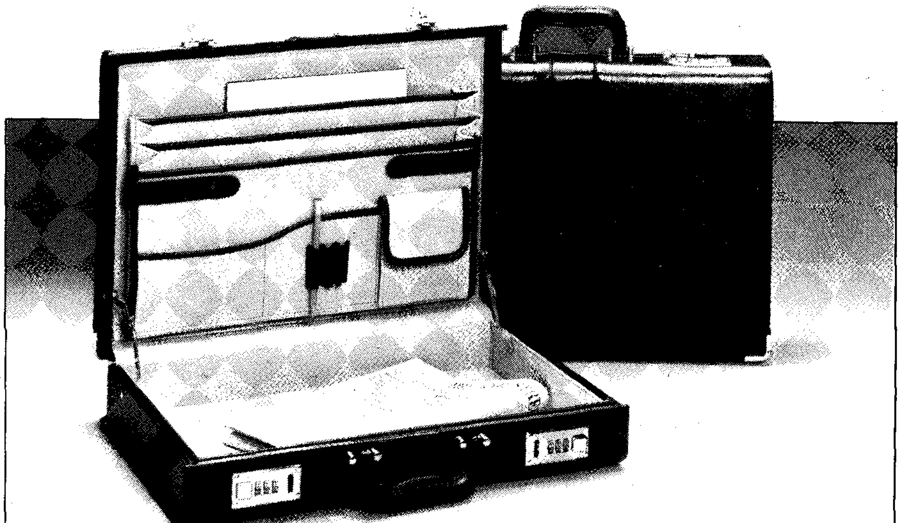

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it. He promised to be available at the office the next day for a leisurely phone call after lunch. That seemed to pacify her. She was concerned about him. He felt fine. He had done everything he could. There was nothing else. She was driving too fast. The jolts hurt his back. He was nearly faint.

They were still nowhere when Ione stopped. She wanted to know what was wrong. He told her about the cuts. He couldn't help it. She wanted to go back and find the *sangoma*. Her face was set.

He argued. He said the *sangoma* would be gone. He said it was getting too late. He told her she couldn't. He had to get home.

She listened to him, finally, and drove in the right direction.

At certain moments he felt like a genius, or fox: only Ione knew about going to the *sangoma*. But he was sick. He was aware that he was fairly sick. His fever was up and his throat was bad. He was perspiring everywhere. But luck was with him. For months he had been warning Lo that everyone who came to Botswana got tick-bite fever sooner or later, which could actually be what he had, although he doubted it. Anyway, she accepted that tick-bite fever was what he had. His cuts were still his secret. They had to heal. Five of them had. The other part of the game was to keep the nurse from finding anything out.

He was getting sleep. He was taking sick days and sleeping all day. At night, if he heard the dogs they blended in with his fever dreams. They were still there. Lo was the best person to be around right now, because she distrusted doctors and loved taking care of him and would go along that way for time without end.

But then he was getting too weak. It was hard to really want to get well, because of the pleasure of sleeping. But he was getting too weak, for sure. So far, Lo was just giving him aspirin, because she was all gung ho for letting Nature take his or her course, so naturally she was going along with the proposition that you just take aspirin for a week or so and let the tick-bite fever burn itself out and then you're left immune for time without end, instead of going for tetracycline, which knocks it out in twenty-four hours but leaves you still susceptible. But now it was time to get well fast, so it was time to go for his secret weapon: Elaine's pharmacopoeia. The glands

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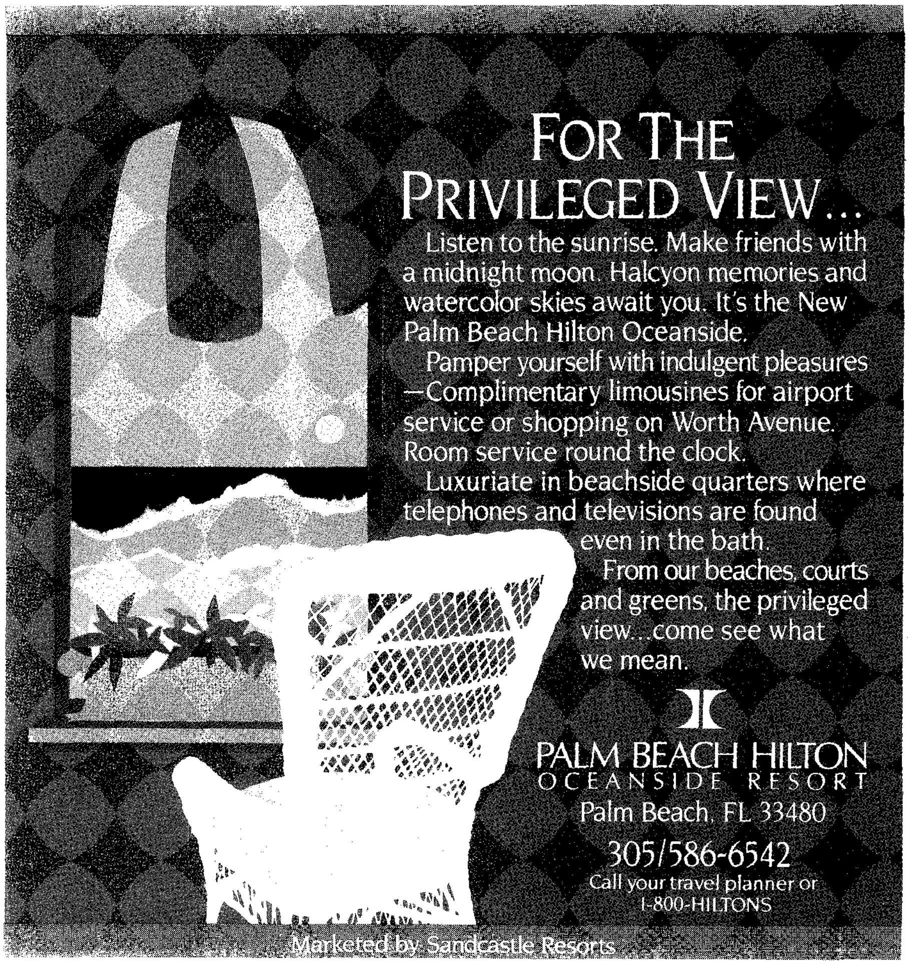
in his armpits were hurting. Elaine always got doctors to give her their free samples of every damned thing. Elaine always had everything she might need for medication because she for one would never stand for being someplace in the Third World and finding herself where some doctor could say yea or nay. Somehow her medicine collection had wound up with his effects, not hers, after the split. So now it was his, all the Valium and all the rest. Why did he end up with it? He knew she had dynamite antibiotics in there. Why did he have her medicine? She must have forgotten. If she remembered, she might get a cable out on it. But now it was his.

HE was having long dreams. It was always too hot. The walls were sliding up into the ceiling all the time. Lo was scared, he could tell. He was beyond food. Lo wanted the nurse. On the other hand, he would be all right any day now because of Elaine. He was only tasting what Lo had given him—broths and so forth. It was too hot for broth. Lo was even letting there be air-conditioning. She loved him. He would be fine because of the neomycin he was taking—plenty of it. Elaine was saving him, Elaine, who got him going the first time they met by saying "Wreck me." Neomycin saved Elaine once. It was the strongest thing there was. He was young when she said "Wreck me." She knew what she was doing. Probably she was still doing it. Lo gave him a Compral to take. Compral was stronger than aspirin, and was from South Africa. He faked taking it. His eyes itched.

BEFORE he could get better the nurse came, and then she was there all the time. She was gone right now. They knew about the scabs on his back and were asking him about them. His throat was a good excuse not to answer things. He was keeping mum. He was worried about the knitting factory, because he was supposed to remind the women about something about business taxes. It was all right, because it was written down somewhere at work. He felt his hipbones by accident. They were like knives.

HE was aware of arguments going on, but not really arguments. One thing he could tell was that Lo had been crying. It was after the nurse found his neomycin. There was telephoning to Pretoria. Now the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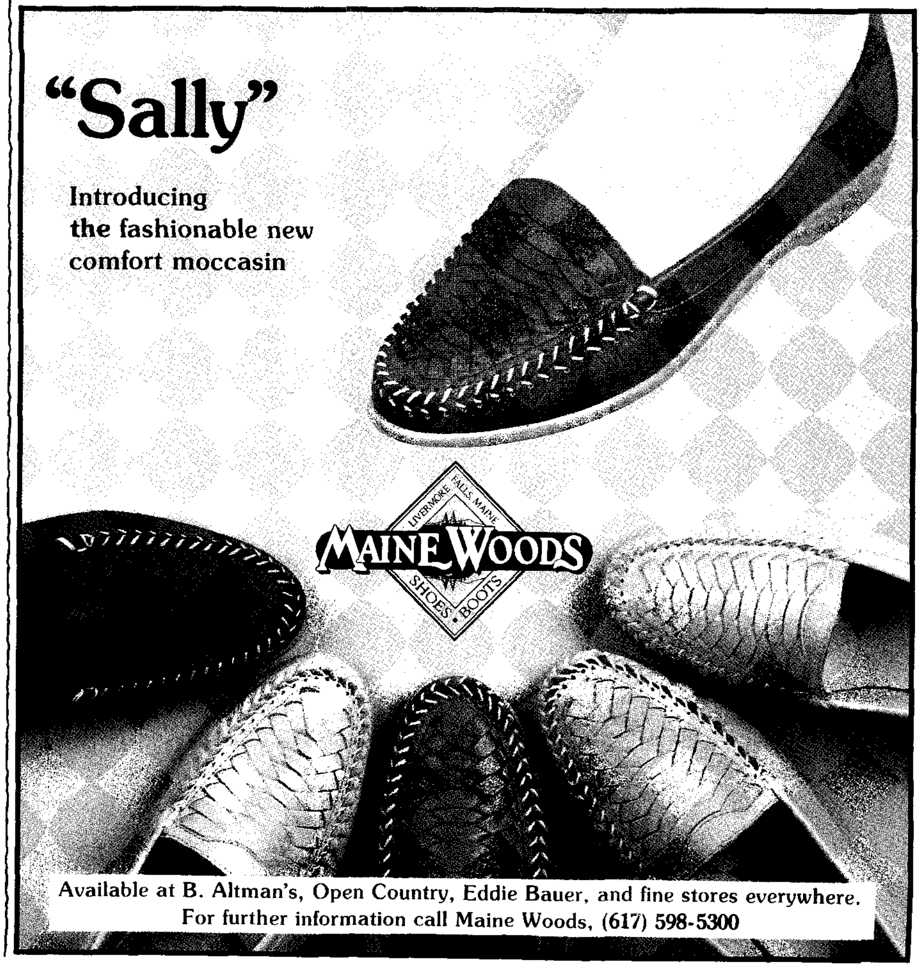
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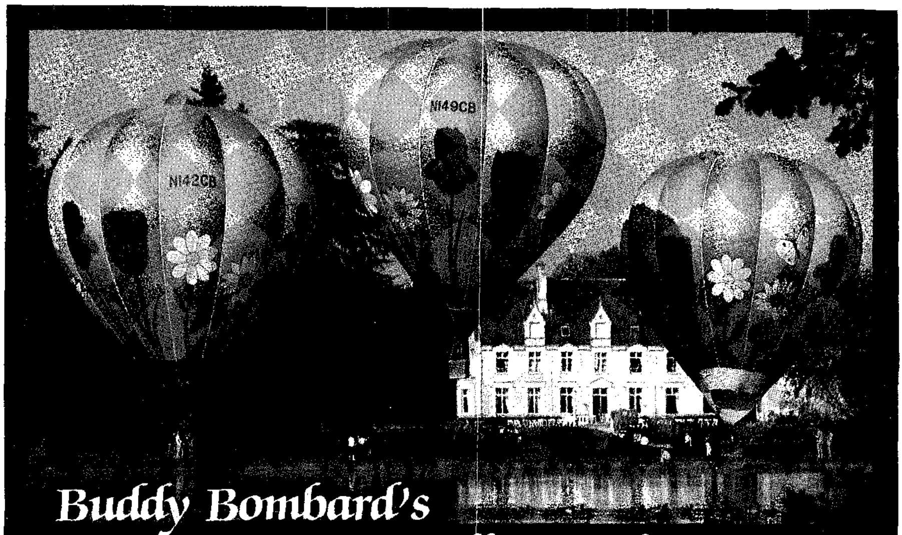

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nurse was giving him injections. Lo should be strong.

IONE woke him up, bringing him something, money, talking too fast. She was talking so fast that powder was falling out of the lines in her throat. He had a compress on his forehead. She put the money in his nightstand drawer, and she was whispering. She felt it was her fault about the *sangoma*, so that was the why and wherefore of the money. She said she had to talk fast because she had used a trick on Lois to keep her out, so she could apologize—that was why she had to talk fast. Some of it he understood. The *sangoma* was a fake, just an actor who'd jumped ship from a troupe from South Africa putting on plays in churches in Botswana—morality plays. He was an illegal person. She had been duped. She had gotten suspicious when he was speaking English and wouldn't use Setswana. Later on, she had realized he had the same voice as the go-between on the telephone, when she was searching for someone. And also, she found out afterward that he had gotten the whole routine out of a book—it was Shona and not Tswana. She wondered if he had felt he had to do the incisions partly because he assumed she knew more about the ritual than she did. She was saying how sorry she was. And then when Lo came she changed the subject. He felt sorry for Ione. He kept his hands under the covers. He was better, he told Ione. He was understanding more. She told him he looked like a carving.

NOW he could get up all right. The world bounced when he walked, but he could walk. It was going away with the injections. People were watching wherever he went. Lo was sleeping on her exercise mat at the foot of the bed. He almost walked on her.

HE woke up with a mystery to solve. It had to do with the night before. The dogs had been active, and he remembered that clearly. But somehow he had slept hard at intervals while—he was sure—they were doing their worst. The answer wasn't sheer fatigue, because he was better. His tremor was fading. His appetite was back. Today he was going to read at least two back issues of *Finance and Development*, cover to cover.

Something told him the nurse was

in the wings. He turned onto his side. He would pretend to be asleep, in the hope that she might look in and go away. Lo wouldn't let the nurse wake him up. He closed his eyes.

BACON was what he wanted, but American bacon. That was one thing to be said for going back. Because it was clear they were going to have to go back. He had to stop fighting it. It was important not to panic over it. At least in America they put the lettuce inside the sandwich, not strewn in shreds all over the outside. Money was going to be the problem. He was afraid. People would tell him to go into business, leave the agency. He was an expert on business. But the idea repelled him. Why was everything in the world for sale, exactly? In fact, he was with the government because selling things seemed repellent to him. The government gave things away.

But nothing could be done. He was leaving Africa to her dogs. Lo would have to forgive him. Lo had worked before. She had been a cashier. She could learn bookkeeping—he would teach her. He had never taken one thing from Africa. This was too much self-pity. He had never touched an African woman, never, even when he could have. And when Elaine wanted to hide jadeite and tigereye in their household effects to smuggle back into the United States, he had drawn the line. He was through here. He was being destroyed.

Somebody was coming.

The nurse shook his shoulder. He rolled onto his back. Something was wrong.

"I've been talking to you," she said, but not impatiently. She was being kind. She had an instrument in her hand. Lo was with her.

Making a show of fatigue, he turned back onto his side.

He was beginning to understand something. He lifted and lowered his head slightly, blotting out her voice when he set his head down. He sat up violently, full of hope.

Lo was saying that the nurse had something to tell him. *He knew what it was.* The nurse said he had been septicemic. He had self-medicated and he shouldn't have. He had used something that was ototoxic and had made himself deaf in one ear, and she was sorry. Lo took his hand. She was weeping. The nurse was snapping her fingers to either side of his head, while he smiled. They could stay.

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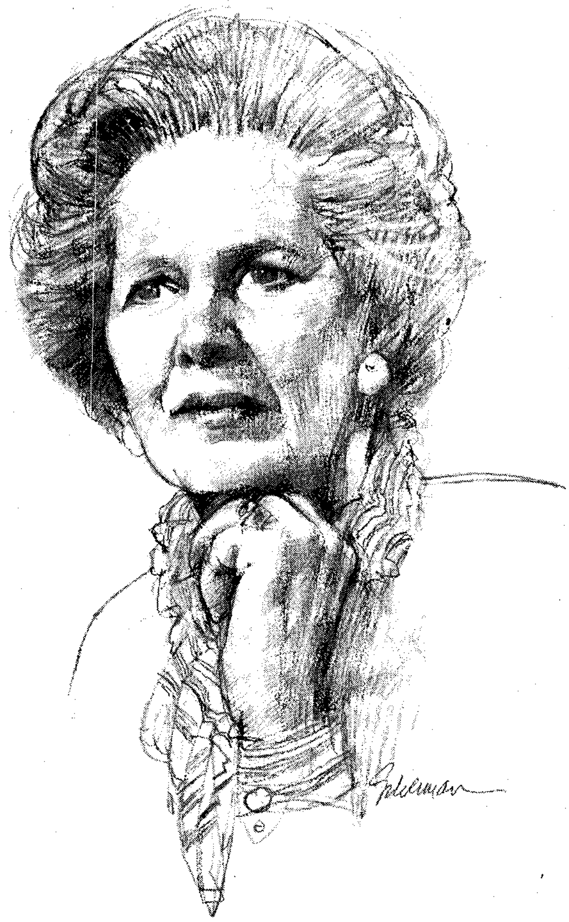
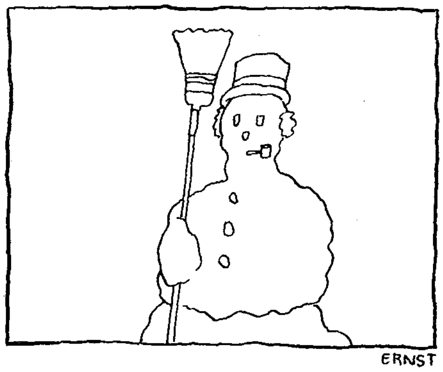


BEFORE Margaret Thatcher became the leader of Britain's Conservative Party, in 1975, it was controlled by people of property and substance—knights of the shires—who saw politics as one of the things one did and the House of Commons as a pretty good club. These people took to government instinctively, as the nineteenth-century Whigs did. Tories felt as if they were intended to govern, and they normally did it well, as even their detractors will concede. They were a paternalistic lot—by and large practical men who were reconciled, however gloomily, to continued pressure against the status quo and their own preferences. Conservatives, they felt, could best serve their party and their class, and hence the society, by selecting leaders who could handle the pressure through arranging orderly retreats—containing change by adapting to it. Unlike their rival, the Labour Party, and the other major parties of Europe, the Tories were always strictly nonideological—no isms or doctrines—and were committed only to making certain that the British people had a quiet life. Briefly, Tories liked to travel downstream—with the current. Until they selected Mrs. Thatcher, only rarely had they ever struggled against it. But she is "the gamefish in the Ogden Nash poem," says an astute Thatcher-watcher—the one who swims upstream, against the current. And one of her ablest ministers says, "She's a very un-Tory sort of person. We feel our way through situations and try to accommodate." The Party's early leaders, such as George Canning and Robert Peel, tried to accommodate the major domains of the realm—crown, gentry, and the Church of England, which has been called the Tory Party at prayer. In no other way would consensus have been possible. More recently, Tories found consensus by accommodating major interest groups, such as the trade unions, the Confederation of British Industry, and the City of London (the financial sector). This manner of governing has been called corporatism. Tory ministers treated union bosses as decent chaps, and even had lunch with them. It was beer and sandwiches at No. 10 Downing Street when Labour was in power. In their rather different ways, both parties sought to avoid rows and to promote full employment and the welfare state, whatever the cost. A popular and pejorative characterization of the habit was "Butskellism," a coinage from the names of R. A. Butler, the late Tory heavyweight, and Hugh Gaitskell, who, but for his untimely death, in 1963, would have been Prime Minister, and was the most highly regarded and widely accepted of Labour's postwar leaders. What Butskellism was supposed to signify was that there wasn't really much to choose between the domestic policies of Tory and Labour Governments in the postwar era, any more than there was between the policies of Republican and Democratic Administrations in Washington. The Labour benches were manned largely by sensible men who drank their pints in the evening, were home by ten o'clock, and forgot about socialism except at Party conferences, because, like the Tories, their main concern was giving people a quiet time.

Mrs. Thatcher represents a clean break both with her party's traditions and with the conventions of Cabinet government. "To govern is to choose" is the precept for her. The idea of consensus as the goal of the political process, which many would argue that it must be, is repellent to her. "Do you think you would ever have heard of Christianity if the Apostles had gone out and said, 'I believe in consensus'?" she asked during one of two meetings I had with her not long ago. She is, she says, a "conviction politician," and no one would dispute her self-characterization. Thatcherism is the opposite of Butskellism, and never mind if making hard choices without hesitation or regard for the views and sensitivities of others, including other members of Her Majesty's Government, produces conflict.

Recurring conflict creates an atmosphere of crisis, if not crisis itself. Thanks to Mrs. Thatcher's typically obdurate but untypically clumsy handling of the affair that last month provoked the resignation of her Defense Secretary, Michael Heseltine, she and her Government have taken some heavy blows, and the damage may be lasting. Still, Mrs. Thatcher is unlikely to change or look back. For her, governing is more of an adversarial than a collegial process. She has pitted herself at one time or another against every interest group one can think of—even the Government itself, which she often reproaches, sounding as if it were someone else's Government and the Conservative Party were still on the Opposition benches. But, then, she isn't really a Conservative; she is a radical—a populist radical. Her views on most things are fixed—and in some cases are extreme and altogether different from those of her predecessors, Tory and Labour. She came into power determined to bury socialism and its works and to neutralize the union bosses, not to work with them. Her wholly unexpected takeover of her party in 1975 was described by Julian Critchley, who is its best and funniest writer and the M.P. from Aldershot, as a "Peasants' Revolt." Actually, large sections of all classes in this class-ridden society are conservative, and many of them belong to or normally vote for the Conservative Party. Roughly a third of the blue-collar voters are normally conservative, and in June of 1983 about forty per cent of them voted to reëlect Mrs. Thatcher. The middle classes have strongly supported her in times of unusual stress—the war in the Falkland Islands in 1982, the coal miners' long strike (which began in March of 1984 and lasted nearly a year). In general, however, they deplore her harsh, unbending style, and they fear the consequences of much of what passes for Thatcherism—especially the bits affecting Britain's economy and the very poor. Yet they know that just the word "Thatcherism" sets her apart from her predecessors. The word reflects the singular determination and the accomplishments of Mrs. Thatcher. It also evokes the divisive nature of her leadership. "She is more hated and more admired than anyone since Churchill," a Conservative M.P. says. He makes the point: among her predecessors, it is only with Winston Churchill and David Lloyd George that Mrs. Thatcher can be compared. Like them, she has controlled center stage and become a historic figure; but the place she has etched has nothing to do with her being the first woman Prime Minister, or the first Tory in this century to be elected to consecutive terms, or even with her having sent a military force halfway around the world to wage a war and, against the odds, win it outright. Mrs. Thatcher earned her place with tasks performed at home, unlike Churchill and Lloyd George, who would never have reached the top of the tree but for Europe's wars. The tasks she performed were tasks that had been neglected for a perilously long time, because no one else had been willing to take them on. Whereas most of her predecessors tended to see problems as things to be shunned, Mrs. Thatcher attacked them as if she were leading a cavalry charge.

"Seeing off" the trade unions—a colloquial phrase for besting them—was the most important and clear-cut of her achievements. By the spring of 1979, when she arrived in office, the unions were thought to be a more potent force than government, and had been thought so for years. Prime Ministers of either party shrank from confrontation with them. An exception was Edward Heath, a Conservative, who in February of 1974 called an election on the issue of who ruled Britain—the Government or the coal miners, who were on strike even though the Government had yielded to many of their demands just two years before. Heath lost the election to Harold Wilson, who had mainly argued the need for "a bit of peace and quiet." Apart from their political power, the miners drew strength from being sentimentally viewed as the toiling sons of fathers who did much of the heavy-duty fighting in the great wars. A Labour Party peer recalls Harold Macmillan's saying to him disapprovingly, "In my day, we fought with lady bus conductors, not the miners." The process by which Mrs. Thatcher overcame the unions will probably be recorded as less than epic: it amounted to step-by-step legislation, the gradual effect of which was to clip the wings of mighty union leaders and give working people far more freedom and control of their dues; the closed shop was largely eliminated. Still, an objective associate says, "Her victory over labor wasn't the legislation. It was the example of her person. She put herself in the path of the unions and wouldn't budge. No one else would have tried to do what she did, and no one would have believed that she could do it." Many people agree. "Churchill would never take on the unions," a Cabinet minister told me. "He said some harsh things about them during the general strike in 1926, but he favored making deals with them. No other Prime Minister would have done what she did. Wilson was almost brought down in 1970 when he tried to reform them and put out a white paper called 'In Place of Strife.' They rebelled." David Owen, who leads the centrist Social Democratic Party, says, "She deserves a lot of credit for putting through the legislation on the unions. She was very good toward the end of the coal strike, when it looked as if there might have been a sellout; she intervened on at least two occasions when almost no one else saw the danger. If Scargill"—Arthur Scargill, the miners' leader—"had wanted victory instead of revolution, he'd have had victory." The miners still touch a chord of nostalgia in Britain, but many of them understand, as do the members of other unions, that Scargill and other high-flying union bosses have had their day. Many miners refused to take part in the strike. A banker I know, who, like most bankers, has mixed feelings about Mrs. Thatcher, says, "Take someone like me. If I was to help in launching a new venture, the first thing I'd have had to do was suck up to the unions to see what they might do—how they'd react. Not now." Such comments embody what may be the main and most lasting effect of Thatcherism.



NONE of Mrs. Thatcher's recent predecessors had strong views on policy issues except, possibly, Macmillan and Heath, who were both keen to have Britain join the European Economic Community. Mrs. Thatcher has strong ideas about almost everything; she often seems to be leading her cavalry charges on several fronts simultaneously. In the early days, she categorized the members of her domain by applying the public-school terms "Wet" and "Dry" to them. A Dry to her was "one of us"—someone who agreed on the need for harsh economic measures, and for cutting back government's involvement with the society, and society's sense of dependence on government. (Critchley calls her Drys the *arditi*.) A Wet—"not one of us"—was someone who seemed to her to prefer the old ways, although he or she might also feel that Britain needed to change course but couldn't do so overnight and shouldn't be made to try. One of her present ministers—a Wet—says, "We had settled for whoever made life comfortable and presided over our general decline. She is the reaction to that. It isn't enough to muddle through. We have to be snapped out of it. Nobody argues anymore that because of the power of the trade unions Britain has become ungovernable. And she did break an inflationary cycle at a moment when it could have gone out of control. But she is locked into an unimaginable fiscal conservatism, which makes it almost impossible to do

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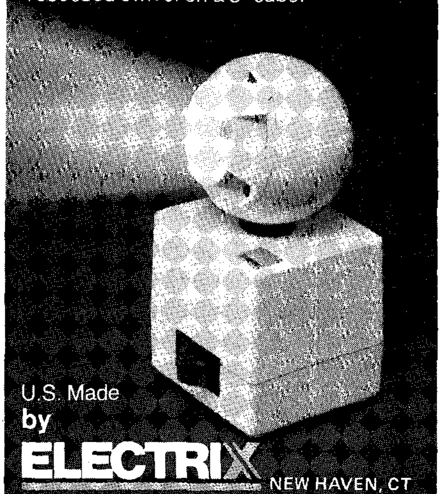

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anything." Another Wet—one of her former ministers and a pillar of the Conservative Party—says, "The mistake made by people like me is that we underestimated how fed up with it all the country had become, and the appeal of her message, 'Give me a chance.' She poured scorn on us all. Did she break the mold? Move the country away from consensus? Yes, in some ways she did. But we haven't broken through to higher growth. The major achievement is the changing attitude of the trade unionists, who aren't prepared to follow their leaders lemminglike, as before. She has changed the Labour Party. Its left-wing militants say, 'Here is a right-wing conviction politician who is winning. We are conviction politicians. We won't return to the fudge of the soft center—a little bit of socialism tucked away in the corner of soft middle-ground policies imposed on us by the International Monetary Fund and others.' They have a lot of admiration for her. Michael Foot"—who as the leader of the Labour Party ran against Mrs. Thatcher in 1983—"says she is the most formidable politician he has ever met."

Formidable she is. She governs more like a President than like a Prime Minister. She dominates the Government—in part because it is her nature to dominate and in part because in various ways she has diminished the government. She preaches about the limitations of government while extolling the boundless potential of the individual. Her favorite subject is individualism, and she arrived in power talking about it in a manner reminiscent of nineteenth-century liberals. Probably no other Tory figure has talked like this—or, for that matter, any other Prime Minister of this century. Each of her main goals arose from a feeling that Britain's change of course would be possible only if ordinary people began doing more things for themselves, with government creating the relevant incentives but otherwise staying out of the way. Neutering the union bosses would liberate workers. Huge state-owned industries would be turned back to the private sector—a step that has been popular and, so far, quite successful. She wanted people who were living in municipally owned flats and houses, known as council housing, to be allowed to buy their dwellings at a discount—a goal that seemed especially quixotic. Labour fiercely opposed the idea, if only because in many places the venerable council-house system gave the Party some control over the people leasing the houses. Thatcherites felt that many of these people, once they owned the houses, would feel they had a stake in things and would be more tolerant of private enterprise and less committed to the Labour Party. It was a good calculation. The number of Britons who own their own homes has increased dramatically. And if the Labour Party obtains power it isn't likely to turn back the new arrangement. She is naturally proud of her successes. "Yes, we have got more property rights for ordinary people than they would ever have had," she told me. "We have denationalized. Governments ought not to run industry; they are not good at it. They run it badly, and so we have denationalized—in a way that gave shares in the industry to the people themselves."

The downside of Thatcherism is unemployment. Double-digit inflation has been wrung out of Britain's economy, but at a heavy price. Britain isn't alone; in recent years, all of Western Europe has been bedevilled by unemployment. Jobs are disappearing rather than being created. In Britain, though, the problem is measurably worse—a great deal worse than in West Germany, for example—and it contributes heavily to a subdued and rather pessimistic national mood. A sense that things won't get much better is reinforced by impacted social problems, and now by urban violence. I asked Mrs. Thatcher about the violence, and since it is among her favorite subjects she answered at length.

"I think it is the most difficult problem that we tackle, because it is people taking half of democracy and neglecting the other half, " she said. "Bernard Shaw put it really quite well: 'Liberty means responsibility. That is why most men dread it.' You cannot have the one without the other, any more than you can have a coin without having both sides. You cannot have freedom without responsibility. At the level of the state, you cannot have freedom without order, and you cannot *have order without* the law, and the whole of the equation of the understanding of democracy is that the rule of law will be strong enough to hold down the evil which is within men. Now, there used to be certain understandings in society, certain conventions, and a community itself, its taboos, its standards were understood, and young people were trained in the family. Certain things were wrong, people were trained at school that certain things were wrong, and you had certain customs and conventions which were designed to bring out the good and to push down the evil. Now, the more freedom you get and the more prosperity you get, the greater the temptations you get, the greater the opportunities for the evil you get, and that is what we are experiencing now. You cannot leave it to a government, either national or local, to keep law and order. Each and every person has his responsibility for it. Each and every person has to be involved. You have to be prepared to give evidence if you have seen something happening, each and every one. You have to be prepared to take precautions against it, so that you do not make it easy to rob your house, your shop, your car. You have to be prepared most strongly, at home, in school, and in church, what is right and what is wrong. You have to be prepared to get involved, in other words. We can have more police. I have got more police. They can have more training. They have got more training. They can have better equipment. They have got better equipment. They can have more management, better deployment. They are better deployed; they have got more management. We simply cannot do without every family keeping some control over their young people; every teacher teaching what is right and what is wrong, and society saying, 'If this person has done wrong, we will not shield him. He must go before the courts and be punished.' You have got to mobilize everything. You have got to mobilize your own people, and I think somehow— This, I think, is our greatest problem. You have tackled it before in the United States. You look at every film, if I might put it in modern terms, every film on— How the West was won was by the right guy saying, 'We are not going to be run by these gunmen.' "

Listening to Mrs. Thatcher stress the importance of a democratic society's moorings in Victorian certitudes, I thought about the remoteness of these from the subculture of British ghetto kids who had been on a rampage recently, attacking police with gasoline bombs and rocks. Just a few days after this conversation, a dozen of them hacked a policeman to death with machetes in Tottenham, a North London neighborhood, and some others fired shotguns, rifles, and pistols

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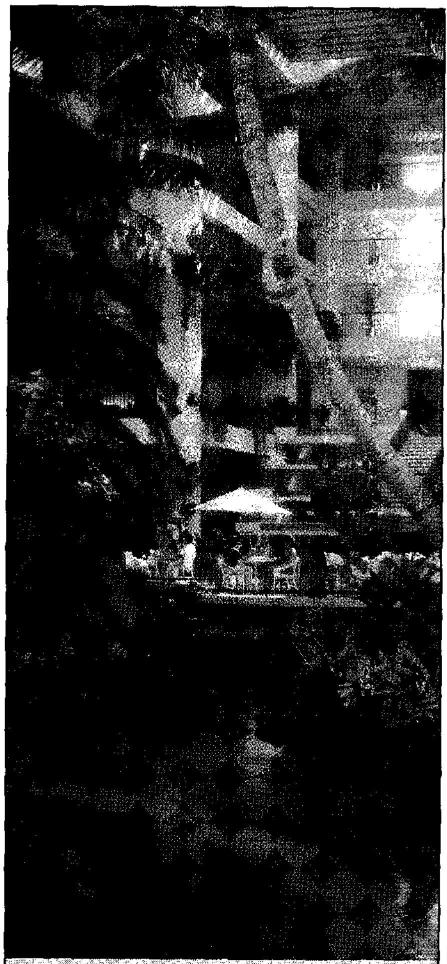

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at the police. The southern half of England is fairly prosperous; elsewhere, there are pockets of prosperity, and parts of Scotland aren't doing badly. The stress on private initiative has partly succeeded. Management is worrying less about industrial relations, and is able to devote more time to production and marketing. New businesses are sprouting up at a rate that Britain hasn't known before. In old market and cathedral towns—Winchester, Exeter, Norwich, Gloucester—there is a sense of bustle. In major cities, however, the blight of decaying areas is spreading, and northern England, by and large, is in bad shape. Unemployment isn't the only problem; a sizable and growing underclass of people who don't earn enough is emerging. Leon Brittan—who just resigned as Trade and Industry Secretary, a casualty of the Heseltine affair—called the "gulf" between north and south "the gravest social and economic problem facing us as a nation." In saying this, he was reacting to a wave of anxious comment from within his own party. "We are dealing with the bitterness that has accumulated since the eighteenth century, and people won't face it," says an M.P., a highly respected Tory with a safe seat in one of the shires. "The country is split down the middle. My people are scared. When they see the violence and rioting on TV and the unemployment queues, I can see the fear in their eyes. They are afraid it will spread. The miners' strike couldn't have occurred anywhere else in Europe. Nowhere else is there a sense of a huge, unbridgeable gap between a large part of the country and its cultural and political élite in the capital—between masses of people and their own institutions. Many of these people are dreadfully uneducated and uneducable. They can't even talk, many of them, let alone read. And Mrs. Thatcher—a product of the lower middle class—doesn't approve of them and doesn't like them, either."

In general, people who were doing reasonably well have continued to do so in the Thatcher era, or have actually done a bit better. Wages and salaries have more than held their own against price increases. But the curve is a jagged one. Police, doctors, and nurses have done quite well, but teachers and civil servants have fared badly, and the unemployed have had a harder time finding work. The disparities strike many people as unfair, and they worry the Tory Party. "We find ourselves becoming spiky and bloody-minded," says one Tory—a member of the Government. His leader hasn't actually reduced public spending; she has merely reined it in. And she hasn't been able to fulfill pledges made in 1979 and again in 1983 to cut taxes, mainly because she hasn't taken the well-worn path of borrowing in order to pay for tax reduction. Her policies are blamed for Britain's having become a net importer of manufactured goods—for the first time since the days of Henry VIII, according to some. The average Briton, the International Monetary Fund says, is poorer today than the average Italian (not to mention other, even more prosperous Continentals, to the north). I talked about Mrs. Thatcher with Lord Lever, who is one of the country's most experienced and respected authorities on international economics, and who, as Harold Lever, was the Labour Party's chief adviser on these matters in the Wilson era. He has known Mrs. Thatcher since she arrived in the House of Commons, in 1959, and he likes her.

"When she talks of Victorian values, she is talking of ethics that were taken for granted in her youth—like telling the truth," Lever said. "I'm with her, but wish she would believe in more things. For too long, the British people weren't sure their leaders believed in what they were doing. Ordinary people know she at least believes that what she is doing is right. But that's not enough for me. It is a refreshing change to have someone who believes in copybook maxims. What is worrying is her interpretation of them when she applies them to modern economic conditions: it is too narrow. She thinks that any borrowing is hateful. She ignores the fact that the free enterprise she so admires is built around borrowing."

Thatcherism is closely identified with the doctrine called monetarism—a supposed break with Keynesian economics, because it relies on firm control of the money supply for orderly growth and high employment, instead of on budget and tax policies. Monetarists think that government shouldn't meddle with economic forces, whereas Keynesians favor expanding demand, if necessary, by expanding investment and purchasing power. Mrs. Thatcher and some of the Drys in her camp talk like monetarists, but Thatcherism isn't really about economics. It is, as Peter Riddell, of the *Financial Times*, has written, "essentially an instinct, a series of moral values and an approach to leadership rather than an ideology." Still, Mrs. Thatcher does know a great deal about economics; she arrived in office knowing much more than any of her predecessors, according to senior civil servants in the Treasury, some of whom nonetheless judged her approach to be dangerous—if not, indeed, reckless. Some say that the truly draconian approach she favored—one that would have inflicted even more pain on society, but perhaps over a shorter period—wasn't possible, because of the opposition of these civil servants and a few Wets in her first Cabinet. The idea was that radical innovation is possible only if it is achieved quickly. Mrs. Thatcher made some changes in the upper ranks of the civil servants, and in September of 1981 she sacked some of the Wets, but only after a test of strength that had gone on for more than a year—a time when she is said to have described herself as "the Cabinet rebel." This struggle also produced perhaps the only memorable Thatcher line: "The lady's not for turning." (It was written for her, along with other, more forgettable stuff, by Ronnie Millar, a playwright.)

On economics, as on other subjects, Mrs. Thatcher is fluent and opinionated. When I asked her to explain why she had once said, or was supposed to have said, that she was in the tradition of Keynes, she skillfully aligned his views with her own.

"When inflation was what had to be fought, Keynes was the first to fight it," she told me. "When production was above the money supply, he brought the money supply up to production. That is monetarism. When the money supply was greater than production, he would bring the money supply down to the production, because he had to fight inflation. Keynes was most totally abused by those who spoke in his name."

Monetarism's high priest, the American economist Milton Friedman, said a few years ago that the doctrine was being invoked "to cover anything that Mrs. Thatcher at any time expressed as a desirable object of policy." I asked her whether she regarded herself as a monetarist or as a simple pragmatist.

She replied, "I consider myself a person who believes in honest money and that means, yes, I have to fight

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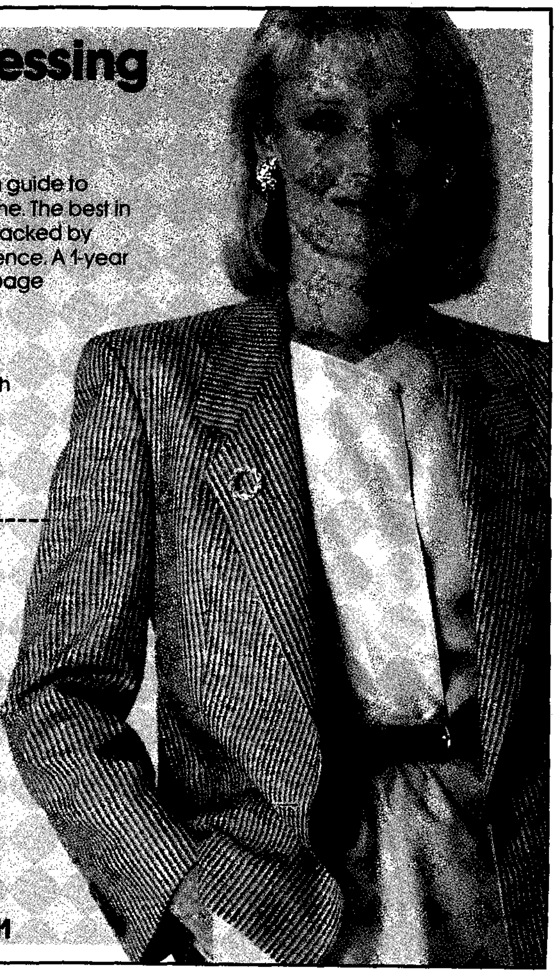

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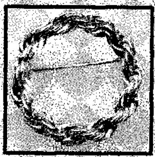

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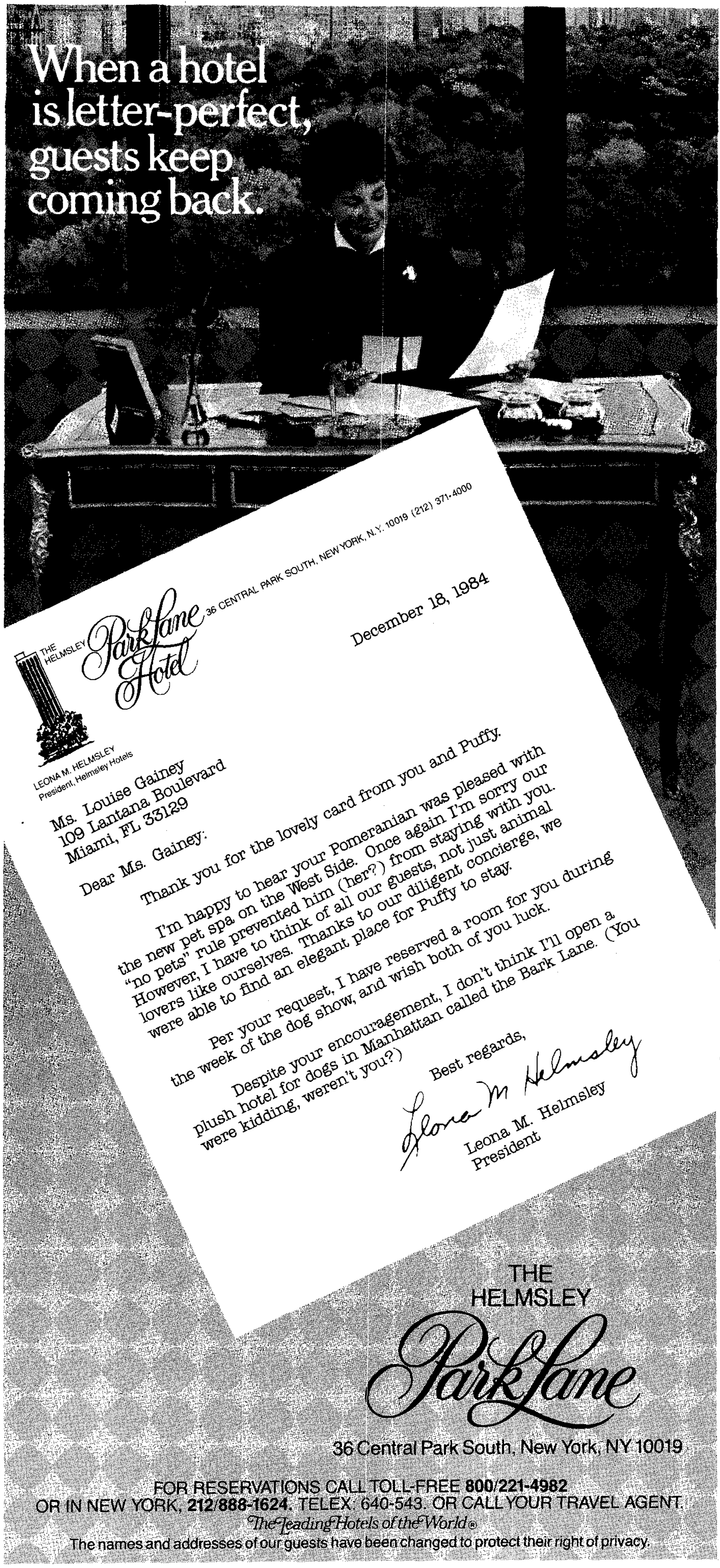

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LEONA M. HELMSLEY
President, Helmsley Hotels

December 18, 1984

Ms. Louise Gainey
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Dear Ms. Gainey:

Thank you for the lovely card from you and Puffy.

I'm happy to hear your Pomeranian was pleased with the new pet spa on the West Side. Once again I'm sorry our "no pets" rule prevented him (her?) from staying with you. However, I have to think of all our guests, not just animal lovers like ourselves. Thanks to our diligent concierge, we were able to find an elegant place for Puffy to stay.

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Despite your encouragement, I don't think I'll open a plush hotel for dogs in Manhattan called the Bark Lane. (You were kidding, weren't you?)

Best regards,

Leona M Helmsley

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inflation by the only way I know how, and if you just print money you are debasing the coinage, and I think it is a totally dishonorable and immoral government which deliberately sets out to debase the value of pensioners' savings in order to have a temporary situation of employment which would not last longer than eighteen months or two years, and after that the great inflation you create would, in fact, have undermined your competitiveness and would start to affect the whole of your society, as it did, of course, in Germany in the great interwar period."

"La Pasionaria of middle-class privilege" is what Denis Healey, a former Chancellor of the Exchequer, among other things, has called Mrs. Thatcher. Someone else has said, "She isn't a monetarist. She's a handbag economist who believes you pay as you go." Despite her knowledge and her experience with Britain's economy, she often does equate government spending with the family household budget. "Some say I preach merely the homilies of housekeeping or the parables of the parlor," she told the Lord Mayor's banquet in 1982. "But I do not repent. Those parables would have saved many a financier from failure and many a country from crisis."

Thatcherism, its critics say, is fatally flawed, because household economics, strictly applied, rules out growth, which requires flexible policy, and even debt, and she equates debt with profligacy. I asked her whether she really sees an analogy between running a house and running a big industrialized society.

After briefly noting a few differences, she said, "Where the parallel is, is if you run your affairs in the household unsoundly, and you try to spend more than you have got, you will sooner or later be in trouble. You will in a company and you will as a country, and, in fact, it is really that there is a kind of morality to running the *financial* affairs of a house, there is a morality to running the financial affairs—honesty, honesty—of a business and of a country. Now, it takes longer to bankrupt a sound country than it does a household. It takes a long time to bankrupt a sound business, but in the end you will be caught. That is the analogy."

THERE are several books about Mrs. Thatcher, but her Boswell hasn't turned up. She is a hard subject for biography, primarily because there are few good sources on the life and times of Margaret Thatcher aside from Denis Thatcher, her husband, and Carol and Mark Thatcher, their twin children; but they don't discuss her, nor should they. Far better value than the books is a series of six BBC radio programs called "The Thatcher Phenomenon," which were done by Hugo Young, a widely respected political columnist. The programs consisted of questions put by Young, on a wide variety of topics, to an even wider variety of Thatcher-watchers—allies and enemies, admirers and detractors, and a few neutrals. Nearly every one was British, the notable exception being Ronald Reagan. Most who know her—friends and foes alike—said that she is one-dimensional and wholly lacking in humor and subtlety. Margaret Wickstead, who has been a friend of hers since childhood and is one of the very few such friends whom Mrs. Thatcher still sees, said to Hugo Young about this side of her, "I don't think she has much sense of humor, I don't think her father had, and I certainly don't think her mother had. They were all very serious-minded. They worked too hard, and life was a serious matter—to be lived conscientiously—and humor just didn't come into it very often. And I have found personally that she hasn't a huge sense of humor. I wouldn't make a joke in her presence that might possibly reflect on her. I think I should not be well received again."

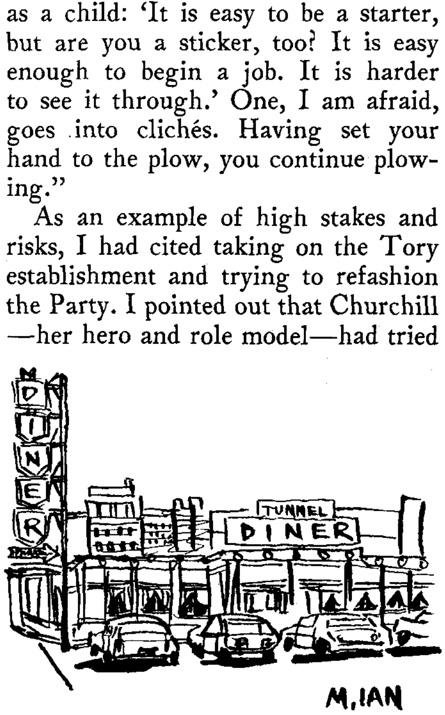
With Mrs. Thatcher, what you see is what you get (another problem for biographers). She is one of those rare people who appear exactly as they are described and as one expects them to be. She is a conviction politician, as she says, and one who is highly intelligent and articulate but also verbose, dogmatic, and inflexible, mistaking much that is gray for black and white; also, she is a woman who, at age sixty, is distinctly attractive, dresses well, and clearly cares about how she looks. "You can tell her mood from her clothes," I read in an article by Simon Hoggart, of the *Observer*, who was quoting a Member of Parliament. "Shimmery in blue means she's confident, on top of things. Red, speckly clothes mean she has problems, she's fussed." She was wearing a stylish dark-red dress at our first meeting, during which she was as opinionated as advertised, and even more prolix. She sometimes answered a question that hadn't been asked, or responded to a phrase buried within a question rather than to the question itself. She has a lot to say, and she will be heard. Her father, Alfred Roberts, who was a grocer in the small Lincolnshire community of Grantham, was an awesome influence on her, and she has often said as much. On the day she became Prime Minister, May 4, 1979—nine years after his death—she said, "Well, of course, I just owe almost everything to my father. He brought me up to believe all the things that I do believe, and they're just the values on which I've fought the election. And it's passionately interesting for me that the things that I learned in a small town, in a very modest home, are just the things that I believe have won the election."

Her father believed "in all the Victorian values, save for hypocrisy," Critchley writes. The same may be said of his daughter, whose values—his values—are expressed in simple precepts, many of them learned from the pithy nineteenth-century poets (above all, Kipling).

At one point, after noting that she seemed to be playing for high stakes and taking high risks, I asked her whether she thought she could sustain what she had accomplished so far.

Mrs. Thatcher said, in effect, that she had to try. "It never occurred to me not to see things through to the end. I suppose that is a question of upbringing, isn't it? You know Drake's prayer: 'It is not the beginning of the task, but the continuing of the same until it be well and truly finished wherein lies the true glory.' And there is the little rhyme that I was taught as a child: 'It is easy to be a starter, but are you a sticker, too? It is easy enough to begin a job. It is harder to see it through.' One, I am afraid, goes into clichés. Having set your hand to the plow, you continue plowing."

As an example of high stakes and risks, I had cited taking on the Tory establishment and trying to refashion the Party. I pointed out that Churchill—her hero and role model—had tried in the nineteen-thirties to go upstream and hadn't made it.



"I would say that Winston actually proved the point," she said. "He did not give up. It is Rossetti, isn't it? 'Does the road wind uphill all the way? Yes, to the very end. Will the day's journey take the whole long day? From morn to night, my friend.' That, of course, is the journey of life. And you ask why people take the road uphill, why they climb Everest, why they climb hills for recreation. Why do you climb philosophical hills? Because they are worth climbing, because the effort is worth it, because of the view you get as you go up, because of a feeling of achievement that far exceeds the cost of the effort, and who wants to go downhill all the way, anyway? And there are no hills to go down unless you start from the top."

Many people, I continued, feel that only she among modern British Prime Ministers would have sent that task force not just into the South Atlantic but into battle in the Falkland Islands. A few of those people, I added, also feel that among Western leaders of recent vintage only de Gaulle would have done it. But, I said, such people feel certain that, with the battle won and honor redeemed, de Gaulle would have set in motion a political process aimed at ridding his country of a remote and enormous liability. I was really asking Mrs. Thatcher to justify her unshakable Fortress Falklands policy. Scarcely anyone in her party who matters is for it or comfortable with it.

"That is the difference between us, I suppose," she said. "I am not a compromiser on fundamentals. Neither were the early Colonial settlers in the United States, and do not forget de Gaulle was really rescued by Churchill in a way."

Supreme inflexibility, a solid intelligence, and an addiction to hard work are all qualities she seems to have acquired from Alfred Roberts. "He was the key and dominating fact of her life," says someone who is closer to Mrs. Thatcher than almost anyone else outside her family. "Mum kept a decent house, and that was fine. She talks endlessly about her father. She thinks he was a great man and a great mind." Besides running a grocery store, Alf Roberts was a lay Methodist preacher serving nearby villages. He and his wife, Beatrice, who had been a seamstress, raised two children—Margaret and a sister, Muriel, who is four years older—in a cramped area above the store, which was at the slum end of town and lacked indoor plumbing. The family's Methodist faith was strictly observed, and the girls are said to have attended church four times on Sundays (two services, and two Sunday-school classes). Beatrice helped out in the store, kept house, and made her children's clothes, but was otherwise a passive figure, obscured by a strong husband. Margaret Wickstead told Hugo Young, "Very few people did know much about her mother. She was very much a homely person. I believe she sewed well, she was a good homemaker, and perhaps—let's face it—she wasn't at all an academic in any way. And Margaret admired academic ability as much as anything else at the time. So I used to feel, just occasionally, that she rather despised her mother and adored her father."

Alf Roberts was elected a town alderman in 1936, and his great secular interests—learning and politics—became those of his daughter Margaret. Life for her is work; her work is politics, and learning has been both preparation for it and a sacred adjunct to it. Hard work and a little luck fetched her a place at Somerville College, Oxford, where, for reasons not wholly clear, she chose to read chemistry—a subject for which she had no special gift. But she speedily discovered the Oxford University Conservative Association and never looked back. She divided her time between chemistry and the OUCA, of which she became the first woman president. By 1945, two years after entering Oxford, she was involving herself in the Tory Party proper, and her ambition to become a Member of Parliament dates from this period. After Oxford, she worked in the research departments of two industrial firms for four years, and then abandoned chemistry once and for all in favor of politics. Since the need to have a gainful profession remained, she chose law, presumably because of its nearness to politics, and eventually she became a tax barrister.

In 1949, Margaret Roberts met Denis Thatcher—on the very day she was adopted by the Conservatives of Dartford, an industrial town in north Kent, as their parliamentary candidate. (She was not elected.) Denis was the director of a prosperous family paint-and-wallpaper company, and he had style of a robust, rather sporty kind. He had been married and divorced, but he was a fellow-Methodist. Denis and Margaret were married in December of 1951, shortly after she had made a second unsuccessful attempt to unseat the Labour member for Dartford; she managed to increase the Conservative share of the vote, but Dartford was a safe Labour seat. Marriage to Denis Thatcher provided her with both emotional and financial security. Although Denis was ten years older than she was, he wasn't a father figure—a replacement for Alf Roberts. But he seems to have been more than strong enough—and was devoted enough, certainly—to play the role of companion, confidant, and consort to a woman of colossal energy and drive. The twins, Carol and Mark, were born in August of 1953, and the event did nothing to deter their mother from completing her training for the bar, even though Denis's income was more than enough to allow her to devote herself full time to politics. Not until Harold Macmillan gave her a junior ministerial job, in 1961, did she cease to divide her time between law chambers and her real career.

In 1959, Mrs. Thatcher ran successfully for Parliament from Finchley, a town north of London and a reasonably safe seat; she has represented it ever since. Her career began to prosper six years later, when Edward Heath became the Tory leader—the first of the Party's leaders to be elected by the parliamentary members rather than selected by an élite. She and Heath had a fair amount in common: both were gifted and industrious; both were grammar-school products who were now speaking in accents perhaps not wholly their own. (Mrs. Thatcher's Lincolnshire accent had been somewhat toned down by elocution lessons she took many years earlier.) Although they were never friends—and Heath seems never to have really liked her—they had a close political relationship, which travelled a bizarre course and ended in bitterness with Heath's political eclipse. During the five years from 1965 to 1970, while the Tories were in opposition, Heath gave her a number of jobs, including Shadow Minister of Power and then Shadow Minister of Education. In 1968, she addressed a special gathering at the annual Party conference, and the speech offered a foretaste of Thatcherism. She railed against "the totally unacceptable notion that the Government shall have the power to fix which wages and salaries should increase," and said, "There is nothing wrong with people wanting larger incomes. It would seem a worthy objective for men and women to wish to raise the standard of living for their families and to give them greater opportunities than they themselves had. . . . What is wrong is that people should want more without giving anything in return."

The Tories recaptured power in 1970, and Ted Heath gave Mrs. Thatcher the Education portfolio. It was there that Britain discovered her. Budget cuts were being levied on all ministries so that a tax-reduction pledge could be redeemed. Mrs. Thatcher decided that cuts in her budget must not affect education as such. Among the programs she sacrificed was free milk for young children—a decision that provoked a huge outburst of indignation. "Mrs. Thatcher, milk snatcher" was an instant label that stuck, but the episode is better remembered for shouts of "Ditch the bitch!" which came from the Labour benches when she rose to speak in the House of Commons. What is best remembered in political circles, however, is the mark she made then as a gifted and immensely hard worker.

Lord Home, who as Sir Alec Douglas-Home succeeded Macmillan as Prime Minister in 1963, recalled his first impressions of her to Hugo Young. "I was struck then by her incisiveness in everything she said, and a grasp of her subject," he said. "She was never caught out, ever, by any question asked. So my recollection of her is quite clear. Then, curiously enough, I came back one day and said to my wife, 'You know, she's got all the brains of all of us put together, and so we'd better look out.' "

Sir William Pile was the Permanent Under-Secretary of the Education Ministry, and he worked closely with Mrs. Thatcher during her four years there. Their relationship, according to Young, with whom Pile talked about her, was "decidedly abrasive." He commented, "Within the first ten minutes of her arrival, she uncovered two things to us; one is, I think . . . I would call it an innate wariness of the Civil Service, quite possibly even a distrust; and secondly a page from an exercise book with eighteen things she wanted done that day. Now, these were two actions quite unlike anything we'd come across from predecessors, and we later on, I think, saw that this was only the beginning of the revelation of a character that we'd have to get used to and that we hadn't run into before. . . . She is . . . the only person I know whom I don't think I ever heard say 'I wonder whether.' Most of us at moments of uncertainty . . . will say 'Well, what's it all about? What should we do? Any ideas? Should I do nothing? . . . I wonder whether . . .' Now, that 'I wonder whether' was not a phrase that I ever heard on her tongue . . . Equally . . . she never seriously delegated anything. I asked her on several occasions, 'You know this is quite a trivial matter, one of us can do that for you, if we get it wrong you can kick us in the bottom.' She said, 'No, I'll do it myself.' She worked all hours of the day and night . . . Every single bit of paper was attended to the next day. So she never delegated."

Pile was merely the first of what became a legion of officials and ministers who found that Mrs. Thatcher was doing their jobs as well as her own. She once told one of her ministers—a man she eventually sacked, although he was a Party leader—that if he couldn't do his job she and his Permanent Under-Secretary would do it for him. It isn't clear when she decided that she could also do Heath's job. In 1974, he lost two elections. By the year's end, it was apparent to most Tories, though not to Heath, that his day as their leader was over. The problem was replacing him; the Tories usually have one or a few fairly obvious successors waiting in the wings for the leader to falter. But, with Heath determined to stay, his most obvious successors—Willie Whitelaw and James Prior—refused out of personal loyalty to stand against him. Another plausible candidate, Sir Keith Joseph, did not agree with Heath's policies but had been ruled out of the succession partly because of some impolitic remarks. At that point, Mrs. Thatcher, who had often doubted in public her party's readiness to be led by a woman, decided to make the running. And Keith Joseph, who was one of the very few politicians who influenced her thinking—he may have been the only one—decided to support her bid. Rather to her own and everyone else's surprise, Mrs. Thatcher beat Heath on the first ballot, and repeated her success against a larger field in a run-off ballot. On February 11, 1975, she became the first woman to lead the Conservative Party.

In one of Young's BBC interviews, Barbara Castle, the Labour Party's only woman with an aggressive style that is similar to Margaret Thatcher's, read an entry from her diary for February 5th, the day after the first ballot: "The papers are full of Margaret Thatcher. She has lent herself with grace and charm to every piece of photography's gimmickry, and don't we all when the prize is big enough. What interests me now is how blooming she looks. She has never been prettier. I am interested because I understand this phenomenon. She may have been up late on the Finance Bill Committee, she's beset by enemies and has to watch every gesture and word, but she sails through it all looking her best. I understand why—she's in love—in love with power, success, and with herself." On that same day, Ted Heath withdrew in bitterness to his tent, and he seems never to have forgiven his successor. At Party conferences, this man of multiple gifts and moderate temper ritually invites reporters to dinner in order to censure Thatcherism and its works. A friend of mine has an unforgettable memory of Heath on the night in May of 1979 when Mrs. Thatcher defeated the incumbent Prime Minister, James Callaghan, and returned the Conservatives to power. Heath was encountered in the Ways and Means corridor of the House of Commons by one of the Tory whips, who, this friend recalls, shouted, "Ted, isn't it wonderful? Come to the party!" (The whips were giving a champagne party.) Heath, a study in gloom, shook his head. "Ted, just this once?" Again, Heath shook his head, and walked on toward his room.

I asked a Tory M.P. who has known Mrs. Thatcher a long time what she was like as a leader in the early days. "She felt we needed an ideology, just like the left," he said. "She enjoyed playing with ideas—taking part in discussion groups and going over a paper on the boundaries of state power. That sort of thing. She was searching for a set of Tory first principles, and would stay up all night searching for them."

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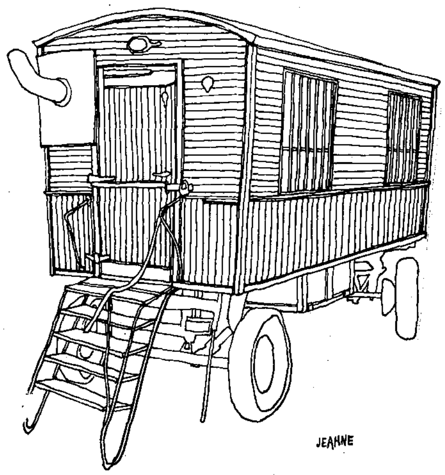
as not, by good luck, of which Mrs. Thatcher, like Ronald Reagan, has had a full share. If Callaghan had called an election in October of 1978, as some of his advisers urged him to do, Labour might well have won it. As it happened, the months that followed the missed opportunity became known as "the winter of our discontent." The problem was strikes, and the press compared the chaos to the near-paralysis caused by the general strike of 1926. Hospitals and schools closed. The dead couldn't be buried, because the gravediggers joined the strike. So did the trash collectors. Heath, too, had tried to take on the union bosses, but he arrived and departed before the country was ready for the fight. By May of 1979, Britons were more than ready for it. Mrs. Thatcher had a good win, arriving in power with a majority of forty-three seats in the House of Commons.

Her luck held. Two years or so after she was elected, her acceptance rating fell to a level lower than any experienced by any Prime Minister since Neville Chamberlain. But the opposition was divided and inept. Michael Foot, who had replaced Callaghan, was the weakest leader his party had fielded for as long as anyone could remember. More important, Labour had lost four of its stalwarts: Roy Jenkins, David Owen, William Rodgers, and Shirley Williams—the so-called Gang of Four, who in March of 1981 formed the Social Democratic Party. This was an overnight success and, it appeared, a major, possibly mortal, threat to the Labour Party. Toward the end of that year, both the Tories and Labour were floundering; the polls had each of the two parties lagging seventeen percentage points behind a newly formed Alliance of Social Democrats and Liberals. Then, abruptly and for reasons still obscure, the Social Democratic Party peaked and began to slip in the polls. By early 1982, Mrs. Thatcher and the Tories had begun to regain ground—not a lot, but enough to suggest that, given the state of their opposition, victory in the next election just might be possible. In April, the struggle for the Falkland Islands began. Britain rallied to Mrs. Thatcher's uncompromising leadership, and a year later, in June of 1983, she was returned to power with a majority of a hundred and forty-four seats. It was the largest Conservative majority since 1935 (when, with Stanley Baldwin as leader, the Party captured four hundred and thirty-two of six hundred and fifteen seats). A few months later, Julian Critchley wrote a piece of whimsy in which he had the first annual Galtieri Award for services to the Conservative Party being presented to the General himself at the Party conference in Blackpool. (General Leopoldo Galtieri was the Argentine leader who tried to take the Falkland Islands from Britain by force.)

I asked Mrs. Thatcher whether she agreed that success in politics was partly performance and partly chance, and I cited various examples of chance interceding in her favor in both the 1979 and the 1983 general elections.

She bristled slightly at the mention of the Galtieri factor in that context. "I do not think I would have called General Galtieri luck," she said. "Yes, luck and chance always matter —always. They always play a part. But I think the successful person is the person who can succeed even when you get the bad luck, and Galtieri was very bad news, very bad luck to us. It is only when you look back now and see success that you say that it was good fortune. It was not. We lost two hundred and fifty-five of our best young men. I felt every one. It was a brilliant military campaign, and my job was to see that at no stage were those commanders ever embarrassed, held up by as much as a second because of lack of a political decision, and they never were. There are certain things that happen that—my goodness me—you could do without. You have got to tackle the bad luck as well as take advantage of the good luck, and in a way it is in tackling the bad luck that is where your mettle is really tested."

MRS. THATCHER is very different from other Prime Ministers not just because she is a woman, or because she is a gamefish, but because she is an outsider. She is, for example, the only Prime Minister since the Second World War who has had no connection with the war; the others served in some way—as soldiers, as officials, or as civil servants—and most had been members of Cabinets in the early postwar years. She was a student during the war years, and that is probably among the reasons that she feels so remote from (as well as hostile to) the consensus politics that emerged from the war and early postwar years. Also, Mrs. Thatcher is a non-establishment, lower-middle-class figure, and there have been very few of these at the helm. Heath's origins were modest, but he moved without difficulty into élitist Tory circles, even if he occasionally spoke like an underprivileged sort. Mrs. Thatcher, instead of cultivating those circles, led a rebellion against them.



Stylistically, she is an original. For one thing, even though she gets quite a good press, she rarely reads about herself or watches herself on television. As a younger politician, she read whatever had been written about her, and often clipped it. Now she occasionally reads some of the *Financial Times*, a high-quality daily, and she sometimes glances at the first page of the *Standard*, a popular evening tabloid. Otherwise, she gets her news from press summaries that her staff prepares each day, and, to a degree, from the radio. Last September, at the urging of a few advisers who wanted to "soften her image," she agreed to take the BBC on a tour of No. 10, during which viewers would have a glimpse of Margaret and Denis Thatcher snugly at home. She did not watch the program when it appeared. She does read, however. "It isn't just Kipling, but he is her favorite," says an adviser who knows her very well. "She can quote English poets—Milton, Donne, Tennyson—by the yard. And she reads a lot of literature —Jane Austen, Henry Fielding—as well." Another member of her inner circle told me that she read serious work, and cited Isaiah Berlin's "The Hedgehog and the Fox" as an example. She sometimes underlines comments she likes, and shows them to people. Still, it's hard to imagine that she reads much besides official papers, since she works so hard—harder, probably, than any other British Prime Minister ever has worked, and harder than most people feel is desirable, partly because her routine leaves too little time for relaxation and the stimulation of other people. Those who deal with her at close range—some of whom would go to the wall for her—say that she sees too many trees and not enough of the forest. Three very experienced people I talked to—one of them a minister, another a member of the entourage—think that she is too isolated. "She lacks cronies to talk things through with," the minister said. "A leader needs a kitchen cabinet. All of ours have had that. She needs people to natter at her—about flowers and the weather. You need to be able to step back and go to the cinema. She has great difficulty stepping back and looking at the landscape." And an old friend says, "She doesn't feel part of the team. She has a crony problem. The others all had senior people as cronies—always someone to come in around ten in the evening to sit up and drink whiskey sodas with for three hours or so and discuss everything under the sun." At ten in the evening, Mrs. Thatcher is usually either working or having a modest supper that she has prepared for Denis and herself; quite often her two principal aides (who are called private secretaries) are included, and her daughter, Carol, occasionally turns up. Supper is usually shepherd's pie or an equally undemanding dish called coronation chicken. But instead of signalling an end to the labors of the day supper is just a respite. Mrs. Thatcher's day begins at 6 A.M., when she is awakened by a brief radio news report, followed by another program called "Farming Today," from which she picks up bits of information to turn into questions for unfortunate aides who don't listen to the program and, in any case, know very little about agriculture. Breakfast is black coffee, accompanied sometimes by toast or grapefruit. After breakfast, she reads official papers until nine, when the first round of meetings begins. When the House of Commons is sitting, part of Tuesday and Thursday mornings is devoted to preparing for the Prime Minister's mid-afternoon question period. There is always more for Prime Ministers to read—more Red Boxes, as the leather briefcases containing official papers are called—than any one person can cope with. Anyone but Mrs. Thatcher, that is. She finds time for all the boxes. She reads a good part of their contents after supper, and usually polishes off most of the remaining boxes after she goes to bed. She lies in bed reading them and listening to the radio until about 2:30 A.M., when she turns out the light. She thrives on three and a half hours of sleep, and has little patience with those who cannot keep pace.

Mrs. Thatcher complains endlessly about meetings. "Why must we have them all, and have all these people about?" she will ask, according to one of her former ministers. "She really does think she can do everyone else's job," he told me, as did many others. She nonetheless prepares for meetings in a way that no other Prime Minister is believed to have done. An American President is prepared for a meeting with a short paper and, usually, an oral briefing. A British Prime Minister will be given a long paper to read. Mrs. Thatcher doesn't just read the long paper. She has people who work either directly for her or in the Cabinet Office making contact with Government departments and finding out as much as possible about the subject of the meeting. "She gets in behind the finely honed paper of a minister," says a senior diplomat who has watched her operational style. "In effect, she rummages through the files of ministries—something the ministers themselves don't do." (Actually, many of her current ministers, having heard about the woes of predecessors, do take the trouble to be as well informed about their own affairs as she is.) The weekends are different, but not altogether. Meetings then are rare, partly because Mrs. Thatcher likes to spend weekends at Chequers, the Prime Minister's country residence. (She finds No. 10 gloomy and quiet, the absence of bustle there difficult to adjust to.) But at Chequers she has the same boxes to contend with, and one or both of her chief aides are usually there for the larger part of the weekend. She rarely goes elsewhere on weekends, and doesn't seem to enjoy herself when she does. I was told a story about a weekend she spent in some grandee's country house; she apparently couldn't wait to leave, and on Sunday was seen crouched on a staircase with her bag, impatient for the car that was to fetch her. She has no hobbies or other outside interests. She is bored by most sporting events. The felling of winged things, the Church of England, and other High Tory pastimes have no appeal for her. Denis has golf, which for him is literally a passion; she loathes even hearing about it. "She is the eternal scholarship girl, wanting to study and get on," one of her critics says.

Compared with life at the White House and most other such residences, life at No. 10 has always been austere. A Prime Minister is provided a salary of fifty-six thousand pounds; Mrs. Thatcher draws only forty-five thousand of hers. There is no domestic staff; she retains two people who come each day to look after the living quarters. She recently paid to have the wallpaper in her study replaced. Official entertainment is taken care of by a government hospitality fund. Travel is even more of a grind for Mrs. Thatcher and her staff than the routine at No. 10. The demands on a travelling Prime Minister are always heavy, but they are more so in her case, partly because she doesn't lighten her work load, and partly because she is a woman. Her schedule, which usually involves state dinners, ceremonial lunches, and the like, requires a fairly elaborate wardrobe; she selects it and packs it unaided. Also, when there is a break in the schedule any of the men in her entourage can try to recover from jet lag or go to a museum or do anything else they please. But for Mrs. Thatcher these moments offer the only chance to have her hair done—something she tries to work in twice a week. "She cares a lot about how she looks, but she can turn herself out with little effort," one of the people who travel with her says. "She can make herself up for television or other occasions in about fifteen minutes."

Mrs. Thatcher's trip to Washington last winter to address a joint session of Congress was typical. After taking questions in the House of Commons, she boarded her VC-10 airplane in the late afternoon and arrived in Washington in the early evening; there was a brief ceremonial stop at the Washington Monument, and then she went directly to the Embassy for a briefing session with the Ambassador, Sir Oliver Wright, and his senior staff. Then she and a few members of her entourage had a working dinner with the Ambassador and his staff. Dinner broke up around ten-thirty—three-thirty in the morning by London time—and for the next two and a half hours she worked on and rehearsed the speech she was giving at eleven o'clock the next morning. Starting at six-forty-five that morning, she was inter-

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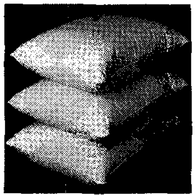

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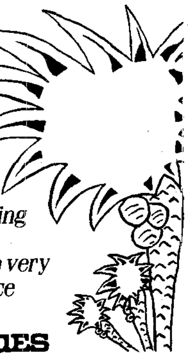

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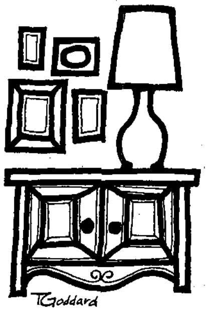
viewed by the three major television networks and the Cable News Network at the Embassy residence. Sometime that morning, she had her hair done. After addressing the joint session, she met with Reagan in the Oval Office of the White House at noon. At twelve-fifteen, Reagan gave a luncheon for her. At one-fifteen, she took part in a bilateral meeting in the White House on foreign-policy issues; it lasted until two-fifteen, when she made a departure statement at the diplomatic entrance. At a quarter to four, she met with Senate Majority Leader Robert Dole and some other senators in Dole's office. At four-thirty-five, she met with still other senators in another Capitol office. At five, she met with House Speaker Thomas P. O'Neill and a number of his colleagues. At six, she was presented with the Christian A. Herter Memorial Award by the World Affairs Council of Boston in the drawing room of the Embassy residence. At seven-thirty, Ambassador and Lady Wright gave a black-tie dinner to honor her and Reagan. The following day started with interviews with British radio and television; between these and her departure, at twelve-twenty, she gave a press conference in the Embassy and met with Elizabeth Dole, Secretary of Transportation, and Paul A. Volcker, chairman of the Federal Reserve System's board of governors, in their offices. The Iron Lady then departed, leaving a deep impression on the Embassy staff.



According to members of her staff and officials in ministries who have worked with her, Mrs. Thatcher has a very good mind; some of them say she is as bright as any of her ministers and more rigorous than most. But, they say, she isn't at all reflective, and has no conceptual sense whatever. "She is a problem solver," one of her senior people says. "Give her a problem to solve and she is as happy as a sandboy. Without a problem, she is bored to tears and intolerable." Another of her people says, "She isn't capable of liking her opponents. She hates them—all of them, in fact." One of her ministers—a man for whom I developed a high regard—says, "The greatest quality any politician can have is generosity of spirit. She lacks that." On the plus side, there is her exceptional honesty and directness. An official commission headed by Sir Oliver Franks was set up to examine the background of the war in the Falkland Islands and Government policy. One of the members told me, "After we finished, we informally selected the best and the worst of the witnesses who appeared before us. All of us agreed that she was the best witness, because her testimony was the most forthright." It is equally the case that Mrs. Thatcher allows her candor to carry her to extremes in her relations with ministers, officials, and even her peers in other governments. She is a considerable bully. "That's absolute rubbish! Stop being so wet!" she will shout at someone—almost anyone. "The higher up you are, the worse she treats you," says a Tory M.P. who knows her very well.

"She thrives on argument and dispute," one of her aides says. "But you must be sure you are right, because her memory is unbelievably good. You tell her some obscure fact, and months later she will dredge it up while she's talking to another head of government. It can crop up anytime. One just has to be accurate." As political leaders grow more powerful, they may become more isolated from the real world, and, in a sense, from reality itself. Mrs. Thatcher's natural dogmatism, her impatience with the views of others, and, by now, her ample capacity for self-deception can cause her to say and occasionally do silly things. An anecdote told to me by a leader of the Tory Party illustrates the point. "She went to a cocktail party given by friends of hers and mine," this man said. "She asked the hostess about her daughter, who, it turned out, was still at school but had taken a holiday job at Marks & Spencer. 'You see,' Mrs. Thatcher said. 'They say there aren't any jobs around. Of course there are jobs.' Actually, the chairman of Marks & Spencer, Marcus Sieff, is a friend of the people who gave the party."

Her family aside, Mrs. Thatcher's strongest personal relationships are with members of her staff. She sees much more of them than she does of other people, and she is intensely loyal to them; they are a substitute, of sorts, for the political cronies she doesn't have and the strong friendships that she also seems to lack (or, in a few cases, may be simply unable to keep up). Her association with her small inner circle is informal as well as close, and involves spirited give and take. "You can be absolutely brutal to her—there's no problem about that," one of them says. "She is incapable of respecting anyone who hasn't worked closely and intimately with her," he added. "And she is a tigress about protecting you. 'Tigress' is the operative word. Her sex must always be considered."

Mrs. Thatcher inhabits a male world. Britain's political parties resemble clubs, and the Tories are distinctly a men's club. So is the House of Commons, which is one of the harder-drinking clubs. Votes there may occur at two or three in the morning, and members endure long periods of inactivity and boredom, during which they chat each other up over whiskey-and-sodas in the numerous bars tucked away in the labyrinthine Palace of Westminster. Although Mrs. Thatcher is both a woman and unclubbable, hence doubly an outsider, she has managed to dominate her party for eleven years and the House of Commons for nearly seven. Cabinet government is normally a team sport, but a male sport. And Mrs. Thatcher, as has been noted, dominates her Cabinet as few have before her. She can, she likes to say, make up her mind about a man in thirty seconds; it is a troublesome tendency. She is said even by some of her greatest fans to be "a bad judge of horseflesh." They cite as a recent example Jeffrey Archer, a youngish former M.P. and immensely successful writer of thrillers, who was selected by Mrs. Thatcher as deputy chairman of her party just before its annual conference at Blackpool in October. He was already in disgrace when the conference began. Over the preceding weekend, the BBC had carried an interview in which Archer observed that many of the young in Britain were unemployed not because jobs weren't available to them but because they wouldn't bestir themselves to look for work. Much worse, Archer then noted that he, too, had known difficulty, having at one time acquired large business debts; he implied that he *had* bestirred himself, by writing books, which restored him financially (and much more). For a man who has had all the advantages within the gift of Britain's social edifice to equate himself with the untrained, unemployed young—many of them badly off—was a piece of folly that may have landed just short of disaster because it was so preposterous. But Archer, whom I spoke to around that time,

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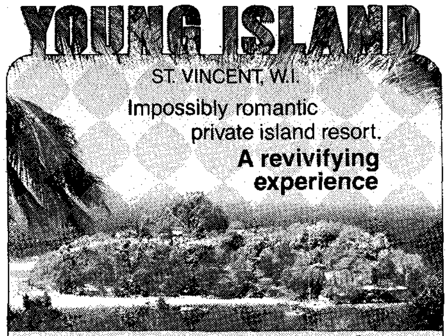

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showed no sign of becoming any less brash.

"She made up her mind about people very quickly and didn't change it," Pile said to Young in his BBC interview. "When she made up her mind, you were consigned, I think, either to a very short list of saints or to a very long list of sinners, and that was the difficulty—you couldn't work your passage from one side of the list to the other except in very exceptional circumstances." And a minister who has worked with her for years says, "She plucks people from an obscurity in which they should have stayed."

Mrs. Thatcher has sacked or elbowed aside strong and experienced Tories, such as James Prior and Lord (Christopher) Soames. Some of the people she has brought in are well regarded, but others, although gifted in a few cases, are short on political experience and hence are of limited value; some are little more than yes-men.

"You can't keep her sex out of it," one of Mrs. Thatcher's senior staff people says. "Her main problem is that she is in competition with men. One of her colleagues keeps saying, 'I'm fed up to the teeth with competing with her.' She cannot resist putting men in their places and making them feel inadequate." This man, who admires her profoundly, went on to say, "She is extremely secretive. She has been leaked against to the press so often. Her defect is attacking the Government she heads. She has a remarkable capacity for distancing herself from it. That is partly her way of getting back at backbiting colleagues who leak these unflattering stories and dine out on their examples of her termagant qualities."

An equally devoted man says, "She is a street fighter. She hates to lose, and she's a lousy loser. She has no scruples and will use every weapon to avoid losing—forensic skills, feminine wiles, whatever. She makes a virtue of unreasonableness. It is a tremendous negotiating weapon. Other people, and especially the leaders of other governments in the European Community"—where her furies are legendary—"want to avoid yet another angry, handbag-waving session. But she is far too intelligent not to know what she is doing." And Lord Whitelaw, the Deputy Prime Minister, who is a loyalist and the man on whose advice she relies most heavily, said in his BBC interview with Young, "I don't think she's in the least afraid to use the feminine touch to get her way if she wants to. She will use anything."

"I think the general atmosphere in the Government of which I was a member was everything should start as an argument, continue as an argument, and end as an argument," David Howell, a Tory M.P., said in his interview with Young. Although Howell was a Dry and did well with the two ministries he had run (Energy and Transport), he was eventually sacked. He added, "Mrs. Thatcher does regard a great many men as 'old women' sitting around in the Athenaeum or somewhere, fudging and nudging and compromising while the ship of state sinks."

When I asked about Mrs. Thatcher's relations with individual ministers, I was told by one insider that her relationship with Sir Geoffrey Howe, who is now Foreign Secretary and had been her first Chancellor of the Exchequer, was as good as any. "She is beastly to him at least once a week, but he keeps his head down and wins more than he loses," this man said. "With Pym"—Francis Pym, Howe's predecessor at the Foreign Office—"it was appalling."

"She mistakes politeness for weakness," says a former minister, who, although he is very capable, was sacked—it is thought because he didn't stand up to the leader. Yet Mrs. Thatcher, despite her dominance, loses battles within the Cabinet, just as every Prime Minister has done; some say she loses more than she should or has to. The reason, according to an M.P. who is a wholly uncritical admirer of hers, is that she lacks advantages her predecessors enjoyed. Any one of them if faced with a Cabinet meeting on the following morning, he says, could take advantage of the late-night, clublike atmosphere in the House of Commons and "fix" the decision in advance, but she, of course, doesn't do that. One of her former ministers, a Dry, who remains sympathetic to her goals, says, however, that the problem lies with her constant need to prove herself, to show that she is clever—to dominate. In a typical Cabinet meeting, he said, "She will let the minister introduce the subject but then take the initiative and say, 'Have you read this paper? I think it will all end in tears if we go this way. I read the paper most of the night. I really think you should read these things before putting them into Cabinet.' What she's doing is putting down someone who has spent a lot of time on his subject—saying it's all rubbish. 'Who wrote this?' she'll ask. 'Well, I should have known. What can you expect? That's why it's so awful.' If you rubbish everything, you reach a point where things you shouldn't have rubbished come bouncing back, and then you are obliged to retreat. That's why one can say she has lost more battles in the Cabinet than many other Prime Ministers. She is forced to change course."

By all accounts, Mrs. Thatcher is the master of any brief before any meeting. Sometimes, I'm told, she will lead off with a recommendation. At that point, the responsible minister can disagree and, if he is persuasive, influence her thinking and thereby even earn her respect. Or he may be intimidated and remain silent and be trodden upon another day. Some ministers express disagreement, but these days very few of them will take her head on in the Cabinet and create an argument. I'm told that she sometimes gives ministers painful dressings-down in front of other ministers, and even their officials.

Mrs. Thatcher's effect on other Tory politicians and Government people is a powerful one. If the House of Commons is meeting late into the night, she will often have a snack in the House cafeteria (another practice that sets her apart from earlier Prime Ministers) or eat in the members' dining room, and in the latter case, according to an *Observer* piece by Simon Hoggart, who covered Westminster for many years, "her parliamentary private secretary is sent before her, to prepare the way." He described what happens then. "As she arrives the gossip and the small talk, the rumble of half-sozzled conversation is suddenly silenced. She distributes quick and searching questions about the state of the economy or the world. Eager sycophants praise her last speech, her dazzling parliamentary barbs. Members who had hoped to order another bottle of House of Commons red think better of it. Those who were about to leave remain glued to their green leather chairs."

Having heard so much about Mrs. Thatcher's supposed need to prove herself each day by controlling the men around her, I asked her to what degree being a woman living in a men's clublike environment had influenced her approach to her job.

"It does not influence my approach to it at all," she replied, "because I

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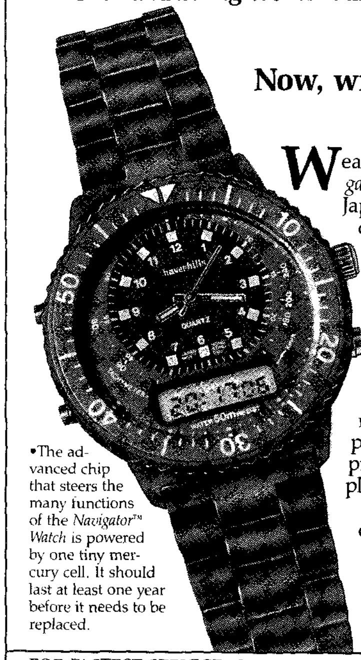

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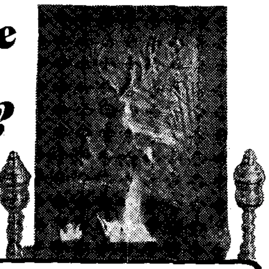

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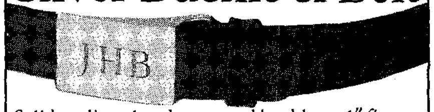

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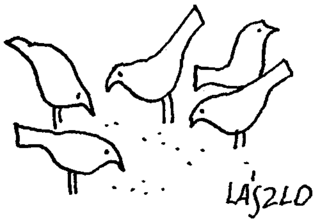
have never been a man Prime Minister, so I do not know the difference. It does not influence my approach, because all my training has been that I took a scientific degree and therefore you look at the facts and you deduce your conclusions, but that is never enough in science. You have to have the imagination for the next step. I then took law, and there you learn your law, so you learn the structures. Do not forget, you have the laws of society. You judge on the evidence, and then, when the laws are inadequate for present-day society, you create new laws. Now, of course, I do not necessarily say it is a masculine world. It is very much the world of the demagogue in which I live, and when they do not like the facts or they do not like the structure of society they say, 'Oh, you are being legalistic.' You say, 'How can you do without the safety and the discipline of law?' But they are always trying to get away from it. I do not know that that is more a male phenomenon than a female; it is just those who do not like to be disciplined by the facts."

I asked whether in the early stages of her leadership the men she dealt with—colleagues or other heads of government—had treated her with condescension.

"There sometimes tends to be a natural condescension on the part of some people, but that is just a personality thing. But when it comes to arguing they know full well that I am as bonny a fighter as any you will find anywhere."

"She is no feminist," I was told by a woman who knows Mrs. Thatcher well. "When Justice Sandra Day O'Connor visited her recently and said how much the women of America admired her, Mrs. T. turned gloomy. It wasn't what she wanted to hear." This attitude, or supposed attitude, is clearly reciprocated by women—or, at least, by the women of *le tout* London, who do not like her. But the men who know her, including those who oppose her or dislike her, do consider her very much a woman. A friend in London tells an anecdote that seems to reflect the reactions of both sexes to Mrs. Thatcher. At what he called a "smart dinner party," the men who were present, "many of them well known and some in the Opposition," were polled individually by one of the women on whether they found Mrs. Thatcher attractive *and* womanly. Without exception, the men replied affirmatively, and were hooted down by the women who were present.

France's President, François Mitterrand, told one of his ministers who had asked him about Mrs. Thatcher that "she has the eyes of Caligula and the mouth of Marilyn Monroe." And after one of their first tête-à-tête meetings—a session that had been expected to go badly but went rather well—Mrs. Thatcher told an aide, "He likes women, you know." Those who know her best say that a man who can be amusing, charming in an unaffected way, and even mildly and harmlessly flirtatious—someone, in short, who makes her feel like a woman—is likely to make a very good impression. (Lord Carrington, the former Foreign Secretary, who resigned at the start of the Falkland Islands war, is often cited as an example. He is now serving in Brussels as Secretary-General of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization, but he continues to see and influence her.) Yet such is her intimidating presence that few can carry off that sort of approach. It seems that she also likes men who have what someone who knows her calls "a bit of flash"—a distinctly pejorative term in the language of Tories, and one that they apply to Cecil Parkinson, who, as the Trade and Industry Secretary, had been Mrs. Thatcher's Cabinet favorite and probable choice to succeed her one day. She was forced to sack him at the Party conference in 1983, because of a scandal arising from a liaison with his secretary, Sara Keays, then pregnant with his child—a scandal that included a broken promise to marry Miss Keays, who was on the verge of going public with her story. According to Miss Keays' memoirs, which, as she had specified, were published in the *Daily Mirror* at the start of the Tory Party conference last October, Mrs. Thatcher nourished the belief that she could make Parkinson Foreign Secretary after the affair died down—"in a year to eighteen months" after the 1983 election "if all went well." As recently as this summer, Mrs. Thatcher was planning to bring Parkinson back, and had to be told by Whitelaw and one or two other stalwart loyalists—people she can't ignore—that it simply wasn't possible. The



political effect of his return—if she had gone ahead with her plans—coinciding with Miss Keays' rather sensational tales would have been devastating for the Thatcher Government.

At the purely personal level, Mrs. Thatcher is warmly liked as well as admired by many of the people who know her best—staff aides, a few of their spouses, assorted M.P.s who have worked closely with her, some diplomats, and even a few ministerial figures, past and present. Beside possessing courage, industry, and intelligence—the qualities that most impress diplomats and colleagues—she is, according to them, thoughtful and loyal in her personal relationships. She apparently has naturally good taste, and notices almost anything that is well designed, well made, or well presented. "She is a visual person," says a friend who invited her to dinner recently. "She noticed everything in a genuine way, and she was very nice about it. She does have a good eye for things." During my second meeting with Mrs. Thatcher, which took place at the United Nations Plaza Hotel, in New York, when she was there for the fortieth anniversary of the United Nations, she apologized for the stark black-and-white décor of her suite; she found it uncomfortable, she said, shuddering slightly as she glanced around.

Mrs. Thatcher and her husband are close. Denis Thatcher is, by most accounts, her best friend as well as her consort, and she is very sensitive to his needs and preferences. Sir William Pile offered Hugo Young an example of this: "I was briefing her alone on a Wednesday before the Thursday's Cabinet when she suddenly stopped and said, 'What's the time?' I said, 'It's ten to five.' She said, 'Oh, I must go and get some bacon.' And I said, 'What do you mean?' She said, 'I must get Denis some bacon,' and I said, 'Well, the girls in the office outside can get it for you.' 'No,' she said, 'they won't know what kind of bacon he likes.' So she got up and she went down, she put her hat on, she put her coat on, I remember she put her gloves on because it was, after all, November, and she walked down to Clarges Street, across the road into Shepherd Market, bought, apparently, a pound of streaky bacon, came back into the office, took her gloves off, took her coat off, put the bacon down, sat down on the chair, and said, 'Now, where were we?' So we resumed discussing the Chancellor's proposal that

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thirty million pounds should be cut off the education-public-expenditure bid."

However forbidding Mrs. Thatcher may seem to the public and her Cabinet colleagues alike, she has a full set of emotions, which can and do surface. The loss of life in the Falkland Islands war brought them to light more than once. And a close friend of hers and her husband's told me about being with them at Chequers shortly after the Party conference at Brighton in October of 1984, during which a bomb planted in her hotel exploded, killing several people. She, too, would have been killed if she had been in her bathroom, the walls of which were crushed together by the explosion; she had been in the bathroom several seconds earlier. "It was a beautiful October morning at Chequers," her friend recalled. "She began to cry. 'This was a day I wasn't meant to see,' she said."

IN politics, the strong and imperious usually make first-rate figures of fun. The stronger they are, the funnier they can be made to seem. France's satirical weekly *Le Canard Enchaîné*, and, especially, its fine cartoonist Moi San, have never fully recovered from the departure of General de Gaulle, a vastly better subject than his rather conventional successors. Mrs. Thatcher is a good subject for phrasemakers, having inspired "Attila the Hen," "The Leaderine," "Boadicea," "Virago Intacta," "Woman of the Iron Whim," and others. She has been described as "the headmistress of a boys' school." Julian Critchley's published banter would be enough to deny him a place on the Tory front bench (where he has always wished to be, he said in a recent memoir) even if he weren't also a dyed-in-the-wool Wet. "She cannot see an institution without hitting it with her handbag," he wrote not long ago, apropos of Mrs. Thatcher's known dislike of the Foreign Office. But Critchley, a cultivated man and, by instinct, a rather traditional Tory, takes more liberties with the impact of Mrs. Thatcher on his party than he does with the leader herself. As a veteran M.P., he has an intuitive feel for his party and the others. As a practicing satirist, he can, in his brief reports on party conferences for *The Listener*, exhibit more than a little insight. "The Social Democrats," he wrote recently about the party to which Britain's young professionals have turned, and which many Tories worry about most, "seem to attract the examination-taking classes, *Guardian* readers with yellow Volvos and two children, one of whom suffers from dyslexia; the Liberals are a blend of the old middle classes and the bearded practitioners of 'community politics' whereby broken paving stones acquire a curious doctrinal significance; the Labour Party is certainly not a band of brothers; and the Conservative Conference has . . . largely become a working-class festival, where those who have rallied to Mrs. Thatcher's populist standard come in order to rail against the trade-union movement, and call for less crime and more punishment. Each year a prominent Tory is tossed from the platform into the crowd, a necessary sacrifice for the party's good." And, comparing Social Democrats—after observing two of their conferences—with Tories, he wrote, "The delegates reminded me of a saying of Verlaine: '*Pas de couleur, rien que la nuance.*' . . . It was not at all what I am used to. Where were the *garagistes,* the estate agents and the speculative builders who have made today's Conservative Party their own? There were plenty of Volvos but no Volvo dealers."

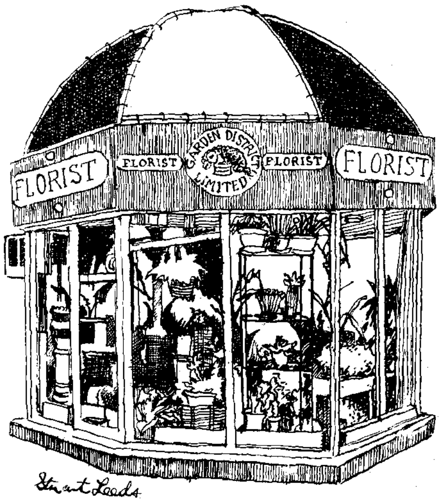
Among the family, only Carol Thatcher, who is now thirty-two, has been spared the attentions of professional wits and comedians. She is well regarded and is described as having spent a large part of her formative years trying to move outside her mother's shadow and acquire something like an independent identity. She lived in Australia for five years, having originally planned to stay only six months. I called her at her office at the *Daily Telegraph*, where, she says, she does "a bit of this and a bit of that." She hasn't married, nor has her twin brother, Mark, who, she said, has been living in Dallas since the start of 1984. By all accounts, Mark has never worried about his mother's shadow but has, in fact, used the Thatcher name to advantage and allowed himself to be used. He and Carol have never been close. Mark is known to have been an indifferent and unsuccessful student at various schools; his only known interest is fast cars, but an on-and-off career as a racing driver wasn't a success, and seems to be over. In other ventures, he has often been indiscreet and an embarrassment to his parents; in political and press circles, he is known as "the boy Mark." His father, on the other hand, is liked, mainly because of the way he has played his unenviable role of backstage spouse. Denis Thatcher performs the small, meaningless tasks of consort with good grace and is considered a helpful and generally unobtrusive presence at No. 10. When he retired, in 1975, he had made a considerable success of his business career; in 1965, the family firm had been taken over, and within months the larger company had been bought up by Burmah Oil. The mergers had left Denis Thatcher in an even more prosperous position. At seventy, he is very fit, and continues to serve as a director on various company boards.

Unlike his wife, Denis Thatcher is very clubbable, and does have cronies. One of them is William Deedes, who is the editor of the *Daily Telegraph* (a Tory redoubt) and was also for many years a Conservative M.P. from a constituency in Kent. He met Margaret and Denis Thatcher more than thirty years ago, when she was still a political novice. Deedes is an engaging man—lean, ebullient, and relaxed. His manner is so relaxed, his habit of jumping from topic to topic and back again so stylized, as to make him seem a figure from another era; his speech sounds vaguely Wodehousean. Besides being Denis Thatcher's close friend and regular golfing partner, Deedes is the "Bill" of the "Dear Bill" letters that appear regularly in the comic biweekly *Private Eye*. These purport to be written by Denis on No. 10 stationery, and to describe the highlights of life there at a given moment; Cabinet brawls, state visits, trips, parties, the reaction of "the Boss" to whatever may be topical are recorded, along with Denis's keen anticipation of breaking away from it all for a day on the links or "a night on the tiles." Actually, the letters are written by Richard Ingrams, the editor of *Private Eye*, and John Wells, the actor. They are usually funny—sometimes very funny. Everyone seems to read them; just before Mrs. Thatcher's speech to the Party conference last October, Denis was introduced from the platform and praised for being a consistently good sport about his role. "But he does seem to write a lot of letters," the chairman said.

The "Dear Bill" letters quickly became so successful that Wells wrote a play in the same spirit, called "Anyone for Denis?," in which he played Denis. (It, too, was very popular, but less amusing than the letters.) The letters are successful because, everyone says, they capture Denis Thatcher's unbuttoned style: his colorful language, his addiction to golf, his fondness for spirits, and his numerous aversions—foreigners and foreign places, the working class, the BBC, and the Foreign Office being just a few. Non-initiates are confused by some of the language. The "smelly socks" are the Labour benches; "reptiles" are the press; "Hopalong" is Reagan; "our seafaring friend" is Ted Heath (who sails); "the smarmy Doctor" is David Owen (a former medical doctor); and "the Corsican twins" are Saatchi & Saatchi, an advertising firm that works with the Conservative Party.

Over lunch with Wells, I asked how he and Ingrams had conceived of the letters. He reminded me that they had done a feature in the Wilson era called "Mrs. Wilson's Diary." In 1979, when Mrs. Thatcher became Prime Minister, Ingrams suggested reviving the feature. Wells remembered saying he thought he had a better idea. Four years earlier, when Mrs. Thatcher was chosen to lead the Tories, a victory party was given, and was covered by television. Wells watched it; at one point, "I saw Denis standing in the middle of the room with a drink, and recognized him instantly as a type," he said. "There is one just like him in every saloon bar in England, and he stands out. It was a kind of revelation." Wells said he knew then that one day he would do something about Denis Thatcher. I remembered that the Thatchers had attended a performance of his play, and asked Wells about that. He said he had heard they were coming—it was a benefit—but was sure that they would cancel at the last minute. "The first I knew they were there," he said, "is when I heard the shouts in the streets, and then a very large dog followed by a small policeman entered the dressing room. 'Just sniffing about for bombs, sir,' he said." I also asked Wells how it was that the "Dear Bill" letters were sometimes right in step with breaking news. He told me that three of them, like many others, were built around events that hadn't occurred—had no obvious reason for occurring—but later did occur. He tends to give Ingrams most of the credit for being able to sense what is happening, or about to happen, at the political level; Wells, the actor, stays attuned to his character, Denis Thatcher, and occasionally does anticipate him. He seems to have perfect pitch. Thatcher does say "Just time for a tincture," and has been known to take along a concealed flask to places where spirits may not be available. He does go off with Deedes on golfing jaunts; Deedes told me about taking Denis off to Spain or somewhere when the pressure of life at No. 10 gets a bit much. Denis does think the BBC is run by Bolshies and pinkos, and that the Foreign Office crowd isn't much better. His aversion to actual foreigners is real and undisguised. A reporter who was one of a group covering a trip of Mrs. Thatcher's asked Denis if he'd been anywhere outside Britain that he had liked. He apparently thought for a while, and then said, "Dallas."

I was told about a lunch he attended at No. 10 for Greece's Prime Minister, Andreas Papandreou. The guests included the Greek scholar Montague Woodhouse and also Robert Runcie, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and Mrs. Runcie. Mrs. Thatcher's toast, it seems, was impressive. Without notes, she adroitly tied together twenty-five hundred years or so of Greek history. "It was really very well done," according to one of the guests, who added that when she'd finished Denis exclaimed "Bugger me, Margaret, if anyone else could make a speech like that!" and then, aware of Mrs. Runcie seated next to him, said, "Oh, sorry, I forgot you were there." A reporter who has written about Mrs. Thatcher for many years (and says that Denis talks exactly the way he is depicted as writing in the "Dear Bill" letters) told me about the first time he saw him—on an official visit to Tokyo. "He suddenly appeared in the journalists' compartment of the plane, wearing one of those golfing jackets with the name of the club on it, and said to us, 'You know, I hear they've got six-story driving ranges out there.' That was all."



People do discuss Denis Thatcher and his doings, and they do tend to like him; the attitudes and the style he represents create amusement, but mainly of a good-natured and nonderisive sort. And people sympathize with this strong, energetic personality living out his retirement years in a small, rather uncomfortable house that, since it is the home and office of Britain's chief executive, has an oppressive bustle to which he has no real connection. Moreover, in the larger scheme of things Denis is much more than a figure of fun for professional wits. "His influence on his wife's thinking cannot be measured," one of her ministers told me. And Sir John Hoskyns, who worked as a senior adviser to Mrs. Thatcher for four years, said to Hugo Young, "She is married to somebody who has been in business all his life, does understand balance sheets, does understand how people tick, does understand the imperatives of business. . . . I've heard her say on topics that have cropped up in nationalized industries . . . 'Well, you know, Denis looked at the balance sheet and said, "You know, there seems to be an awful lot of debt there which ought to be capitalized," ' or ' "Why is the interest forgiven? " ' or whatever. And she, because she's very quick on financial matters, she would instantly understand, I'm sure, exactly what Denis was saying."

There is little doubt that he is also a steadying influence, even though she is very much "the Boss," as he does often refer to her. "He is good news, really," says a Whitehall figure who has worked closely with Mrs. Thatcher. "She is more relaxed when he is around." And a diplomat who has observed them abroad echoes this feeling. "It may be very late," he told me. "Everyone—ministers, aides, the local ambassador, Mrs. Thatcher herself—will by then have had too many whiskey sodas, and all except her are very tired. She will still be going on about something that seems to have gone wrong. And then Denis will appear and say, 'Margaret, it's two-thirty. You'll be up at six. If you come to bed now, you'll still have some sleep.' She'll get up and follow him."

MRS. THATCHER has a special attachment to the United States. She feels very comfortable in America, and is said by people around her to prefer it to other places outside Britain. She inferentially compares Britain with

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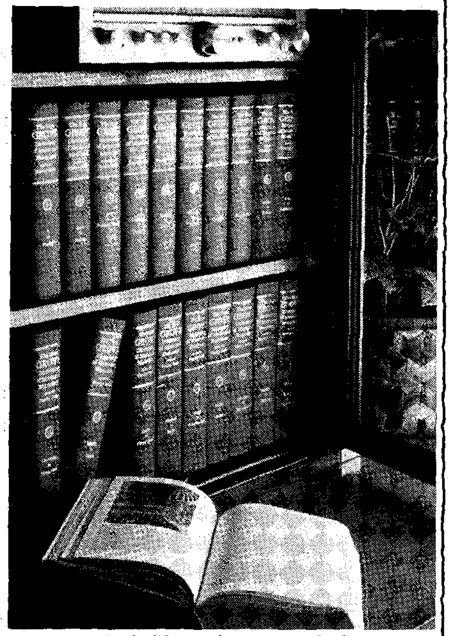

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America, citing America as the place where people want to put their money and as the last bastion of capitalism and free enterprise, partly because it hasn't known socialism. I asked her about this, noting that to equate the two societies would seem to some unfair, if only because America, compared with Britain, was still youthful and had had a relatively easy passage through the twentieth century. Wasn't the Britain she took over in 1979 at best like a wheezy sixty-year-old, and therefore a more difficult problem than taking over the United States would have been?

"Oh, yes," she said. "Much more difficult, because the old, traditional Labour Party was the party of the underdog. Now, had it stayed as the Labour Party, defending the rights of the underdog, it would have developed in a wholly different way. When it became this socialism— The thing about socialism is it gets more socialist, because that is the only way for it to go, and therefore the system matters more and more, and people come to look more and more to the government and to lobbying the government for their standard of living than they do to their own efforts. And at that stage you start to go down, because democracy is self-government, and the price of self-government is self-discipline and endeavor, personal endeavor. What is the thing that I would like in the end to have achieved? It is really to have anchored this country as a free-enterprise society under a rule of law, with the government serving the people, and not dominating them for the rest of time. In other words, if we in practice had a constitution similar to yours—that the aim of government is the pursuit of life, liberty, and the happiness of the people . . . And if therefore the socialist part of the Labour Party could be totally rejected—the Marxist element, in other words, because the end of socialism is Marxism . . ."

Mrs. Thatcher would like the British people to become more competitive and venturesome—more like Americans. "She would like Britain to be like America, with all that mobility, and freedom to start your own business and watch it grow," one of her advisers says. "She doesn't accept, or doesn't want to accept, that America cannot be a model for Britain." Jeffrey Archer, Mrs. Thatcher's embattled deputy Party chairman, says, "She's doing a mirror image of the United States. She says, 'We exported our finest people to America, lost them, and have to begin again.' "

A Tory M.P. who knows Mrs. Thatcher well and also the United States says, "She has an unusually flattering notion of the British people, whom she doesn't really understand. In reality, they are basically uncommercial, uncompetitive, and insular. They are carrying the burdens of tradition and practice. They will never be pacesetters commercially. Pacesetting just isn't British. Many of those who do set the pace here are first-generation immigrants. An American trader who makes a deal worth five million dollars will instantly start thinking about doubling or tripling his money. His British counterpart will take up farming in Gloucestershire. What she wants to do here collides with social factors—class and demographics—and she is among the last to realize it. She suffers from the disease of remoteness, like all Prime Ministers who stay around. They tend to believe in myths, like the myth of the special relationship with the United States."

Listening to Mrs. Thatcher talk about America left me wondering if she didn't sometimes think about what it would be like to be President of the richest and most powerful country in the world. "Which do you have a dream of as a country?" she asked rhetorically at one point. "Which could save the world if called upon to do so? A country that will stand up for its freedom and independence by virtue of its own experience."

A part of the received wisdom about Mrs. Thatcher is that she and Ronald Reagan are very much alike in their thinking and are quite close. They do get along well, and both are durable, have achieved remarkable success in general elections, and have had a full measure of good luck in politics. But apart from being conviction politicians—and being convinced of some of the same propositions—Reagan and Mrs. Thatcher don't have much in common. For example, although neither is comfortable with the subtleties of foreign affairs, she has learned a great deal more about the subject, because she works at it, as she works at everything. Although their rhetoric on public spending is similar, economics is another area of divergence. Unlike Reagan, Mrs. Thatcher hasn't reduced taxes, and won't until she has her budget under control. So-called

Reaganomics has nothing in common with household economics, or pay-as-you-go. She hasn't supported the "Laffer curve" (the epithet for supply-side economics, of which the economist Arthur Laffer is a prominent advocate), on which Reaganomics is based, and I asked about that.

Mrs. Thatcher's answer was quite technical, but at one point she boiled it down: "You have got to look at whether the tax you are getting from that system"—supply-side economics—"is ahead or behind the extra expenditure. When it is behind the extra expenditure, then it does not work, and I think you will find that yours has been a bit behind the extra expenditure; in other words, you still have got to be soundly financed on what you are spending in relation to your income."

Humor has been identified by many who know both Reagan and Mrs. Thatcher as a major difference between them. Reagan is genuinely amusing and cultivates amusement, whereas Mrs. Thatcher is rather dour. Reagan allowed himself to be asked about this side of her by Young in the BBC series.

"I'm being a little reluctant here about telling something, and I hope it won't be tactless of me if I tell it. But when we had the summit meeting here in our country, at Williamsburg, the first meeting, to open the whole session, took place in what had been the British Colonial Governor's mansion. And I was going to suggest that had one of her predecessors been a little more clever, she might be hosting that gathering. And so we sat, there was a moment of quiet before conversation broke out, and I said, 'Margaret, if one of your predecessors had been a little more clever,' and she said, 'I know, I would have been hosting this gathering.' . . . I never got to finish my line." Some might say the story tells more about the President than it does about Mrs. Thatcher.

A diplomat who knows Mrs. Thatcher well says, "She likes Reagan and worries about him, and she thinks she goes out on a limb for him. She also thinks—wrongly—that the balance of favors works in America's favor, despite the Falklands and the exceptionally good price we got on Trident." (These were allusions to the considerable assistance the Reagan Administration provided Britain during the Falklands War and the very good terms on which Britain was able to buy America's Trident II ballistic-missile system for its submarines.) "Also, she likes winning arguments, and therefore likes him. She knows her brief backward and forward, and she knows he doesn't know his. So she will win the arguments—all of them friendly—but that won't affect things, actually, or at least only rarely does it."

Another British diplomat says, "She has no illusions about Reagan." He meant that Mrs. Thatcher doesn't regard Reagan as an intellectual peer, or even as a competent interlocutor, although she obviously places great value on the special relationship that she feels she has with him. "She likes Mitterrand, even though they can't communicate directly, because she thinks he has a mind of his own," this diplomat says. "She can talk to him. She can't talk to Kohl." Helmut Kohl, the West German Chancellor, like Reagan, is usually not in close touch with his brief. I asked this diplomat about Mikhail Gorbachev, with whom Mrs. Thatcher met in December of 1984, shortly before he became the Soviet leader. "He seemed to be a kindred spirit" was the reply. "No notes or papers. It was a very frank, hard-hitting discussion—just the sort of thing she likes. He radiates power and the joy of using it. So does she."

Mrs. Thatcher had described Gorbachev, after several hours of conversation, as someone she could do business with, and I asked her in what way he was out of the normal pattern of Soviet officials.

"He is totally out of the normal pattern of what we have come to regard as a typical Communist," she said. "They tend to read from a very tightly prepared paper, and when you ask them questions they never answer them. They still go on with the prepared paper. He did not have a prepared thing. He had obviously done a very great deal of homework on everything that we discussed, as indeed had I. We were able to discuss for hours, which is totally refreshing, totally refreshing. It was totally refreshing that you could do it without saying, 'Look, I am not trying in any way— Well, please understand that everything I say is only to try to have a genuine discussion. There are some of our things that you do not like; there are some of your things that we do not like, and, of course, I will mention some of them. Of course, you will mention some of them to me, but that is not to try to get a battle going on who can score the most points. It is trying to find the basis on which we can go forward.' And this is why I say you are much more likely to be able to do business with someone else, provided you have a realistic assessment of their approach, their strengths, their fears, and you do not go starry-eyed thinking that one day Communism will collapse like a pack of cards, because it will not. I do not know whether he found it refreshing. I did. I enjoyed it. I would feel no difficulty in going straight to him and being able to negotiate on that basis. How far one would get I do not know, but I think he would be prepared to, say, negotiate directly, and, you see, that is marvellous. Some of these diplomatic minuets you have to go through I cannot stand. So when you have not got those but can come to the point and talk about it, that suits me much better."

Many would say that, in her attitude toward the Soviet Union, Mrs. Thatcher has matured. Having worked hard at foreign policy, she has discovered how complicated it is, and she seems to have shelved the megaphone diplomacy that characterized her early days as Prime Minister. She arrived in power with a pronounced aversion to the Foreign Office—an institution toward which she may since have mellowed a bit, but not a lot. "She doesn't like the Foreign Office, because it is in the business of compromise," says a former British diplomat who knows her well. "She doesn't understand diplomacy, because she can comprehend only total victory—which isn't what diplomacy is about." Although that is the way she strikes most diplomats and foreign leaders, the judgment may be harsh. Mrs. Thatcher has proved that she can compromise and change her mind. Her brief exposure to the Rhodesian problem is perhaps the best evidence of that. In the early days of her tenure, she was openly hostile to the Foreign Office's strong preference for negotiations that would allow Rhodesia to become an independent state ruled by whichever faction its people voted into power. But she was rather quickly persuaded to change her mind—mainly by Lord Carrington, who was then her Foreign Secretary—and to approve a daring plan conceived by the Foreign Office. It called for negotiations in London which would be run by the British and would involve each of the contesting black factions and also the white Rhodesians, who still maintained control of a dramatically worsening situation. Among the plan's daring features was its exclusion of the Americans, who had played a major, if unavailing, role in earlier efforts to solve the Rhodesian problem. The settlement that was reached in London late in December of 1979 led to the creation of Zimbabwe, and became the largest foreign-policy success of the Thatcher era.

Mrs. Thatcher isn't much of a European in the sense that she shares the Macmillan-Heath commitment to a strong and progressively more united European Community; for them, a European whole would cut a much larger figure on the world stage than the sum of its parts, the nation-states. But she is too nationalistic and too genuinely pro-American to be very strongly attracted to the idea of putting most of Britain's eggs in Europe's basket. She doesn't oppose British membership, but she has little patience with the way the Community works; that is, with what she regards as too much presumption and too little performance. The Community functions through a continuing process of compromise, in which the differences of members are split; no one is supposed to be an outright winner or loser. But Mrs. Thatcher acts as if the process were principally adversarial; where British interests are involved, she wants to be an outright winner. For six years after becoming Prime Minister, she managed to keep the other member countries focussed mainly on one issue: the size of Britain's annual contribution to the Community's budget. With justice, she felt that Britain was paying too large a share. "I want my money back" became a familiar battle cry at summit meetings of European leaders. Although the problem was finally settled last year, in a compromise that gave her most of what she wanted, the years of harsh bargaining—unnecessarily harsh at times—created a strong anti-British current throughout Europe, and deepened British society's sense of insularity.

The British, as they are seen by their partners, act as if they were half in and half out of Europe. Hence the Community turns on a French-German axis. But the British wanted to join so they would be able to play a major role in giving Europe direction; doing so would, in theory, expand Britain's ability to influence American policy. I asked Mrs. Thatcher about the French-German axis and Britain's absence from Europe's inner circle.

"Yes, there are many times when you can see the French-German axis at work," she said. "The last European Council, in Milan, was such a time." She was referring to a summit meeting of Community leaders in Milan last June, at which a sensible British initiative was mugged by the others. "As a result of that, we did not get anywhere, because the whole thing was small-minded. I wonder if it is surprising—because we were victors in the last war. We were never beaten, we were never occupied, and they"—the French and the Germans—"were either not victors or occupied. You saw recently that memories are still raw if you probe too deeply, and so that happened at Milan, but it is over. We must just forget about it and go on. And so what can I say? We do go to endless trouble to consult our partners, and we do go to endless trouble to be constructive. Europe will mature."

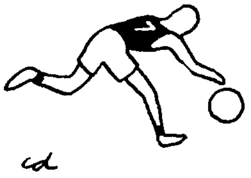
I had not expected her comment on Europe's wars or the impolitic distinction she drew between her own country and the French and the Germans. But neither had I expected her to say that "Europe will mature" (and a few recent signs suggest that it may), or to refrain from repaying the insult she received at Milan.

Mrs. Thatcher is the sort of British leader de Gaulle had in mind when he said, as he often did, that Britain would always choose America and the world beyond Europe in preference to Europe itself. And that suited him; he wanted Britain to make itself an appendage of America. France, he thought, should dominate Germany, and would be better able to do so if Britain's interests lay elsewhere. Mrs. Thatcher does like being closely linked to America, but she nonetheless envisions a truly Thatcheresque Britain as America's partner, not a poor relation or appendage. She is occasionally compared with de Gaulle, another conviction politician. He, too, was a nationalist; if anyone embodied the term, he did. Like Mrs. Thatcher, de Gaulle was noted for constancy of purpose and abhorrence of the expedient. He was something of a bully, and so is she. He arrested a drift in his country toward anarchy and, conceivably, civil war, and Britain is more governable now than it was when Mrs. Thatcher was voted into power. De Gaulle would have agreed with her about Drake's prayer and about climbing hills because they are worth climbing. Yet de Gaulle's reach well exceeded his grasp, and that is also true of Mrs. Thatcher. The comparison breaks down over the differences between them. Besides being Olympian, de Gaulle was Delphic and intensely secretive; his ministers were often left in the dark about what he was doing and why. This cannot be said of Mrs. Thatcher. More to the point, de Gaulle had a strong sense of history, a knowledge of the world, and an intuitive feel for its currents. Mrs. Thatcher lacks these attributes.

Mrs. Thatcher's own special qualities were most vividly on display during the war in the Falkland Islands. She was told by the Pentagon that the military operation she intended to carry out wasn't feasible: British lines of communication would be too long and British air cover for its forces insufficient. Her Navy told her that the operation could be carried out but that the risk of losing an aircraft carrier was real and unavoidable. Few of the people directly involved imagined that armed combat would actually occur. "Our forces never believed it would happen until they had gone past Ascension Island," said a man who was a senior official in Whitehall at the time. "And if anyone had asked them the question 'Can we take these islands by force at acceptable levels of casualties?' the answer would have been no. But the question was fuzzed. It was 'Can we land forces there?' But she doesn't see the uncertainties. She sees only what she wishes to see. The uncertainties that others point out to her she thinks will be buried by her certainties. It was her determination that deepened as the days dragged on. That's what did it. It probably wouldn't have happened otherwise."

"The logic was against it," Mrs.

Thatcher told me when I asked her about the Falklands operation. "It was sheer professionalism and inspiration and the fact that you really cannot have people marching into other people's territory and staying there and winning the territory as a result of force. You cannot. I had a list. I got a list of all the territorial disputes in that part of the world. They are legion. I was not going to have territorial boundaries changed by force if we could do anything about it—particularly when it was our territory."



Mrs. Thatcher's innate mistrust of negotiation and diplomats was never more apparent than during the Falklands campaign. A British diplomat who admires Mrs. Thatcher and was heavily involved in the affair says, "The Americans provided generous support—more than most people realize—but they linked it to Britain's willingness to respond to reasonable peace proposals. The Foreign Office tried to explain to her that one had to be responsive, even if one had already decided in the end to reject a given peace plan—that one had to demonstrate a willingness at least to consider it. She couldn't grasp that point, and thought the diplomats were being soft and weak." Still, some of the proposals were wholly unrealistic, and a sulfuric reaction to them from a Prime Minister fully occupied with waging war was predictable. For example, former Secretary of State Alexander Haig, who was the main broker of the peace proposals, urged the British at one point to halt their troops when they were just five miles from Port Stanley, and work out a condominial arrangement with Argentina. The British say that Haig, although he is a former general, was unable to understand that troops who had come so far and endured so much simply couldn't be asked to halt just short of the victory that lay within their grasp.

For quite a long time, Britain has been spending beyond its means on defense—beyond its needs as well, according to virtually everyone concerned with the subject. Shortly before the war in the Falklands, an official review of defense policy strongly recommended cuts in the Navy; but the war spared the Navy from cuts, and its ships do not seem now to be in any danger of being thinned out. ("Galtieri saved the Navy," says a Whitehall figure who followed the defense review.) In fact, none of the big-ticket items—the new Trident-missile system, the Fortress Falklands policy, the commitment to NATO—are likely to be pared by Mrs. Thatcher, although some experts think that overcommitment to these programs is her major vulnerability. "The Falklands is crazy, and we can't afford it," says one of her former ministers and a leader of the Party. "Can we afford an updated nuclear deterrent? The thing is another luxury we can no longer afford. I think we need a nuclear deterrent mainly to deter the lesser fry who may become nuclear powers. Not the Russians, or to impress the Americans. The services are now far better equipped. We never won the first battle in a war before. Of course, we were fighting Argentina. But we are overstretched—spending more than the Germans or the French. Yet the Party won't oppose her on defense. Some of our more left-wing members hold their seats by being stalwart on defense. It's cowardice within the Party. The Party will keep quiet about the Falklands."

There is some suspicion that Michael Heseltine wanted to leave his job partly because he didn't want to be there when Britain's defense commitments were eventually shown to be beyond the country's means. I asked Mrs. Thatcher to comment on the pervasive belief that she is overcommitted on defense and that, as a result, some of her major programs are actually underfunded.

"Well, expenditure on defense has gone up in the last six years by twenty-eight or twenty-nine per cent in real terms, over and above inflation," she said. "The Trident program I regard as vital. The amount of deterrence you can purchase by that money greatly exceeds the deterrence you would get by spending that amount on extra tanks, on extra aircraft, on extra ships. Because if you have not got an independent nuclear deterrent, then you really could not fight anyone who had got a nuclear weapon, because immediately they could escalate and say, 'All right, we will go nuclear.' That is the reason why you keep it."

I asked if she had an order of priorities.

"Obviously, most of our stuff is seconded to NATO," she said. "Contrast France. We are right up front. We are right up on the NATO central front."

I then asked her to comment on the

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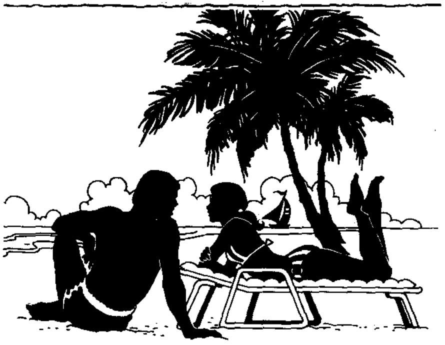

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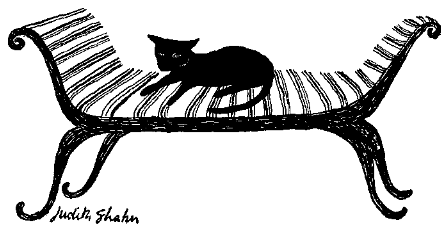
prevailing view that her commitment to the Falklands would undermine other things.

"It is not only the Falklands," she said. "Look, the Navy still goes the world over. No, it does not undermine. Let me tackle it another way. The idea that there is some defense line drawn across the Atlantic and nothing is going to happen beyond that line which will affect what happens north of it is crackers, particularly when most of your raw materials have to come round the Cape of Good Hope. It is silly. Some of us have to have an out-of-area commitment, and anyway look at our potential aggressor. They have stuff going all over the world, including merchant fleet and fishing fleet."

Like any head of government, Mrs. Thatcher finds herself spending far more time on foreign policy and defense matters than she ever imagined she would, and the world has reacted strongly to the celebrated Iron Lady; she seems to arouse more curiosity and discussion than any of her peers, including Reagan, and even Gorbachev, the dynamic newcomer. African tribal societies fumbling with centralized government and wary of their leaders are fascinated by her strength. Europeans who resent her abrasive style also admire it—and her. "She is, in Milton's phrase, 'the cynosure of *neighboring eyes*,' " *one of her better-*read ministers says. Her durability is part of it. In a time when power uses up leaders at a brisk rate, Mrs. Thatcher has become, in Hugo Young's words, "the elder statesperson of the Western world."

DESPITE Mrs. Thatcher's achievements and her unusual durability, she isn't considered an especially gifted politician. She owes her success to the qualities she inherited from Alf Roberts. The question is whether these can carry her through the next election, which must be held no later than June of 1988 and could come sooner. She has problems within the Party, and the country is tiring—to put it mildly—of the Thatcher style. She is widely seen as wanting to break things instead of fixing them, even though hers is a party of fixers, and her party is seen as uncomfortable with a leader who wants to break an opponent or break whatever may stand in the way—in the true path. Besides rarely watching television, Mrs. Thatcher doesn't appear on it any more than she has to. And her success in the television age has been achieved in spite of her performances, not because of them. On the screen, as on radio, she seems abrasive and without warmth, let alone charm, ramming certainties down the throat of a society that she seems to be bent on making feel contrite, if not, indeed, ashamed of itself. A new term—"the T.B.W. factor"—is now in wide use in political circles; the initials stand for "that bloody woman." Tory M.P.s complain of being told by constituents who normally vote Conservative that they "won't vote again for 'that bloody woman.' " Within the parliamentary Tory Party, Mrs. Thatcher has acquired a long list of enemies—disgruntled people who were never offered jobs, and disgruntled people who had jobs but were sacked or pushed toward the exit. "The Wets don't like her and yearn for a quieter time," says a foreign diplomat who charts Mrs. Thatcher's progress. "The hard right doesn't like her, either, and thinks she sold out the true faith. 'It was hijacked,' they say"—presumably by bureaucrats who won't let Thatcher be Thatcher, just as keepers of the flame on the Republican right think that bureaucrats interfere with Reagan's being Reagan.

In talking with Tory ministers, ex-ministers, and backbenchers, I heard much the same thing: People are tired of hearing Mrs. Thatcher tell them what government can't do. They want to know what it is going to do. And they are confused. Some ministers tell them that the Thatcher Government is a free-spending one and proud of it. Others, including Mrs. Thatcher herself, continue to stress the need for less government and less reliance on government—the need for people to realize that they "can't get quarts out of pint pots," and that "we must all earn our way and pay as we go." The reality is that while a few ministers—most notably Nigel Lawson, the Chancellor of the Exchequer—want to make deeper cuts than have been made in government spending, Mrs. Thatcher beats them back within the Cabinet; but because her rhetoric tends to align her with their views she is blamed for cutting programs, especially the National Health Service, that haven't been cut, and, indeed, have been expanded. The rhetoric, not the actual policy, becomes the political reality. "Everyone who has to wait for a hip-joint operation or for a kidney machine blames the Government," says a former minister, a bright and venerable Wet whom she sacked. "Government gets the worst of all worlds. It is spending the money but isn't getting credit for it. She hasn't cut spending in any sector, because she can't. She was right to try. She'd have been righter still had she succeeded."



"Health care and social security have shot up since 1979," says a Wet who is still a minister. "But she and others don't communicate about these things. That's a big handicap for her and the Party. Those of us who are called good communicators are simply taking credit for things the Government has done."

I talked about communication with Norman Tebbit, a former minister, who has just become chairman of the Conservative Party; he and Mrs. Thatcher are devoted allies, and he is the strongest of the Drys, or *arditi*. Party surveys, he told me, show that over sixty per cent of the people who say they vote Conservative think that the Government has cut the health service too drastically. The Party, Tebbit says, hasn't always used its full allotment of time on television. He says he wants to produce tougher and more pointed television. "But she is against political advertising, and the Party doesn't go in for it much," he went on. "She has a genuine belief that facts should speak for themselves. I think that one must speak up for the facts in this wicked world."

I asked Mrs. Thatcher about her supposed reluctance to speak up for the facts.

"But they"—her colleagues—"must not leave all the communications to me," she said. "They are as much responsible for communications. They are members of the Parliament and the Party, and I probably do as much as anyone, and if they criticize communications then they are criticizing themselves as well. There is not much point in having a good product if you do not shout it from the housetops. So it is just part of the syndrome: 'The Party is not good at this, this, and this.' I say, 'Why do you come and tell me? What are you doing?' Not always the most popular thing. I say,

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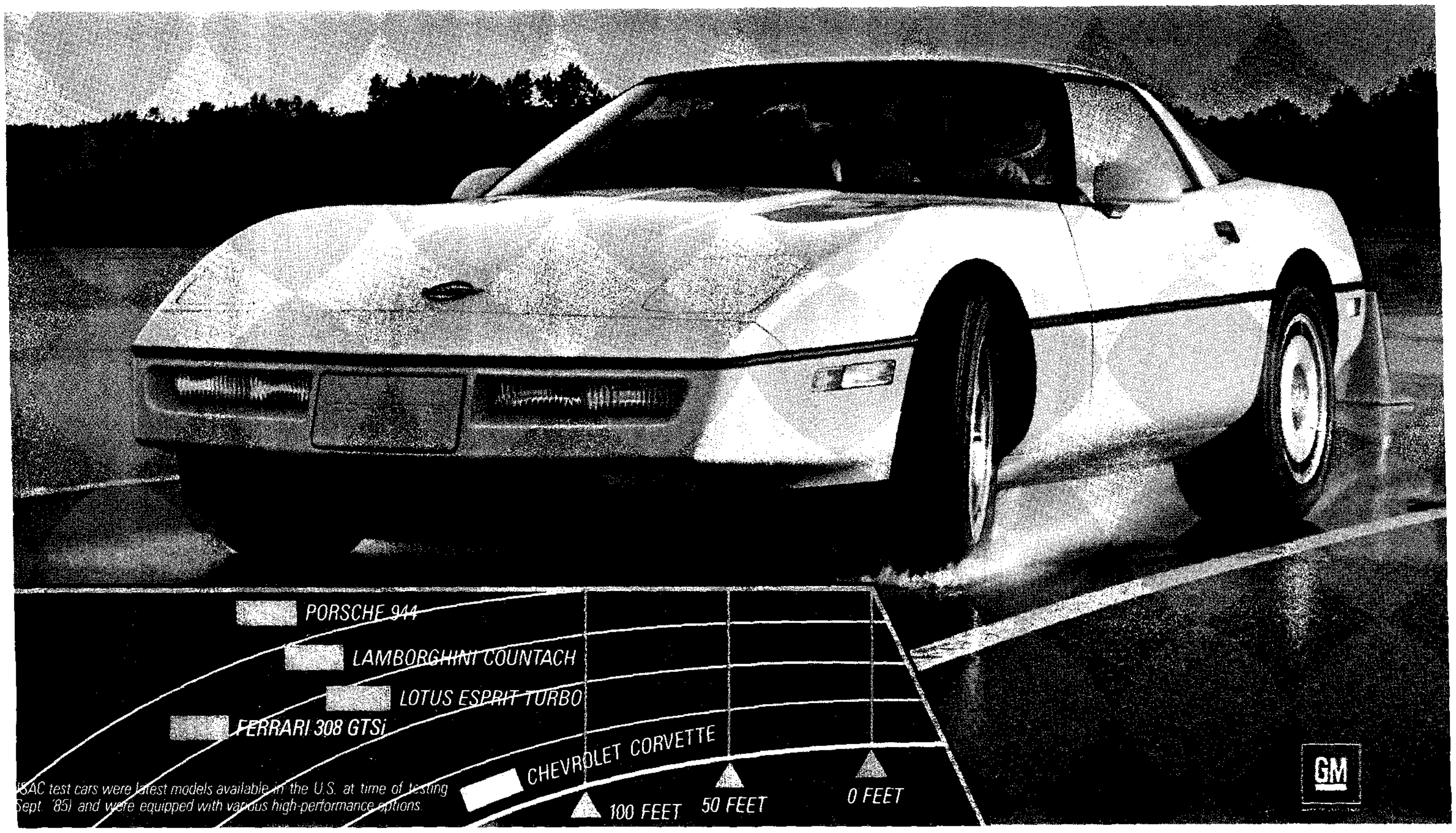

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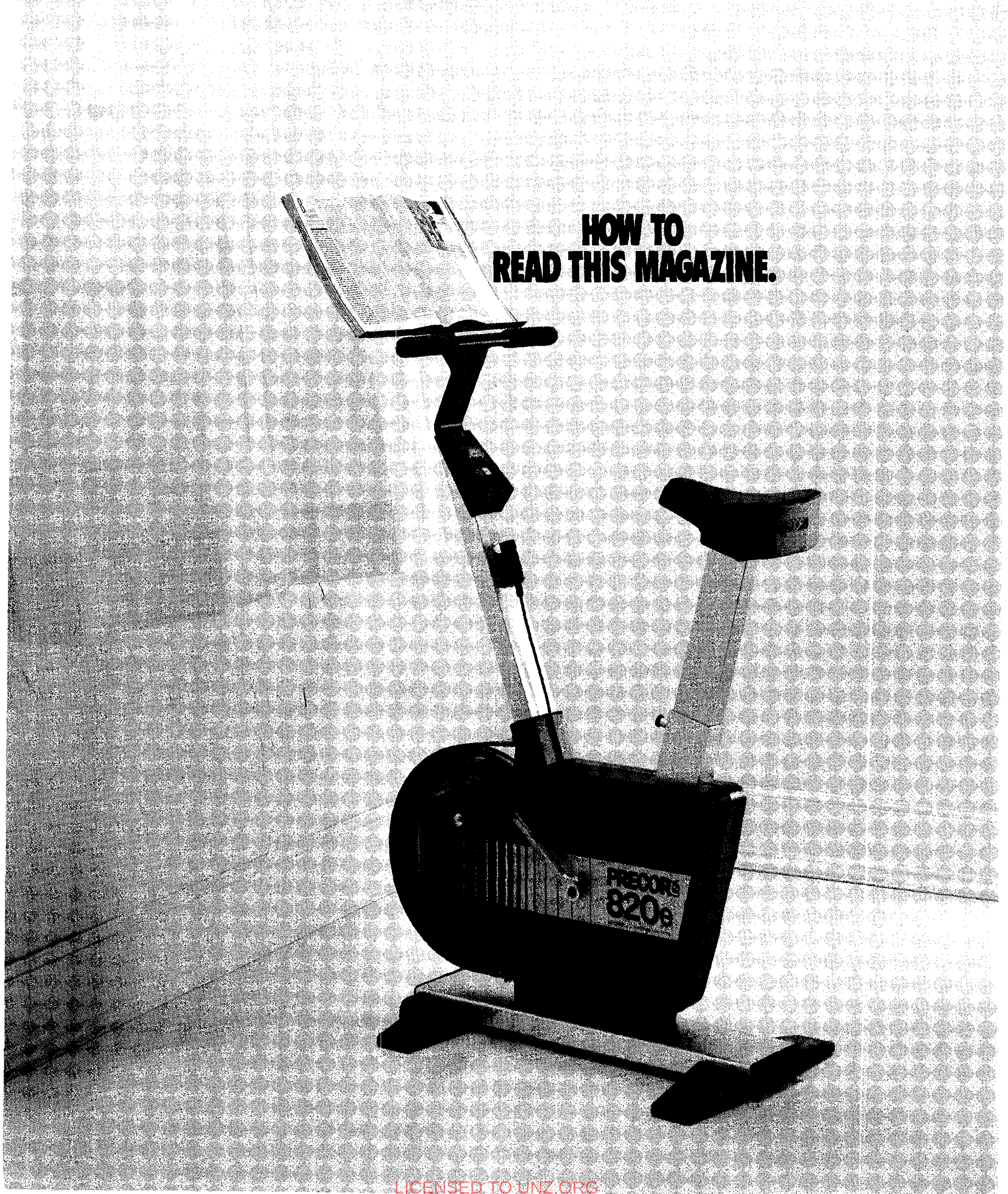


'Come on, you have got to do more.' "

I said that I had heard many complaints about poor communication.

"We simply cannot have politics run wholly as an exercise in public relations," she said. "That I will not have. My job is to get the policies right. Yes, then they have to be sold, but I do not think policies are only an exercise in public relations, although I do sometimes think that words are used in such a way that they influence people's perceptions, and because of words they do not look at what there is there to see—they look and see what propaganda has taught them to look for and find. And that is serious, that is serious. That has to be unmasked."

Saatchi & Saatchi, along with Mrs. Thatcher's advisers and well-wishers, would like to see her show some flexibility and warmth—be a little less unbending and severe. "It isn't in her character to change," one of the Party's stalwarts says. "She doesn't want to be seen to change. She likes the Iron Lady images." But when I asked him whether she would change if staying on required it he said, "If it's the way to stay in office, she'll do it." Others are doubtful.

Governing with a small majority is usually easier than governing with a large one; large majorities tend to be balky and harder to manage. "There are nearly four hundred of us"—out of six hundred and fifty—"in the parliamentary Party, and many are already stamping in their traces," one Tory M.P. says. "They have no alternative to her, but they do want a quiet life." There is unusual doubt and indecision in British politics now. Rifts within both the major parties are partly the reason. The Tory Party dislikes rifts, and is normally very loyal to its leader until the leader falters; at that point, it is always merciless. Tories may lack an obvious alternative to Mrs. Thatcher, but many of them worry that the British people will vote in a new face next time.

I asked one of Mrs. Thatcher's former ministers how Tories get rid of a strong leader.

"You make them ill," he said. "The pressure makes them ill. If panic sets in after the opinion polls, people will say, 'We have everything in our favor—why should we let her take us down?' Macmillan didn't get sick until he knew he was being dished."

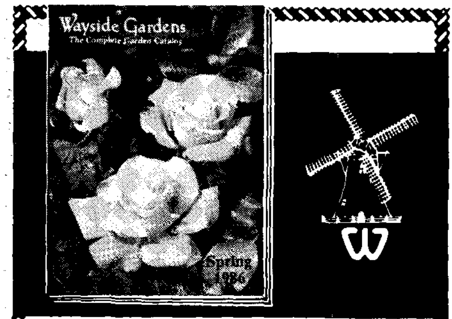
Not since Parliament met on April 3, 1982, to hear Mrs. Thatcher account for her Government's failure to foresee the invasion of the Falklands—the first Saturday session since the Suez Crisis, twenty-six years earlier—has she experienced political trouble as grave as that which her row with Michael Heseltine has created. Actually, her current difficulties are probably graver still. They grew out of a simple, routine issue: what to do about Britain's only maker of helicopters—an insolvent company called Westland. Two multinational groups were competing for the right to salvage Westland in return for a minority interest. One was a consortium of five European companies; the other was led by America's United Technologies Corporation but included Fiat, of Italy. Heseltine strongly favored the all-European option, but Mrs. Thatcher and her Trade and Industry Secretary, Leon Brittan, preferred the American-led group. They felt that Westland's board and stockholders should decide the issue—a course that favored the Americans. Heseltine, who has a flamboyant style, sports a mane of unruly blond hair, and has been nicknamed Tarzan by the press, wanted the issue put before the full Cabinet, but Mrs. Thatcher disagreed, saying that it was insufficiently important and had no bearing on defense. She refused Heseltine, and the fight began, waged largely with leaks to the press. There was some expectation that the matter would be quietly settled in a Cabinet meeting on January 9th. But an hour after the meeting began Heseltine stalked out and announced his resignation. It was, the New York *Times* reported, "the first walkout from a British Cabinet meeting since Joseph Chamberlain broke with William Gladstone on the . . . Irish question ninety-nine years ago."

For both Heseltine and Mrs. Thatcher, there was nothing to be gained and much to be lost in this affair. Heseltine, by his manner of leaving the Government and the flimsiness of his case on the Westland issue, has damaged himself and probably weakened what chances he had to be Mrs. Thatcher's eventual successor as Party leader. He had probably been looking for a way to exit from the Government that would harm its leader. ("Mr. Heseltine's bid for greatness has the sensationalism that smacks of forethought," the *Economist* said.) But by tying his resignation to her overbearing style—to her obvious disdain for the principle of the Prime Minister's being only first among equals within the Cabinet—Heseltine struck where she is most vulnerable politically, and he scored heavily. Then, as some of his charges against her—censorship of Cabinet minutes, privately backing the American-led group while publicly proclaiming the Government's neutrality—were seen to be on or close to the mark, the affair snowballed. Moreover, on January 23rd Mrs. Thatcher was obliged to tell the House of Commons that her own office had authorized leaking to the press a letter written by the Solicitor General to Heseltine before his resignation and designed to embarrass him; this admission was doubly unfortunate because of the Thatcher Government's highly publicized campaign against civil servants accused of violating the Official Secrets Act by leaking documents.

Anne Burgess

The affair may have cost Mrs. Thatcher her greatest asset—Britain's impression of her as being different because she is undevious; as being just as straight and punctilious as she is high-handed and autocratic. The issue now is not the future of Westland; it is Mrs. Thatcher's future. The threat to her position as leader is real but probably not imminent. In doing what he did—"going over the top," as the British press has characterized it—Heseltine has forced most other senior Tories to rally quietly to Mrs. Thatcher. "The wagons have been circled," a senior British diplomat says. The best chance for Tories who may want to succeed her lies not in trying to arrange a coup—not while the Party is troubled—but in a rather Darwinian process in which she is steadily weakened and eventually pushed aside.

"If the Tories get rid of her, it will have to be done in 1986," the leader of one of the other parties says. "They won't want to do it during the run up to the election. She'll fight like an alley cat, and I doubt they'll get their act together. I wouldn't wholly exclude her stepping aside at some point in favor of Tebbit, however. But that would mean leaving without being pushed." This comment was made shortly before the Heseltine affair



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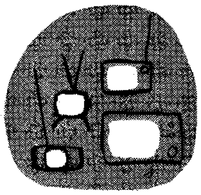
erupted. Many—perhaps most—key Tories, Wet or Dry, felt then that Mrs. Thatcher would lead them into battle yet again, and many still do. She is far less dependent on support from the Cabinet and her peer group within the Party than past leaders have normally been. She has neutralized the squirearchy. Many of the Party's stronger personalities have been tamed or converted. Others she has invented, and they are pledged to her. Except for Tebbit and Sir Geoffrey Howe, the strong figures around Mrs. Thatcher are the people who are judged her potential successors. One of the most prominent of these before he resigned was Heseltine, who can do more harm to Mrs. Thatcher on the back benches than he could in her Cabinet but won't be forgiven. Another is Peter Walker, the Energy Secretary, and, like Heseltine, a prominent Wet. A far less aggressive but more plausible long-run contender is Douglas Hurd, the Home Secretary, who isn't as well known to the country as the more visible figures of Walker and Heseltine but is more respected within the Party. Walker doesn't take Mrs. Thatcher on in the Cabinet, but he does present dissenting views in public at frequent intervals. Heseltine was the only minister who didn't just disagree at Cabinet meetings but actually argued with her. However, he normally kept their differences out of his speeches. He is the best Tory platform speaker, and his speeches are good theatre. He and Walker are both very capable, but neither is especially well liked within the Party, and Heseltine's relations with senior military people were cool. Their different styles were vividly displayed at the October Tory conference in Blackpool, the last three days of which I attended. Walker didn't address the conference, but he did speak to a group of Wets—the Tory Reform Group—the night before it ended. He called the Government "remote," and warned that unemployment now affected "even relatively comfortable families" and would lose votes in the "tree-lined suburbs." Heseltine did address the conference—on defense—and gave the delegates a half hour of what they fancied. A Labour Government, he said, would mean "shop stewards for the forces. . . . Over the top, lads—just wait for the tea break. . . . If you want to turn that thin red line into just some sordid demarcation dispute, then I tell you, 'Let the unions loose in the armed services.' . . . It is not a joke. Services on strike. Licensed mutiny."



Heseltine drew a standing ovation—the elusive goal of every speaker—but, as usual, his leader wasn't there to hear him. Her own speech, two days later, provoked the usual six-minute demonstration, but it struck some Thatcher-watchers as a bit flat compared with some of her vintage performances, of which the speech to the conference in 1981 is best remembered.

The conference tone was defensive. There were probably too many attacks on Neil Kinnock, the head of the Labour Party, who had scored a dramatic personal success at his party's conference at Bournemouth a week earlier; the attacks tended to point up the scale of his triumph. And one heard a lot of talk about midterm doldrums; there was even some debate over a motion that urged the Party to stress the positive and reject any suggestion of doldrums. The indiscretions of Cecil Parkinson, as reflected in Sara Keays' memoirs, and those of Jeffrey Archer in his interview with the BBC didn't help matters. But Mrs. Thatcher's luck held. The riots at Tottenham, which had occurred just before the conference began and had caused the murder of a policeman, produced a villain named Bernie Grant, a black Marxist, who heads the local borough council, and who instead of condemning the killing said that the police had received "a bloody good hiding." The remark outraged the country as well as the conference, and Bernie Grant wasn't just hung around Kinnock's neck by Tory orators but plastered to him.

Still, each of the three opposition parties had a better conference than the Tories, and each has been having some success in the polls, if temporarily, at Tory expense. I asked the Social Democrats' David Owen about Kinnock, whose improved standing is especially noticeable.

"Kinnock split the Labour Party cleverly," he said. "He split the left into two parts—*soft left* and *hard left*. The soft left are his friends. So the hard left—his enemies—are isolated, and the old-fashioned right wing is also isolated. Kinnock's program will be dangerously left-wing, but he has built a fragile barrier between himself and the hard left, which may or may not hold." Kinnock is eloquent and appealing, as Welsh politicians often are. But he strikes me as resembling a new breed of American politician, in the sense that he is good on television, operates well within his party, and is an innocent on issues. Many politicians in the other parties say he will be "found out" between now and the next general election. A larger question is whether the dismembered and somewhat discredited Labour Party could again form a Government. It doesn't seem to have any answers to any problems that don't involve heavy borrowing; also, few Britons really want to nationalize industries that Mrs. Thatcher has denationalized. And Kinnock has the arduous task of dealing with people on his left—the Tony Benns—who say, "We must look after our people the way she looks after hers. We, too, must show conviction." David Owen says, "Labour must work harder than the Tories to improve its position. It has a more dangerous"—meaning left-wing—"defense policy now, and has more ground to make up in places it lost last time." Still, Britain is a natural democracy, and the two-party system has been basic to it. Given the ebb and flow of Party fortunes, Labour should remain in contention unless and until there is something to replace it. The Alliance of Liberals and Social Democrats may become that something, but hasn't yet. Instead, Britain finds itself in a three-party situation. Before the Heseltine affair, the polls were taking an erratic course but showed each of the three either just below or just above the thirty-per-cent mark. Now, however, the Tories have fallen behind. The prospect that the next election will produce a hung Parliament, with none of the parties able to form a Government except in coalition with one of the others, is much discussed; and what might happen then is anyone's guess, especially since the Alliance itself might split, the Liberals being unwilling to join any Government led by Mrs. Thatcher and the Social Democrats equally unwilling to join a Government led by Neil Kinnock. David Steel, the head of the Liberals, and the Tories would be a bad fit, and the same may be said of Owen and Labour, the Party he left.

"A three-party situation can produce a wild outcome," one of Mrs. Thatcher's ministers says. "In 1966 and 1983, the Conservatives got about the same proportion of the vote"—about forty-two per cent. "In '66, when we were running only against Labour, we lost the election by over a hundred seats, whereas in 1983 we won by a hundred and forty-four seats. That was partly because the third party"—the Alliance—"took votes away from Labour." All this has changed now; the Alliance is expanding its strength largely at Tory expense. An internal Social Democratic poll taken last autumn showed the Alliance getting eighty-three per cent of its strength from people who had voted Conservative in 1983, and seventeen per cent from those who had voted Labour. Many principled Tories cheered the creation of the Social Democratic Party, seeing it as a potentially responsible opposition—an alternative to the deplorable Labour Party, which seemed on the verge of being radicalized. But with the Social Democrats now threatening them in their own constituencies most of these Tories are changing their tune. "I was happy when the Social Democratic Party came in," says one of them, a former minister. "But now I worry about it. It will take votes away from us, not from Labour." Traditional Tory strongholds are less secure; the Party no longer controls two-thirds or more of the shire counties, as it normally has. Polls show about forty per cent of the so-called salariat defecting to the Alliance, and quite a lot of what the Thatcher Government is currently proposing looks as if it had been pinched from an Alliance pamphlet.

The Alliance has a joint leadership—the Liberals' David Steel and the S.D.P.'s David Owen. Each leader is forty-seven, of moderate inclination and great political ability. Each is engaging and popular; Steel has been the most persistently popular politician of his generation, but Owen is considered stronger on issues—as strong as anyone in British politics—and he is taking on more of the nimbus of potential leader. He strikes people as unlikely to undo or trifle with Mrs. Thatcher's genuine achievements. He is hard-headed and by instinct conservative. A great many Tory M.P.s are attracted to Owen, but they won't break ranks for him; party lines in Britain are clear and rarely crossed.

I asked Mrs. Thatcher if she, too, saw the buildup of the Alliance as possibly supplying Britain's need to have two reasonable and rational political blocs.

"No, I do not," she said. "Because I think when you start to analyze it you see what the real situation is. That had Labour won the election in 1979 the S.D.P. [leaders] would still have been Cabinet ministers in an extreme-left-wing Labour Government and still be propounding and practicing those policies. And had they had any guts they would have worked from within the Labour Party to alter it. They did not, so they got out. But really such an opportunistic thing . . . They fought that election on the most left-wing Labour manifesto that we have ever had. Do you recall the story of Talleyrand looking out of the window in Paris one day and seeing a battle going on and saying to his secretary, 'I see our side is winning.' So he said, 'And which one is that?' And he said, 'I will tell you when the battle is over.' "

I asked if it wasn't true that the S.D.P. leaders had fought from within to change and moderate the Labour Party and had left only when they realized that it couldn't be done.

"So what they do is hand over the Labour Party, which is still a pretty powerful Party. It is the opportunism which I just cannot stand. They did not get out so long as there was a chance of being Cabinet ministers in that Government. Opportunism is the opposite of conviction, and it is not to me an acceptable proposition."

Winning an election with three million unemployed would have been judged inconceivable until Mrs. Thatcher did it, in 1983. But that was an unusual election, because of the so-called Galtieri factor and because the opposition was weak and divided. Things have since changed. The opposition is better and stronger. In launching the miners' strike, Arthur Scargill recently boosted Mrs. Thatcher's stock somewhat by giving her an opportunity to outlast and beat him. But because Britons do sympathize with the miners themselves the struggle between their radical leadership and Mrs. Thatcher cannot compare as a political event with the war in the Falklands; the Scargill factor

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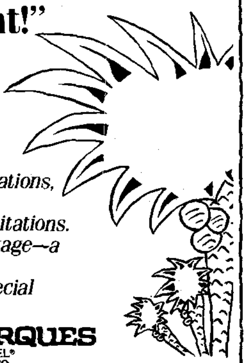

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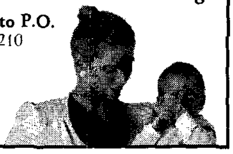

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isn't expected to have much effect on the next election. And since there isn't much good news on Mrs. Thatcher's horizon her heavy political problems could become heavier. Still, however unpopular she may be, she has had in her favor a widespread sentiment that if she goes she will leave a void that neither the Tories nor, perhaps, the country will be able to fill. In November, the House of Commons overwhelmingly approved an agreement that Mrs. Thatcher recently made with the Irish Republic which gives it a formal voice in the affairs of Northern Ireland, so that the Dublin government will be able to defend the interests of the large Catholic minority in Northern Ireland. The step was a bold and popular one, although the Heseltine affair may have nullified its beneficial effects. Something that David Owen, who is competing with Mrs. Thatcher for much of the vote she got last time, said to me about her last October may be significant: "She is the narrowest politician ever to inhabit No. 10. Until the latest Northern Ireland settlement, she hadn't shown any ability to grow. They all broaden out at No. 10, but she has changed less than any. She is admittedly very knowledgeable—far more so than most. She is one of the best-briefed people in the country, and does have the ability to retain a huge amount of information." The essential point is that although Mrs. Thatcher may be disliked and judged guilty of infusing into politics a rancor and divisiveness that hadn't been there before, she will continue to be respected and taken seriously, unless the Heseltine affair does alter the country's view.

I asked her whether she thought her party and the country had accepted the basic elements of Thatcherism and what those had produced.

"All very popular," she said.

I had asked, I said, because of the polls.

"The polls are affected, I think, by two things," she said. "Some people try to convey the impression that government alone can solve the problem of unemployment—that it can see that everyone has a job. In a free society, you cannot. You just cannot. I mean, the new jobs will come from new business and expanding business. That is, as I said, customers create jobs. Just try to work it through. You really cannot imagine government and civil servants in Whitehall sort of pouring out of their offices—bowler hats and brollies—on buses and trains, going to every place in the country. 'I have got to set up today fifty new businesses. What shall we produce? What service?' If they could, then people would not buy the stuff. Once you start to work it through, you see how absurd it is. And then they just say, 'Well, all right, reflate or spend more money.' Then you say, 'If I take more of your money, it means you cannot spend it, so the jobs you would have created by your spending it are not there. What makes you think that the jobs I would create by spending it are better in the longer run than the ones you would have created? For every pound I spend, you spend a pound less.' "

Quite clearly, the polls have little effect on Mrs. Thatcher, and she seemed to expect to be in No. 10 for some time. At one point, when we were talking about differences between the United States and Britain, she said, "Do not forget, I have only been here for six and a half years, and that is not really very long to turn round thirty years of state scientific industry."

MRS. THATCHER may feel that six and a half years at No. 10 isn't a long time, but most people would see the matter differently. If she is still there in January of 1988, she will have exceeded Herbert Asquith's tenure (eight and a half years) and thus become the longest continuously serving Prime Minister since Lord Liverpool (1812-27), who, unlike her, may have flourished because he didn't try to do much of anything, let alone swim upstream. Politics usually rewards persistent effort more than it does style. Mrs. Thatcher's extraordinary single-mindedness, not her considerable ability and cleverness, is mainly responsible for her success. As a leader, she is, I think, a remarkable mixture of large pluses and large minuses. In other words, she is a dynamic figure, but more of a negative force than a positive one. She slaughtered sacred cows that others had humored. She shook and shook again a society that had grown indolent and Micawberish, with the result that industrial relations that had become unmanageable are now manageable, and people who feel they have something, or something more, to do and to contribute have an incentive to try. Thanks to her, the Falkland Islands, a worthless and costly appendage, remain British. But Mrs. Thatcher hasn't arrested Britain's steady decline, which Peter Jenkins, another prominent columnist, has described by quoting an observer of seventeenth-century Spain, who said its decline had become so rapid that "one can actually see it occurring from one year to the next." Her great achievement may lie in making it less difficult for a successor to halt the decline—or at least slow it down.

I asked a member of the Tory hierarchy, a Dry, whether the effect of Mrs. Thatcher on his party would be lasting. "She has changed the Party about forty-five degrees," he said. "The next leader will make a course correction of ten to fifteen degrees back to where we were. He will have to. At best, he'll be a lesser version of her."

Historians may argue about whether she was an agent of history—a Tolstoyan figure—or an accidental human force. In any case, the place they give her will be a large one—larger than any granted to date to any British statesperson of the century except Churchill. Between now and the next election, however, British society will answer some questions that will decide the outcome. Has Thatcherism amounted to a good try at a revolution that failed, since things haven't improved much? Was it an essential and permanent break of a truly fossilized mold? And is all the "aggro" that accompanies Thatcherism justified by what it accomplishes? Baldwin, I'm told, referred to Lloyd George with disdain as a dynamic figure.

I asked a Tory M.P., a man of nice judgment, what he thought of Mrs. Thatcher's chances in the next election. "The size of the swing needed to beat her would be huge," he said. "Bigger than Labour needed in 1945 to beat Churchill. If she goes, it will be because she has been voted out, not because someone has beaten her. It will be the T.B.W. factor. Overmighty Prime Ministers are overthrown by the people. Bonar Law didn't win an election. He was voted in because he wasn't Lloyd George."

—JOHN NEWHOUSE

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The Whitney-Harlow House on Highland Ave. features an addition called the "Denver Urban Renewal Room," built with pieces of historic Denver buildings torn down in the 1960s. The home's current occupants, Judge Horace B. Holmes and his wife, June, have lived in the house since 1945, adding an outdoor swimming pool and filling it with antiques.—*Boulder (Colo.) Daily Camera.*

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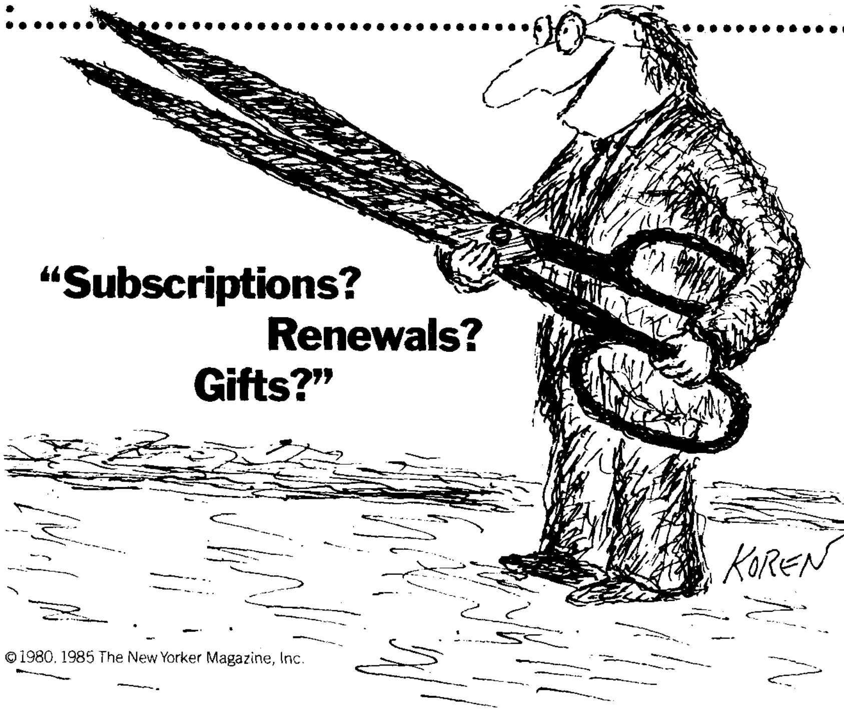
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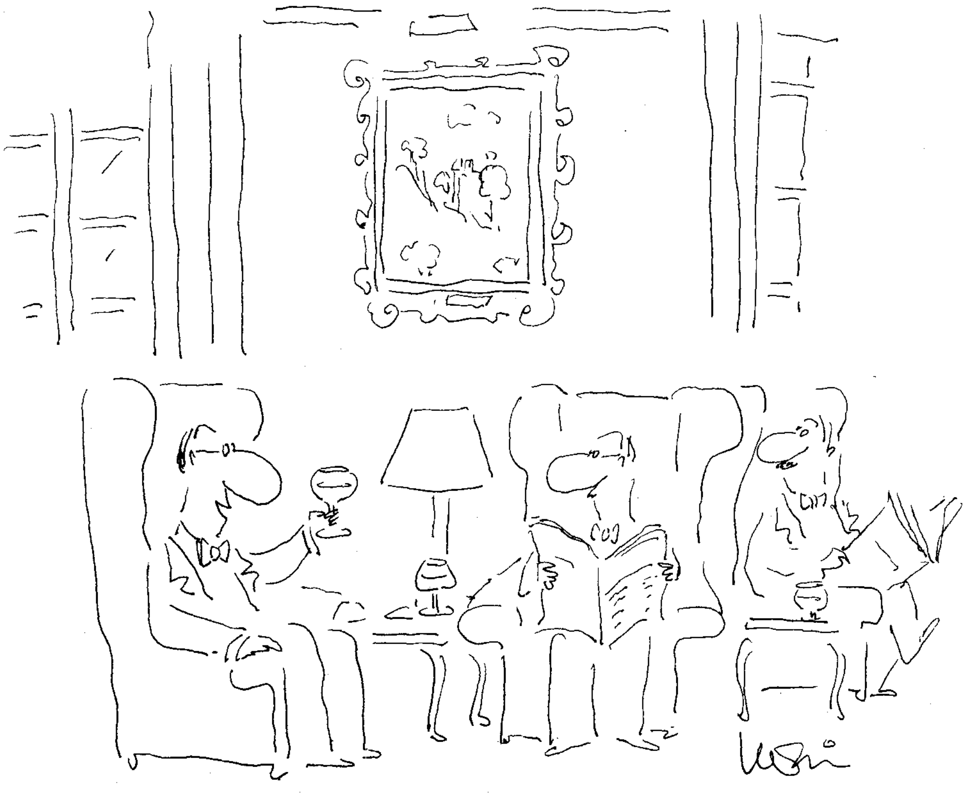
THE THEATRE

Pallid Pinter

THE Steppenwolf Theatre Company of Chicago has just brought to the Circle in the Square a production of Harold Pinter's "The Caretaker," with three of the best-known figures in the Steppenwolf Company—Jeff Perry, Gary Sinise, and Alan Wilder—playing the three peculiar characters who make up the entire cast of the play, and a fourth member of the company, John Malkovich, directing the play and designing the costumes for it. Over the past hundred years, New York City has been paying homage to the inventiveness of Chicago in architecture, and in recent years we have been paying homage to its inventiveness in the theatre as well; for that reason, a Steppenwolf production of "The Caretaker" has been much looked forward to, and perhaps the disappointment that I felt on opening night was heightened by the degree to which I had quite unfairly expected Mr. Malkovich and his colleagues to illuminate the celebrated Pinteresque darkness in some innovative fashion. Alas, they have done nothing of the kind; the Pinteresque darkness, far from being illuminated, is merely expunged. Few of the emotions ordinarily aroused in us by Pinter's allusive, broken-off scraps of dialogue—the sense of having been pitched headlong, innocently and against our will, into some area of unnamable evil, followed by the dread intimation that we may not be so innocent as we assumed—are realized in this unendurably long-drawn-out version of the play. Pinter's humor is emphasized, but only in what seemed to me a humorless fashion—the actors hit their joke lines hard, and the lines buckle. Malkovich is a brilliant actor and, on the evidence familiar to me, an indifferent director, with the virtue of respecting the text and the fault of seeming not to be in sympathetic touch with it.

Pinter wrote "The Caretaker" a quarter of a century ago; it has grown thin with age and with our knowledge of the much more substantial plays—"The Homecoming," "Old Times," "No Man's Land," and the like—with which he followed it. In "The Caretaker" we hear unwelcome echoes of Steinbeck's "Of Mice and Men" and other overly simple melodramas of past days. Davies (Alan Wilder), a rubbishy old codger, becomes the baffled pawn of two brothers—Aston (Jeff Perry), who is brain-damaged, and Mick (Gary Sinise), who is a sadist with an all too lively brain. Davies is a sacrificial victim, and from the moment the play begins we are aware that nothing but ill fortune can befall him; our interest in the plot lies not with "how" or "why" but with "when," and "when" is rarely enough in the theatre. The setting of the play is by Kevin Rigdon (who also designed the lighting), and it is as inappropriate as the direction, consisting of an enormous, high-gabled attic room at the top of a house somewhere in West London. Pinter intends us to feel a sense of suffocation in this room; what we feel instead is that we have stumbled upon a castle in Graustark, far gone in decay.



"To wealth, even if it's only on paper."

"UPTOWN . . . IT'S HOT!," at the Lunt-Fontanne, is a musical that pretends to give us an encylopedic history of Harlem entertainment over the past half century; every great name in song and dance that one expects to hear mentioned is indeed ticked off, as in a game of Trivial Pursuit played at demonic speed. The star of the show is Maurice Hines, who is charming, and a host of attractive and energetic young people make their way through the decades from the nineteen-thirties on without the least sign of knowing what those decades in Harlem were like to live through, whether for blacks or for whites. It was more—and could have been demonstrated to have been more—than just so much happy noise. The scenery of "Uptown" is by Tom McPhillips, the lighting is by Marc B. Weiss, and the costumes are by Ellen Lee.

—BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

Cuba Libre

IN the satiric "Rum and Coke," at the Public, Keith Reddin tells in mock-documentary style the story of an earnest young Yale graduate called Jake, who, on the strength of one childhood vacation spent in Cuba, is recruited by the C.I.A. in 1959 to foment rebellions against Castro in Guatemala and adjacent countries. There are twenty-one characters in the play, of whom three—Jake, his sister Linda, and a Cuban exile named Miguel, who works with Jake and becomes his dear friend—are people; the rest are types. These types, often amusing, are familiar by now: malignant C.I.A. clowns; a barbaric, rich Fascist from the Southwest; assorted eager beavers; and figures with real names, such as Richard Nixon and Fidel himself. Many of them seem to be talking in cartoon captions or secondhand synthetic speech—at times clever, at times not. Jokes abound, as do references to popular songs and movie casts of the period. The scenes that are truly strong are those involving Jake and Linda and Miguel, and one of the best is Miguel's speech—a comic masterpiece as delivered by Tony Plana—in which he describes to Jake with an admiration that approaches awe the sexual inventiveness of a prostitute imported into Central America by the C.I.A. The play ends, of course, with the catastrophe of the Bay of Pigs.

Peter MacNicol could not be better in the leading role, as an innocent dupe among the devious and brutal; Polly Draper is splendid, too, as his beautiful, worldly, bossy older sister; and Mr. Plana's Miguel is indelible. As for the adventurous Mr. Reddin, he surely has one of the most vigorous imaginations among younger dramatists today, and it seems a shame to turn it loose on Nixon and C.I.A. stereotypes. Mr. Reddin's high spirits, his kaleidoscopic inventiveness belong more to fiction than to fact. Though the factual material seems sound enough, it is prepackaged, and the cleverness of its handling, genuine as it may be, is no match for the real humor, understanding, and originality that he brings to his three completely realized characters. "Rum and Coke" seems to me several giant steps beyond Mr. Reddin's "Life and Limb," of a year ago, but I still feel that the social commentary is negligible; his creativeness is everything. The Public's casting is, as always, impeccable. The actors, other than the three leads, appear in multiple roles, and all of them do well, under the adroit direction of Les Waters. I especially admired Frank Maraden (Nixon et al.), John Bedford-Lloyd (Castro et al.), and Larry Bryggman. The scenery, costumes, and lighting, all impressive, are by John Arnone, Kurt Wilhelm, and Stephen Strawbridge, respectively.

—EDITH OLIVER

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MUSICAL EVENTS

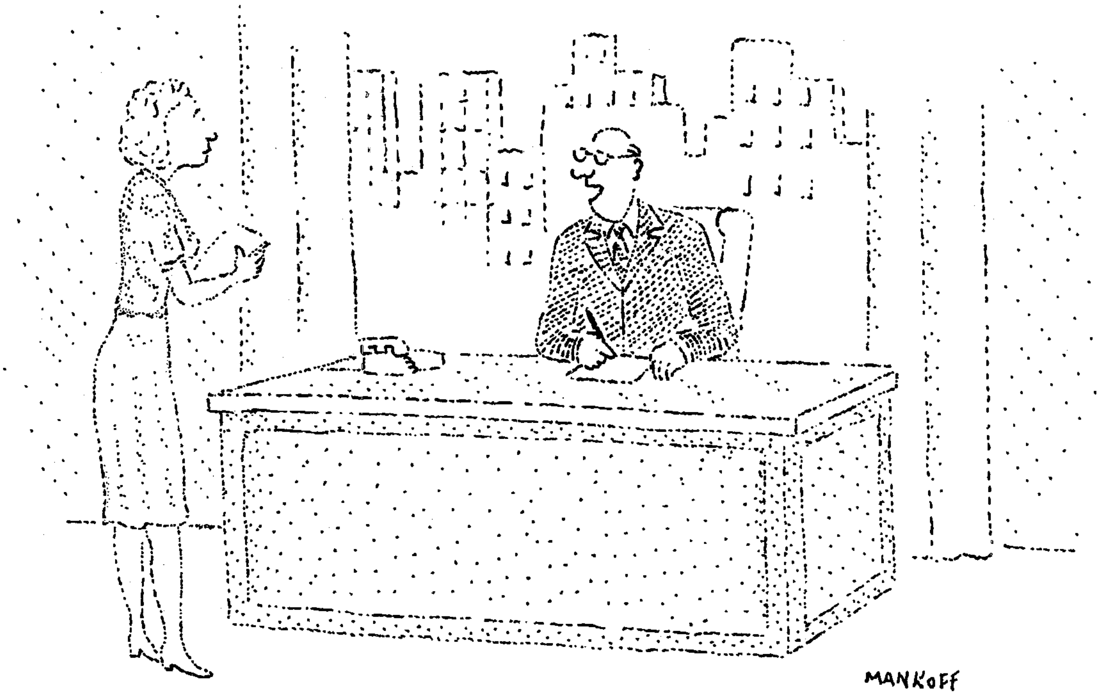
Palaces

THE Metropolitan Opera's revival of "Idomeneo" last month had merits—most of them provided by Frederica von Stade, as Idamantes. It was good to hear and see her right back on form, finding again the forward, direct quality of tone which evokes an instant response in the listener, giving a fearless yet touching portrayal of a young prince with nerves close to the surface. The Ilia, Electra, and Idomeneus were new to the production. Carol Vaness's Electra was striking, but her timbre was sometimes opaque, covered—not fresh and bright—and Jean-Pierre Ponnelle's production keeps Electra on the verge of caricature. Linda Zoghby's Ilia seemed workaday until she reached the third aria, "Zeffiretti lusinghieri," through which her voice moved firmly and well. The new, slim, boyish David Rendall took the tragic title role. He looked too young for the part and did not sing brilliantly enough to justify the instatement of the long version of the bravura aria "Fuor del mar."

Mr. Ponnelle's sepia stage pictures are handsome. His production, staged now by Lesley Koenig, retains all its tiresomeness. At every mention of Neptune or the *implacabili dei*—who are mentioned often in "Idomeneo"—a giant, glowering mask of Neptune lights up in the background. Miss Zoghby suffers most from Mr. Ponnelle's insistence on filling the stage with unwanted extra characters. She sings her first aria in competition with cross-stage dumb show behind her from Miss Vaness and Miss von Stade. Her second is "prompted" by Miss von Stade, playing peekaboo from behind a pillar. ("Try another verse, dear, and see if Dad won't relent.") In the third, a soliloquy if ever there was one (the recitative begins "Solitudini amiche"), she shares the scene with Miss von Stade. The opening words of Act II, Idomeneus' to Arbaces, are "Siam soli;" the Met curtain goes up on a stage dressed with supers, who have to be waved off before the act can begin. Miss von Stade presents a living, breathing character. The others suggest singers going through moves that Mr. Ponnelle prescribed for them.

Jeffrey Tate's conducting was balanced and careful; some of the numbers seemed to move rather slowly. Many necessary appoggiaturas were missing. The harpsichord accompaniment to the recitatives, played by Dan Saunders, was as laggard as it had been in "Figaro," and arpeggios went rolling on well after any occasion for them had passed. Surely among the Met comprimari and choristers it should be possible to find four well-matched, agreeable young voices to sing the duet and quartet episodes of the first-act choruses.

IN Carnegie Hall last month, the Philadelphia Orchestra, conducted by Charles Dutoit, gave a glowing account of Bartók's opera "Duke Bluebeard's Castle." The bard who speaks the prologue—it was omitted in this concert performance—suggests that the stage on which the action unfolds may well be one of the mind. "Bluebeard" can be overwhelming in the theatre, but it is hardly less impressive when the orchestra alone depicts the gloomy, menacing castle hall, the shafts of light streaming in as each door in turn is opened, the scenes revealed behind them: a ghastly, bleeding torture chamber; high-heaped, sparkling jewels; a broad domain of "silken meadows, velvet forests, tranquil streams of winding silver;" a lake of tears; the pale presences of Bluebeard's former wives. Some performances of "Bluebeard" use the score for a display of high-powered orchestral virtuosity. This Philadelphia performance, played with great warmth and beauty of tone, was subtle and moving. The emotions of the drama and its mysterious psychological symbolism took first place. The Judith was Sylvia Sass, and she was surprising. At the Met she has sung Tosca, at Covent Garden Norma, in Turin Lady Macbeth; but for Judith she found a thin, quietly telling, poignant timbre. Her performance was gentle, delicate, lyrical, and loving. The Bluebeard was Aage Haugland; he was noble and affecting. The work was sung in the original Hungarian and is best listened to that way, for the trochaic tetrameters of Béla Balázs's libretto sung in English or in German, taking heavy tonic accents, in a metre never varied, always sound like "Hiawatha"—whereas in Hungarian they flow more freely, and the singers break almost automatically, it seems, from exact, pedantic adherence to the written note values.



"Refresh my memory, Miss Lockland. Who am I?"

The Philadelphians' visits to Carnegie Hall are usually high points of New York's busy orchestral scene. At this concert, "Bluebeard" was preceded by an account of Sibelius's Violin Concerto in which Young Uck Kim and Mr. Dutoit conspired in a rapturous, sometimes almost febrile interpretation. It was unconventional but gripping.

Two weeks later, the orchestra returned, under its music director, Riccardo Muti. The concert began with three pieces by Giuseppe Martucci, a contemporary of Leoncavallo and an Italian composer who wrote not operas but instrumental music. As a conductor, Martucci was important: he introduced "Tristan" to Italy (in 1888); he championed the music of Brahms, of Sullivan, Stanford, and Parry. As a composer, he seems small beer, on the evidence of the three works Mr. Muti presented. They were the Notturno and Novelletta that Toscanini used to play, and a Giga—all three of them orchestrations of piano pieces. Perhaps there is more to Martucci. Elgar's stature is hardly revealed by "Salut d'Amour," or Dvořák's by the Humoresque.

Richard Wernick's Violin Concerto followed—a New York première, a few days after the world première, in Philadelphia. I'd like to write about it with enthusiasm, for Wernick's earlier music—there is a fair amount of it on record—has been arresting. But of this concerto I retain an impression only of a carefully wrought structure, a few striking passages, uninspired thematic material, and clean, confident playing by the soloist, Gregory Fulkerson. Dvořák's Fifth Symphony, in F, completed the program. Mr. Muti's approach was not lighthearted. (In a playful—but appreciative—essay on the symphony Tovey called it "naughtily Dvořáky," suggested that by *grandioso* Dvořák meant "the grandeur of a Christmas tree," and likened the thematic combinations of the slow movement to the Dormouse's way of continuing to murmur "Twinkle, twinkle" until pinched or put into the teapot.) But the playing was exquisite, with lovely timbres and translucent textures.

THE Cracow Philharmonic, conducted by Krzysztof Penderecki, gave two Carnegie Hall concerts last month. The first brought the New York première of Penderecki's Second Cello Concerto, the second (which I missed) that of his Polish Requiem. The concerto—first played by Mstislav Rostropovich, three years ago—is an effective piece. Penderecki's music is always "effective." He's an odd composer, difficult to assess. Honest emotion and aspiration are not in doubt. The working is skillful. But the musical ideas can be banal, and when they are piled up to make grandiose statements about subjects of great significance a listener feels uneasy. The new concerto is not grandiose, however. I'm unsure whether it is a glittering addition to the cello repertory or just a cunning, elaborate construction. Yo-Yo Ma was a brilliant and impassioned soloist.

The concert began with Penderecki's "Jacob's Awakening," which exploits the eerie, elusive sound of twelve ocarinas, and it ended with Shostakovich's Sixth Symphony. Penderecki is a first-rate conductor, clear, incisive, and thoughtful, and the Cracow Philharmonic is an excellent orchestra. The lean, athletic string tone, the shapely wind phrasing, the general sense of expressiveness without fatness were striking. Shostakovich's Sixth is a defiantly personal work: a long, slow tragic first movement followed by what the program note called "a bright, mischievous scherzo" and "an amusing rondo." I hear no mischief or mirth in those movements (or in the outwardly "bright" movements of the Ninth, which is in some ways a successor of the Sixth). Nor, it seemed, does Penderecki, for in this Polish performance they took on a chilling quality of animation without gaiety. Themes kin to those of Prokofiev in his most buoyant, perky vein carried overtones of bitterness, smart, and anger.

THE latest of the movie palaces now become home to a symphony orchestra is the Fox in San Diego—built in 1929, bought in 1984 by the San Diego Symphony, and reopened this season as Symphony Hall. Like Powell Hall in St. Louis, Heinz Hall in Pittsburgh, the Paramount in Oakland, and the Orpheum in Vancouver, the building welcomes concert audiences into romantic, picturesque, and opulently decorated spaces. The San Diego Fox—unlike its contemporary homonyms in Atlanta, St. Louis, and Detroit (all newly restored to splendor) and in San Francisco (razed)—was not built on a Babylonian scale. The architects were William Templeton Johnson and William Day. The style is what is loosely called Spanish

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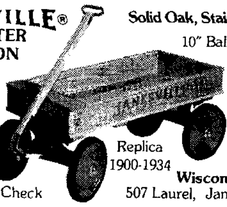

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Renaissance—not the stern grandeur of the Escorial or Charles V's Granada palace but the later exuberance of Santiago de Compostela and Toledo Cathedral, recaptured in San Diego by the buildings of the 1915-16 Panama-California Exposition, which still stand in Balboa Park. Johnson and Day went further, gave free rein to their fancy, added memories of Loire châteaux and of Hampton Court to their Spanish capriccio, and produced an eclectic Xanadu. Like many other picture palaces, this Fox is a curious and attractive mixture of gimcrack pretension and real grandeur—an evocation in plaster of what the old craftsmen carved in stone. It lacks the distinction of work by Thomas W. Lamb, Timothy Pflueger, George L. and C. W. Rapp, John Eberson, C. Howard Crane—architects of America's most notable popular cathedrals. But it is a building that disposes listeners to pleasure as they enter it and promises them something unusual, lifted above the daily round.

Like most of the picture palaces converted into concert halls, the Fox is not intimate, either visually or acoustically. It now seats twenty-two hundred and fifty people; the rows are widely spaced, and the aisles are generous. Early reports on the acoustics were mixed, and work is still being done with arrangements of the acoustic rig on and above the platform. When I visited the hall last month, I sat in the first of its two balconies and found the results pleasing. Ideally, I would ask for slightly longer reverberation, for chords to go ringing on for just a moment after the singers and players sounding them have stopped. But the sounds that reached me were true. The hall's profusion of balustrades, bosses, and bas-reliefs, pilasters, coffering insures a proper dispersal of timbres throughout the range.

The program, admittedly, was not that of a standard symphony concert. David Atherton, a founder of the London Sinfonietta, is the music director of the San Diego Symphony, and its programs are seldom commonplace. This was a Stravinsky double bill: the Mass, for chorus and ten instrumentalists, and "The Soldier's Tale," for three actors (who were amplified), a dancer, and seven instrumentalists. The conductor was Michael Lankester, conductor-in-residence of the Pittsburgh Symphony. He gave an excellently poised account of the Mass, combining lapidary strength with elegant phrasing. The San Diego Master Chorale sang surely. (The opening clause of the Credo was for some reason not chanted; the movement began in mid-sentence.) "The Soldier's Tale" was given in a crisp, clear production, directed by Jack O'Brien (who is the artistic director of San Diego's Old Globe Theatre). Robert Foxworth, the narrator, and Gary Dontzig, the Devil, were masters of tone, timing, and inflection. Andrés Cárdenes, the orchestra's concertmaster, was trim in the important violin part, and all the instrumentalists were expert, Peter Rofé playing a strikingly melodious double-bass.

—Andrew Porter

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MINUSCULE THINGS

There's a crack in this glass so fine we can't see it,
and in the blue eye of the candle flame's needle
there's a dark fleck, a speck of imperfection

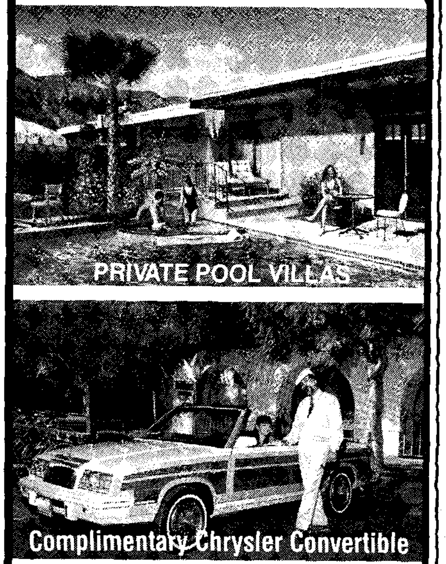
that could contain, like a microchip, an epic
treatise on beauty, except it's in the eye of the beheld.
And at the base of our glass there's nothing

so big as a tiny puddle, but an ooze, a viscous
patina like liquefied tarnish. It's like a text
so short it consists only of the author's signature,

which has to stand, like the future, for what might
have been—a novel, let's say, thick with ambiguous life.
Its hero forgets his goal as he nears it, so that it's

like rain evaporating in the very sight of parched
Saharans on the desert floor. There, by chance, he meets
a thirsty and beautiful woman. What a small world!

—William Matthews



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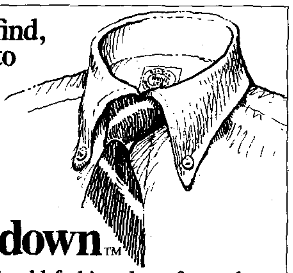

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

White and Gray

SET in a pastel consumers' paradise, Paul Mazursky's new comedy, "Down and Out in Beverly Hills," is almost immorally luscious. The cinematographer, Don McAlpine, gives you a vision of the sensuousness of money wrapped in sunshine, and Mazursky introduces you to a race of anxious people who feel "unfulfilled." Driving downtown in his Rolls-Royce with the top down, a self-made millionaire—a manufacturer of wire hangers—listens to Dr. Toni Grant's psychological advice on the radio. You're often at a loss to know why you're laughing, but jokes you can't explain may be the best kind, and Mazursky is a master of them. When he gets rolling, you're not responding to single jokes—it's the whole gestalt of the movie that's funny.

"Down and Out" takes off from the play, by René Fauchois, that served as the basis for Renoir's 1931 film "Boudu Saved from Drowning" (which was first released in the United States in 1967). A bum (Michel Simon in the Renoir film) is rescued from drowning by a middle-class man, who tries to turn him into a responsible citizen like himself. In the new version, Nick Nolte is the shaggy, smelly drifter; left with nothing when his scroungy dog, Kerouac, deserts him, he stuffs his pockets with ornamental stones from the grounds of a Beverly Hills mansion and walks into the clear blue swimming pool. Though slightly built, Dave Whiteman (Richard Dreyfuss), the wire-hanger magnate who owns the house, struggles manfully to pull him out and then gives him artificial respiration while Mrs. Whiteman (Bette Midler) and the servants look on in horror. The bum's filthiness is a moral affront to them.

A creamy-skinned, pampered Beverly Hills matron, Barb Whiteman can't believe what's happening when her husband insists on taking the ungrateful, foul-tempered fellow—Jerry—to the guest cabaña. Like Boudu, Jerry isn't one of the "deserving poor;" he's a dropout who wants to be left alone, and his eyes don't communicate—they don't tell you a thing. But he settles in fast, and in the next few weeks he ingratiates himself with the lady Barb, with the Whitemans' hot live-in maid Carmen (Elizabeth Peña), with their cool daughter Jenny (Tracy Nelson), and everybody else he encounters. Matisse, the family dog, who growls and yaps at Dave, does tricks for big, lazy Jerry, decked out now in silk lounging robes.

Like Mazursky's last picture, "Moscow on the Hudson," "Down and Out in Beverly Hills" is what a friend of mine calls "cultural comment without a hair shirt." This movie is silky in every department—the clothes, the bedding, Dave's white Rolls, which is the twin of his record-producer neighbor's white Rolls. I don't think conspicuous consumption has ever been made so integral to a way of life; it *is* the way of life here. Trying to persuade Jerry to rejoin the world and go to work, Dave takes him to his hair salon for some grooming, buys him expensive clothes, and drives him down to the plant where the hangers are made; a paternalistic employer, he's proud of the health care he provides the workers, proud of the business he built up. But Jerry is way past wanting a job. He's lord of the sunshine manor. One day, he persuades Dave to take him to the beach and meet his bummy old pals, and at sundown graying Dave and big, muscular Jerry talk together silhouetted against the opalescent water and the pale distant mountains. The beauty of this Southern California world plays off our sense of reality, even though it's as real as can be. All through the picture, Mazursky uses the deluxe settings and the natural splendor as comic counterpoint to the dialogue. Beverly Hills is presented as a bastion of the new rich, where nobody feels fully accepted. The record-producer neighbor (Little Richard) shouts in protest that the police department comes out in greater force for Whiteman's (accidental) burglar alarms than it does for his own (accidental) alarms, because he's black; he claims that Whiteman rates a police helicopter and he doesn't. An unspeakably rich Iranian neighbor is offended because the Whitemans don't think to invite him to their New Year's party. Dave's father always worries that he won't have enough of the white meat of the turkey.

Mazursky and his co-scriptwriter, Leon Capetanos, aren't afraid to plant the beginnings of their gags and then have them pay off an hour later; the movie keeps erupting as gags reach maturity and crisscross each other. And it's full of the kind of social detail that makes Beverly Hills different from communities of the old rich. (Seeing Whiteman looking harried,

"*Is your injury sports-related?*"

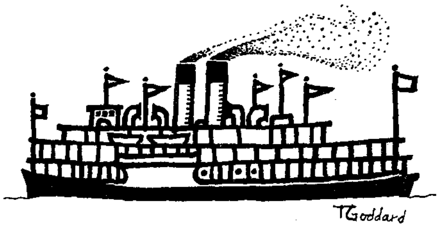
the Japanese gardener suggests a vacation and offers him the use of the place he has bought in Hawaii.) As an actor, Little Richard uses the maniacal energy that went into his singing: the millionaire record producer's denunciation of the police department is a virtuoso piece of rant, with just a hint of a whine in its singsong, gospel rhythms. He stands outside in his silk dressing gown, singsonging furiously, and when he says the name "Whiteman" he gives it a twist. The whole movie spins off that name.

Bette Midler has never before been this seductive on the screen. This is only the fourth picture she has starred in, and you see a softer, less funky Midler; she's playing the role of a bored, dissatisfied housewife who has something extra—a warped charm rather like that of Teri Garr, but riper, juicier. Barb looks as if she might be listening to angels tinkling coins; money has beatified her, and so have a succession of gurus and yogis. Whether Barb Whiteman is reclining in the enormous peach-colored bedroom she shares with Dave (it's blissfully harmonious, like a motel in Nirvana) or sitting cross-legged before the statue of an Oriental idol or trotting through the halls jiggling in her frilly dresses and making tippy-taps with her high heels, her eyes are pixillated. She's ready for anything. (I think I'd be happy to watch an evening of Midler just doing her bobble-jiggle walks.)

Richard Dreyfuss's Dave Whiteman is devoted to his cool, slender, above-it-all daughter, irritated by his confused, semi-androgynous son (Evan Richards), and wild about Carmen, whose bed he pads off to as soon as Barb closes her eyes. Dave plays *straight man to everybody in the* movie; he even plays straight man to the little black-and-white Border collie Matisse, who gets laughs by chasing him around. Lean now, Dreyfuss is more precise and agile than he used to be, and he uses his slightness for comic effects vis-à-vis Nolte. When Dave is trying to hold the unconscious man's head above the water, he looks as if he were being overpowered by Jerry's bulk (and the stones). And when Jerry, shaven and groomed, walks down the street with Dave he towers over the blithe little guy. Dreyfuss isn't acting up a storm; he just slips into the character of Dave the patsy and stays with it. He hasn't been on the screen for a few years, so we get to rediscover what an enjoyable actor he can be. His Dave is the traditional henpecked husband brought up to date: Dave is henpecked upstairs by Barb and downstairs by the demanding Carmen. Elizabeth Peña plays Carmen as tantalizing and sulky; she has a bedroom mouth, and when it says no to Dave the rejection is brutal, because that mouth looks as if it were made to say nothing but yes.

Nick Nolte looks great as Jerry; his high cheekbones and strong physique and fair hair—the abundance of it—suggest a Nordic seafarer but one with the sneaky, foxy eyes of a con artist. He looks a bit like Kris Kristofferson here but much more powerful. And he has that deep rumble of a voice which seems to come from under the ocean floor. Jerry never tips his hand; he's as much of a mystery at the end as he was at the beginning, and that seems right, because explaining his background would diminish the movie—would suggest that it's about clearing up the mystery of who and what Jerry used to be. But the Beverly Hills we see is about the wonders of rootlessness; a shrewd bum *should* rule the roost. Taxpaying residents may panic when stray leaves fall on their plush greensward; it takes a bum like Jerry to be lordly enough to pee on the plants.

The film has some minor flaws. In the opening scenes, Jerry, looking for his mutt Kerouac, abandons the shopping cart with his pack rat's hoard of possessions, and he never goes to reclaim it. (Perhaps the cart-pushing fellow we see under the end titles is meant to have taken it.) And the advice that Jerry gives the Whitemans' son is no different from what a radio psychologist might give him. So when it backfires you expect Mazursky to come up with a snapper of some sort. (The boy is made too poignant anyway; Mazursky treats his sexual-identity problems in the constrained way he treated the heroine's rising consciousness in "An Unmarried Woman.") And the film makes the mistake of leading you to expect a resolution that it can't provide. But these are nits. The picture is peppy and pleasurable in the way that "Moscow on the Hudson" is, and with a modulated visual texture that makes it one of the most sheerly beautiful comedies ever shot. Mazursky, who appears in a small part, as Dave's accountant, wears the wild curly wig of a bandit. He isn't afraid of uproarious silliness. I haven't laughed at cuts to a dog reacting since "Used Cars," but Matisse provides the capper to some dizzying slapstick numbers. The dog's startled response to Barb's orgasmic vocalizing is stupendous. And there's a wonderful feeling of a warrior at his rest when Nolte relaxes sleepily in the peach bedroom with Matisse snuggling on his hip.



THE title of Terry Gilliam's "Brazil" is used nostalgically in a semi-jokey, ironic way. It refers to the 1939 pop song, sung here by Geoff Muldaur, about the romance of a Brazil "where hearts were entertained in June." The lyrics end with "Return, I will, To old Brazil." Heard as a refrain in the background of the movie, the music is meant to evoke the pop escapism of the past. Old Brazil is what you want life to be, and what can only be dreamed about in the squalor and sporadic terrorist violence of an Anglo-American police state "somewhere in the twentieth century"—which means the next fifteen years. Gilliam's vision comes across as a stoned, slapstick "1984," but it's not a political cautionary tale, like Orwell's novel—it's a melancholy, joke-ridden view of the horribleness of where we are now and the worse horribleness of where we're heading. It's an anarchistic attack on all present and future states—an attack on reality itself. And it dissolves the boundaries between fantasy and reality.

An American, born in 1940, who moved to London in the late sixties, Gilliam—and five Englishmen—formed the troupe Monty Python's Flying Circus, and he first became *known for the animated segments he* did to fill the gaps in the group's TV shows. When the group started making movies, he got the chance, in 1974, to co-direct "Monty Python and the Holy Grail," and then, in 1977, he directed "Jabberwocky;" he wanted to make "Brazil" next but couldn't get it financed, and it wasn't until after he'd made the hit film "Time Bandits," in 1981, that he got the go-ahead. The movie that he mulled over for years is clearly the work of an image-maker. Gilliam says he's never read the Orwell book, and that isn't hard to

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VILLENEUVE

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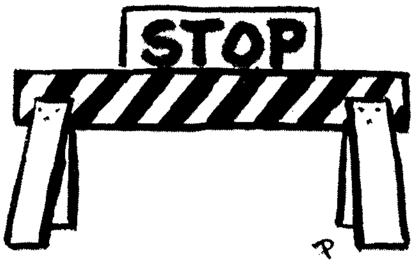
believe, because "Brazil" is like the impression you might get of "1984" if you'd just heard about it over the years and it had seeped into your visual imagination.

The characters that Gilliam devised (with his co-screenwriters, Tom Stoppard and Charles McKeown) have something of the comic-strip quality of Godard's characters in "Alphaville," but Godard's dehumanized metropolis was made up of the sleekest parts of Paris; Gilliam's dehumanized metropolis is made up of the most medieval-looking structures in and around London, with a few picked up in other parts of England and in Marne-la-Vallée, France, and some designed and built. Visually, "Brazil" is an original, bravura piece of moviemaking; I assume that it was storyboarded, because the shots keep taking us from high up in towers (which have a perverse grandeur) to way down at street level and up again. The buildings are cold and dour—oppressive stone structures with ramshackle interiors. Inside, they look as if they had been blitzed in the Second World War and never repaired, and the offices and apartments are so high-ceilinged and cavernous that every room seems to be an atrium. The picture has a weirdly ingenious vertical quality: the camera always seems to be moving up and down, rarely across, and this seems like a violation of nature. You get the feeling that people live and work squashed at the bottom of hollow towers, and that everything has been grayed out: the bureaucrats wear suits that are as alike as prison uniforms, and the wide-brimmed fedoras worn straight across their heads are as gray and drab as stone. The women's freakish clothes, like the furnishings and the ancient TV sets and assorted gadgetry, suggest that nothing has been made or manufactured since the forties. It's a thrift-shop world of the future.

The central character, Sam Lowry (Jonathan Pryce), is a lowly functionary, a drone, but a dreamer—a Winston Smith–Walter Mitty. He's a clerk in the Ministry of Information (MOI) who lives in his fantasies of himself as a knight in silver armor with great, Icarus-like feather wings. Soaring way up high amongst the clouds, he encounters a beautiful blond maiden. The story line is very simple. Sam glimpses the girl of his dream flights when he goes to deliver a check—a "refund"—to a woman whose husband has been "deleted" by bureaucratic error. A bug that was swatted fell into a computer, causing the name Tuttle to be changed to Buttle. And so the state's Security Forces—i.e., official murderers—killed innocent Buttle, and the freedom fighter Tuttle is still at large. On a realistic level, what happens to Sam is simply that in pursuit of his dream blonde, Jill (Kim Greist), he forgets his usual caution and runs afoul of the state apparatus. There's also a superrealistic inevitability about this—a fatalism that is tied to fantasy.

If you don't respond to Sam Lowry's plight, the picture has no core, but it's hard to worry about whether somebody will get killed if he doesn't seem alive to start with. Jonathan Pryce's Sam is pale and dead-eyed; he looks like a taller version of the young Alec Guinness, but Guinness's anonymous men let you in on their furtive sparks of nonconformity, and they had some charm. Pryce plays Sam too straight and too wistfully. It's a real crapehanger's performance. The marginal characters—especially Katherine Helmond as Sam's nut-brain mother and Robert De Niro as Tuttle—are far more entertaining. (I hate to think what the movie would be like without them.) Helmond, the American actress who appeared as Mrs. Ogre in "Time Bandits," is the rich, powerful widow of a government minister here, and she delivers an elegant, broad caricature of a woman obsessed with plastic surgery, who keeps looking younger and younger. It's not a big role, but she gets to wear one awe-inspiring dingbat ensemble: a form-fitting leopard jacket with a matching leopard shoe—an outsize one—worn upside down as a hat. De Niro's role is even smaller—no more than a cameo—but, all revved up and chomping on a cigar, he's a prankster-daredevil, a comic-strip hero, high-spirited and the life of the party. He even has a healthy color. Tuttle repairs heating systems illicitly (he doesn't have a license), and when he's in danger of being caught he slides down a rope as if he were jet-propelled, dropping from the top of an astoundingly tall skyscraper to street level in the blink of an eye. (Tuttle must be the first kinetic Underground Man in the movies.)



"Brazil" is more antic than comic. It's full of jokes—some of them very clever—but most of them don't quite make you laugh. I'm not sure Gilliam wants you to. His intention seems to be to create a new movie genre of nightmare comedy in which the comedy is just an aspect of the nightmarishness. He presents a retro-futurist fantasy (like "A Clockwork Orange" or "Blade Runner") and keeps it perking by cartoon techniques and black humor. The jokes may be something he does compulsively, because that's how he works—without worrying about whether they're set up to get a laugh. He uses pop-surreal effects the same way: the heating ducts in Sam's apartment are like huge intestines stuffed in the walls; when they're pulled out, they fill the place. But Gilliam never prepares the instant when these gross tubes and cords will invade your consciousness and make you break up. And that's even more true of the enormous Rube Goldberg-like truck that Jill drives—a mass of cylindrical shapes that you can't imagine the purpose of. I waited for the joke, expecting Sam to discover what the truck was for, or to ask about it and be rebuffed, but it just goes clanging along. The chase sequence, with Jill and Sam in this monster truck and the authorities in pursuit, is, I think, a crucial mistake. It's pointless: you know that it wouldn't be necessary if Sam just asked Jill a simple question and she gave him a straight answer. Instead, they go smashing through barricades, getting themselves into more and more trouble. Any developing interest in them collapses, and you begin to think the picture is too long. (It's two hours and eleven minutes, Gilliam having cut it a little in order to appease Universal.)

It's fascinating at "Brazil" not having a clue to what's coming next, but the things that do show up run together and blur in your mind, because the episodes lack dramatic definition, just as the gags do. Gilliam's gags don't have that wonderful zing you experience when a gag pops at just the right second—when the timing itself is a thing of beauty. Asked by Owen Gleiberman, of the Boston *Phoenix*, if his imagination was always working, Gilliam said, "Yeah, and I don't try to control it. I do everything in my power to keep things from falling into

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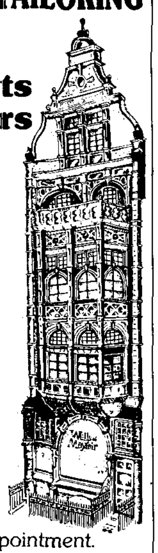
neat little slots." Does that mean that his timing has to be lousy? Maybe it does. Maybe it means that his work has to be both torpid and frantic. (Gilliam distrusts the conscious mind as if it would destroy his creativity—though it's probably the only means of bringing his creativity to fulfillment.)

"Brazil" is the kind of ornery, intellectually fuzzy labor of love that is bound to strike some people as just about "the worst thing I've ever seen," and perhaps it will affect others as a picture they want for their VCRs, so they can look at it over and over. What Gilliam presents is a vision of the future as the decayed past, and this vision is an organic thing on the screen—which is a considerable accomplishment. I was held by the vertical, anti-human look of things and the sometimes mysteriously eccentric images. When Sam is transferred to Information Retrieval—a place with corridors that go off to infinity—he is shown to a tiny, cell-like office with half a desk; the other half is on the other side of the wall, where another clerk tries to pull it his way. Sam has to hold on to his half and put all his weight on it to keep it from disappearing through the wall. (It's a neat, Kafka-esque variation on a very old gag.) A torture chamber at the bottom of an empty, vast domed structure suggests a twenties Expressionist set for a trial, or perhaps a giant amphitheatre for surgeons to display their art. (This movie certainly takes the romance out of high ceilings.) The hugeness of the space in the amphitheatre plays off our awareness that Sam is strapped down and can't move, but the space also represents his unbounded imagination. One of the "surgeons" (Michael Palin) wears a mask that looks like the face of an evil Oriental doll-child. It's in hyperbolic images like these that Gilliam's not letting things fall into "neat little slots" seems the right—possibly the only—way for him to work. Yet I must admit to a feeling of relief when the film was over. What Gilliam appears to be saying is that reality is so intrinsically awful that fantasy will always be needed. But fantasy itself, in Gilliam's hands, seems something you want to escape from. This image-maker leaves you with nothing but images; they're like shards or scraps. "Brazil" makes you feel that no rational understanding of the world is possible—that all we have is what T. S. Eliot called "a heap of broken images." —PAULINE KAEL



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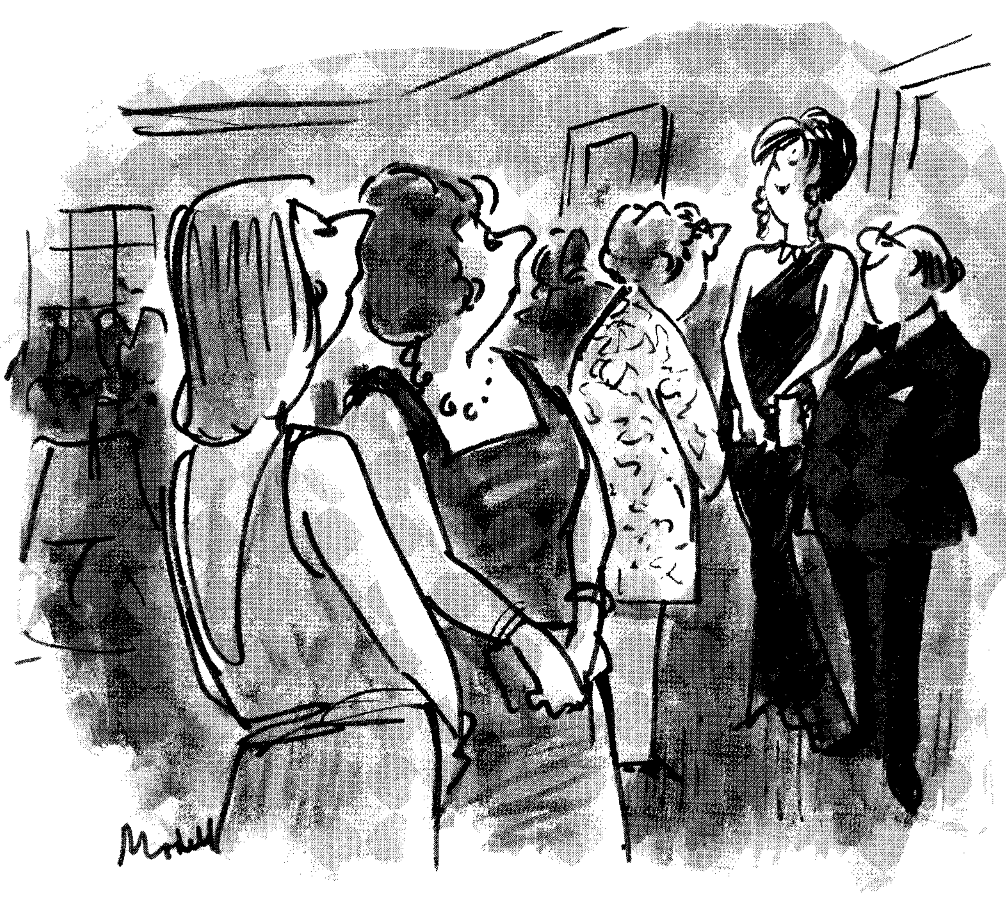
BOOKS

Spectators

WHAT are the bonds between pairs of inveterate bachelors? For the rest of us, such men are a rare, protected species. In her introduction to "Flaubert & Turgenev: A Friendship in Letters" (Norton; $19.95), Barbara Beaumont, the editor and translator of the volume, quotes the French critic Melchior de Vogüé: "There can only be close friendship and solidarity between two men when their intellects have made contact." The bond between Flaubert and Turgenev was their common belief in the primacy of art, and their innate role as spectators of events outside it. They were to be friends for seventeen years, from their forties until Flaubert died, in 1880. There was little of the attraction of opposites. Both men were tall. The stout and bellowing Norman saw himself as a sedentary Viking. Turgenev was dubbed "the gentle giant" or "barbarian" at the famous Magny dinners in Paris, where they first met, and if his voice was quiet it could quickly rise to almost hysterical shrillness when he was excited. He was continually mocked for this in St. Petersburg society. But if giant faced giant it is important that they were exotic to each other. Bald, red-faced, bourgeois Flaubert, with his Oriental affectations, faced a soft, heavy man with thick white hair, the melancholy Russian landowner and aristocrat. They enormously admired each other's work. On Flaubert's side—and he flattered himself on his powers of research—there was awe before the range of Turgenev's knowledge. Turgenev seemed to have read everything of importance, even in the most remote cultures. He could speak, read and write, translate at a glance anything in French, German, and English as well as the classics. He could declaim from Voltaire's tragedies—from Goethe, too—from memory. He was the finest of critics, and yet he could write "Fathers and Sons" and could give himself intensely to "Salammbô" and "Madame Bovary." Both men loved food and wine, and talking long into the night.

If the decisive bond was of congenial minds, there was also a bond of private history. When they were younger, both men had been dominated by their mothers. Flaubert loved his mother deeply. He lived with her in Croisset. Turgenev's mother had been a thrashing monster to her serfs and her sons, and only he, the favorite, had been able to placate her. If he hated her, he pitied her. She had been outraged when he fell under the spell of Pauline Viardot, the world-famous Spanish opera singer—"That ugly gypsy!" she shouted. And, indeed, Pauline Viardot had enslaved and never rewarded him. If Flaubert boasted of his feats when he was free of his mother, in Paris or on his travels in North Africa, he stuck firmly (as all the French did at Magny's) to the idea that love was of only passing importance to the artist. But Turgenev, himself believing that marriage was disastrous to art, declared that all his life he had been "steeped in femininity." No book, or anything else, had "been able to take the place of a woman for me," he said to his friends one evening. "How can I explain it? I find that only love produces a certain fulfillment of my being." He went on to tell the story of an affair with a poor miller's daughter who had refused all presents and had asked him merely for a bar of soap, so that she might be worthy of his caresses. There had been nothing in his life, he said, to compare with that moment. Flaubert, Gautier, and Edmond de Goncourt were astounded. How naïve, how Russian, the gentle barbarian was in his *aperçus.* The touching thing in the lives of the two bachelors is that they were united in their devotion to a mother figure whose radical politics shocked Flaubert particularly—"old mother Sand." Eagerly they went to her exhausting parties at Nohant.

Of the two friends, Flaubert, the hermit, is the lonelier, the jealous and more demanding one. From year to year, he is begging the Russian to stay with him at Croisset, but there are Turgenev's annual trips to Russia. Or there are his violent attacks of gout and his gadabout social life in Paris,



"She's high fashion, and he's low comedy."

which at the last minute keep him from making a visit. If he agrees to meet Flaubert in Paris, he is inevitably hours late. The habit of carrying a dozen watches on his person is clearly an affectation; he has no sense of time at all. He carries them simply to amuse Pauline Viardot's children. Flaubert is convinced that the Viardots will not allow Turgenev out of their sight; he is jealous. After all these years, to be the slave of a woman who has turned you down!

In the mid-sixties, there is a long separation. Turgenev leaves Paris, as it seems, for good. Viardot trouble again. Pauline Viardot's great voice has gone; she has left the stage. She and her husband settle shrewdly in fashionable Baden, where she gives expensive lessons to the daughters of the rich and the princely. Turgenev joins them, builds a house there, and even a little theatre for her, and settles to writing his short stories. Flaubert delights in them, picking out the exquisite sentences that Turgenev writes so easily while he is left groaning for days over phrases of his own. Suddenly, the war of 1870 breaks out. The Germans shell Strasbourg. The Viardots are ruined and flee to London, and Turgenev joins them. Here we fear a serious rift in the friendship, for Turgenev has been distinctly pro-German. But no, for Flaubert is angry with the irresponsibility of the French government; its conduct confirms his belief in the corruption of the hated French bourgeois. He has suffered the humiliation of having Germans billeted in his house and admits that the sight of their helmets on his bed has angered him but says that the foreigners behaved well. Still, "seeing my country die has made me realize that I love it." But he *is* distraught enough to hope that Turgenev's Russia will avenge the French defeat. Then comes the awful rioting of the Commune. "Oh, we have hard times," Turgenev has told him, "to live through, those of us who are born spectators."

The Viardots return to Paris, and Turgenev with them. There are long conversations; Turgenev continues to be late. As the years pass, there is a common cause not only in literature but in family disasters. Russia may be, as Turgenev says, "green and gold, vast, monotonous, gentle, old-fashioned, and terribly static," but he is having trouble with his bailiff, who is cheating him out of his income from the family estate. The husband of Flaubert's niece has gone bankrupt and is slyly robbing *him*. Flaubert writes:

> Are you like me? [If] I prefer to let myself be robbed, rather than act in self-defense, it's not because I'm not interested, but it all bores and wearies me. When it's a question of money, disgust and rage seize me and I go almost out of my mind.

And he goes on, "Ah! Dear friend, how I should love to stretch out alongside you on your great haystacks!"

The letters turn to their binding enthusiasm for each other's work. The two writers examine sentences. They praise. Letters talk for them. Turgenev has agreed to do a Russian translation of Flaubert's "Un Cœur Simple," but he abandons it: there can be no possibility in Orthodox Russia of publishing the story of an old servant who has come to believe that a parrot is the Holy Ghost. While Turgenev—the faster writer—has started his last novel, "Virgin Soil," Flaubert has begun the encyclopedic "Bouvard and Pécuchet." Turgenev begs him, very wisely, to keep it to the length of a short satire by Voltaire or Swift, but Flaubert obstinately makes his two clowns go on to geology and archeology in their quixotic obsession with the quest for book learning. "What an abyss (a wasps' nest or a latrine) I have stuffed myself into," he tells Turgenev. "This autumn, the devil take it, you must come here and *stay*." Turgenev has failed Flaubert once more—his gout is terrible—but has sent him a new Oriental dressing gown to make up for his absence, and Flaubert is ecstatic: "This royal garment plunges me into dreams of absolutism and luxury. I should like to be naked underneath and harbor Circassian women inside it." The two friends send each other enormous parcels of exquisite food.

Turgenev has been grappling with "Virgin Soil," a work also too long. (If it failed in Russia, it was a huge success outside Russia—above all, in America.) Flaubert's little fortune is vanishing. The sales of his books are small, and his friends, with Turgenev and Zola in the lead, attempt to get him a comfortable sinecure—a post at a library in Paris—but this is a delicate matter, for the Norman is proud. In the end, he gives in. His friends call on the powerful Léon Gambetta, the President of the Chamber of Deputies. He refuses them: the post is reserved for the son-in-law of a politician. Turgenev's account of the brief interview in the corridors of power is masterly. Gambetta says merely a word or two as he floats out of the room with his sycophants and waves the party away.

In collections of letters, the minor domestic events, the odd little details give the accidental human piquancy. Turgenev worries about Flaubert's weight and tells him to walk more. He says that when he was in prison—indeed, in solitary confinement—in Russia he saved his own life by making four hundred and sixteen trips up and down in his cell every day, achieving two kilometres in all. This was carefully calculated. He used playing cards for counting his steps. The gadabout—"a squirrel in a cage," as he called himself (an outsize squirrel)—had his resources. Flaubert replied that five minutes after getting this advice he tried it and "I broke my leg." This was almost true. The press got hold of the story, and he raged against the vulgarity of an age without privacy: "I found that paragraph *very distasteful*."

The two gourmets indulged themselves on Flaubert's fifty-eighth birthday. Soon afterward, Turgenev had to go to Moscow to attend a banquet at the inaugural celebrations for a statue of Pushkin. He knew Flaubert would not join him but begged him, the greatest novelist in Europe, to send a telegram, which would be read to wild public applause. He thought continually of his friend's fame. But now Flaubert is the defaulter. He writes to Turgenev that Bouvard and Pécuchet are studying botany, and explodes about the stupidity of botanists—"You will be amazed at how small the faculty of judgment is in these brains."

Turgenev replied from Russia, but his friend was dead when the letter arrived. —V. S. PRITCHETT

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

COLD DOG SOUP, by Stephen Dobyns (Viking; $15.95). The novel that confronts us here is a virtuoso gallows-humor comedy—black humor of the darkest hue—that is also both a parable and an exercise in psychopathology. It has to do with the efforts of a young man in Manhattan to dispose of his girlfriend's mother's dead dog—at an experimental laboratory, at a furrier's, at an Oriental restaurant, at a far-out sex shop. As he drags himself from one disappointment to another, he dredges up the memory of his grandfather's death and funeral in a small upstate town. Mr. Dobyns is a wonderfully cockeyed writer ("... a row of fifteen boys. They ... were thin and all of different heights, ranging from five to almost seven feet. To Latchmer they resembled a bar of music, a series of thirty-second notes or demisemiquavers, and he tried to hum it to himself") and, in an almost revolting way, extremely funny.

NATIVES AND STRANGERS, by Louisa Dawkins (Houghton Mifflin; $18.95). Africa's Great Rift Valley is apt as the birthplace of the heroine of this competent first novel, about upper-class and lower-case schisms and depressions. The story begins in 1956, when the heroine is nine and the best friend of the daughter of her pretty widowed mother's black servant; the two girls plan to marry the same man, in accordance with the servant's tribe's customs. "England may be *your* home," the heroine tells her mother on the first page, "but I've never been there. How can it be mine?" Through a trust fund in a London bank and an Aunt Sophia in Wiltshire, for starters.

THE SKATERS' WALTZ, by Philip Norman (Linden; $15.95). "*J'ai plus de souvenirs que si j'avais mille ans*" (Baudelaire) is the epigraph of this exhaustive novel about a few years in the childhood of an English boy named Louis. Mr. Norman wrote "Shout!," a book about the Beatles, and some of their lyrics come to mind as he describes day-trippers on the Isle of Wight. Louis views them from the seaside pavilion where his father runs a skating rink. The boy believes that his parents were happy "in the 'used to' time before he was born," and so he blames himself for their fussing and fighting. He is too young to understand that he should blame a pert professional skater, a regular at the rink, and his morbid self-absorption only worsens. Sometimes Mr. Norman renders Louis's unhappy world view well—for instance, his only friend's stern father staring "at the sea coldly as if the waves were whispering without permission." But there is something too mannered in all these minutiae. The use of "epoch" where "episode" would do suggests, along with the epigraph, that Louis will always be Louis.

GENERAL

THE BURNING FOREST, by Simon Leys (New Republic/Holt, Rinehart & Winston; $16.95). Fourteen essays, most of them written over the past five years or so, on the culture of China and on the present-day politics of the People's Republic. The author, whose real name is Pierre Ryckmans, is a Belgian-born art historian, linguist, and university teacher of Chinese literature, and is the master of an eloquent, lapidary style. In one of his most brilliant essays he expands on an axiom of the scholar Zhou Zuoren—"All that can be spelled out is without importance"—and explores the uses of silence and the evocation of emptiness in Chinese poetry, and of "blanks" or quiet spaces in Chinese painting, as part of a quest for universal truth and for communion with the natural world. In his political articles he looks at the "demented policies" of Mao Zedong and the ideological acrobatics of his successor, Deng Xiaoping, to arrive at what is, for such a lover of China as he, a heartbroken conclusion: "China under Communism appears more and more like a dead planet; it is on a steady orbit, but the very nature of its political atmosphere prevents any kind of growth, and even seems to preclude the emergence of life."

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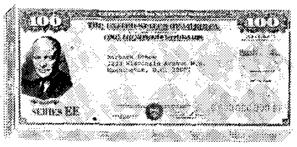

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$39.50). These texts, selected from the holdings of the National Archives, show that slaves were active participants in their own emancipation. The news available to them varied according to their circumstances, but the surviving documents indicate that when they learned of the Civil War they saw it as determining their fate, and when Union forces were within reach they joined them—some to fight in the Union Army, others to work as laborers for the military. The Confederates contributed to the breakup of the slave system by using slaves in their war effort, and slaveowners who moved their chattels out of the armies' way contributed to the slaves' sense that the South was on the defensive, and losing. The whites who are represented in these archives were perplexed about their war aims. Both North and South agreed that the war was about union or disunion, and the earliest Northern measures relating to slaves typically justified their liberation as a war measure directed against the South. But that position often posed the problem of slaves who wanted to be free even though their masters were loyal to the Union; the policy of returning runaways to Union supporters could not be enforced. The erosion of slavery continued while whites debated whether blacks were persons or property, and slavery was destroyed in large measure because slaves insisted on being free.

SCHUBERT AND HIS VIENNA, by Charles Osborne (Knopf; $18.95). Schubert's Vienna (and Mr. Osborne tells us almost as much about Vienna as he does about Schubert) was the Vienna of the Biedermeier period, the Vienna of *Wein, Weib, und Gesang*, and the Schubert portrayed here was very much a man of his place and time. Short, plump, bespectacled, curly-haired, and amiable, he enjoyed the Café Bogner and Zum Grünen Anker, courted certain available women (he contracted syphilis in his twenties), and wrote many of the songs that his fellow-Viennese sang. Out of Schubert's songs grew such larger masterworks as the "Trout" Quintet and the "Wanderer" Fantasy. Mr. Osborne examines in detail much of Schubert's enormous production (he wrote some three hundred and fifty songs before one was published) and the circumstances of his performances. He quotes the music teacher

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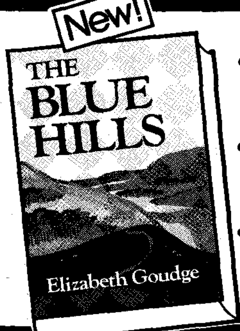

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who taught the eleven-year-old Schubert: "This one has learned it from God." And Beethoven: "Truly, there is in Schubert a divine spark." He reminds us that Schubert and Beethoven met (in a town as small as Vienna) only once, at Beethoven's deathbed. He attempts to answer the riddle of the "Unfinished Symphony," and we learn that Schubert's nickname was Schwammerl—Little Mushroom. Illustrations.

THE POLITICAL LIFE OF CHILDREN and THE MORAL LIFE OF CHILDREN, by Robert Coles (Atlantic Monthly Press; $19.95 each). These two volumes report the results of long-term surveys in the United States and nine other countries by the noted psychiatrist. Dr. Coles mentions that previous investigations of the ways in which values are transmitted through time have not been extensive, even though the subject is of considerable interest. Not surprisingly, he found that, for good or ill, children pick up political attitudes at home. Where the political scene is one of violent division, as in Northern Ireland, the child's identity is fused with group hatred. Other children—American Indians, for example—early see the political deck stacked against them. The sense of national identity is very strong in young Poles but varies with economic class among young Brazilians. Although the sources of political opinions are comparatively easy to trace, goodness—the most fascinating of qualities—seems as unaccountable among children as it does among adults, and Dr. Coles found young people of every class and nationality whose stalwart loving-kindness is inexplicable by any system he knows.

COUTURE: THE GREAT DESIGNERS, by Caroline Rennolds Milbank (Stewart, Tabori & Chang; $65). A big, fancy book about clothes, in which a competent text serves as a foil for a collection of lavish photographs. The author, formerly the head of the costume department at Sotheby's, traces the development of couture by touching on the careers of its progenitors, beginning with Charles Worth, whose designs for the women of France's Second Empire changed the role of dressmaker from dowdy seamstress to grande artiste and society figure. Here are short, copiously illustrated essays

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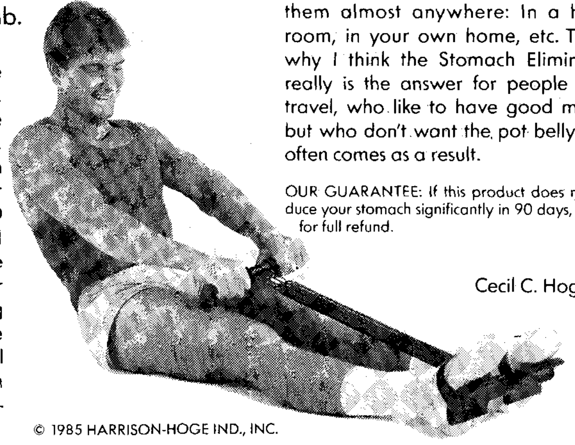

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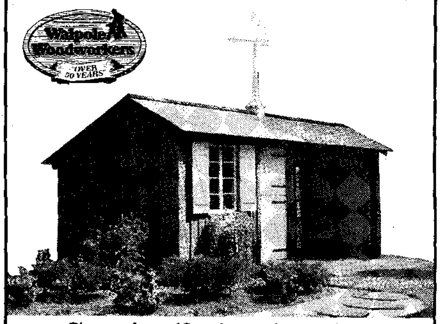

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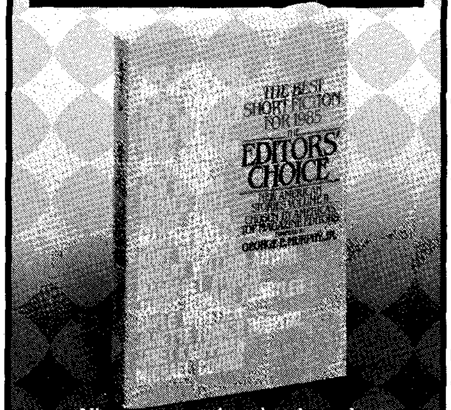

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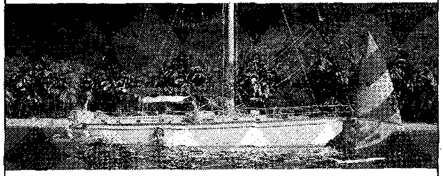

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on, among others, Molyneux, Chanel, Patou, Vionnet, Poiret, and Claire McCardell, and on such contemporary designers as Ralph Lauren and Issey Miyake. Lesser-known practitioners include the Boué sisters, who in their heyday after the First World War made at least six transatlantic crossings a year to supervise their New York and Paris salons; they were dubbed "the seagulls of lace." Miss Milbank disdains chronological organization. After the first chapter, titled "The Founders," the reader wanders through the fashion haut monde guided only by half a dozen signposts that divide designers into what seem arbitrary categories—Mainbocher is a "Purist," while Balenciaga is an "Architect." Nevertheless, the photographs are captivating. The gilded mermaid tail of a stencilled, hand-pleated Fortuny gown rises from a mosaic floor that echoes its sunset hues. Farther on is a glimpse of a black cartwheel hat from Dior's 1948 evening collection, its brim a bower of full-blown roses.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE VERONA PASSAMEZZO, by James Gollin (Doubleday; $12.95). The title refers to an Italian dance of the mid-sixteenth century and to the setting of this strongly musical and strongly Italian novel. It involves the appearance in Verona of an American quintet specializing in pre-Classical music; a murdered body in a wine vat; a complicated and not entirely legal maneuver in wine futures; an agreeable love story (between the violinist narrator and the young woman who plays the viola da gamba); much good eating and zestful drinking; and, above all, the preparations and the rehearsals of the Antiqua Players for a series of concerts. The mystery here doesn't amount to much, but no matter—the result is quietly and unaggressively beguiling.

•

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[*From the Westport* (*Conn.*) *News*]

GOP Town Committee Chairman Allen Raymond has shown great skill in maneuvering through the mine field of antipathy between personalities and cliques. He's been able to keep his footing, to keep control, while sliding around to different positions on the rolling deck. But in the end, the crew mutinied . . . in the voting booth.

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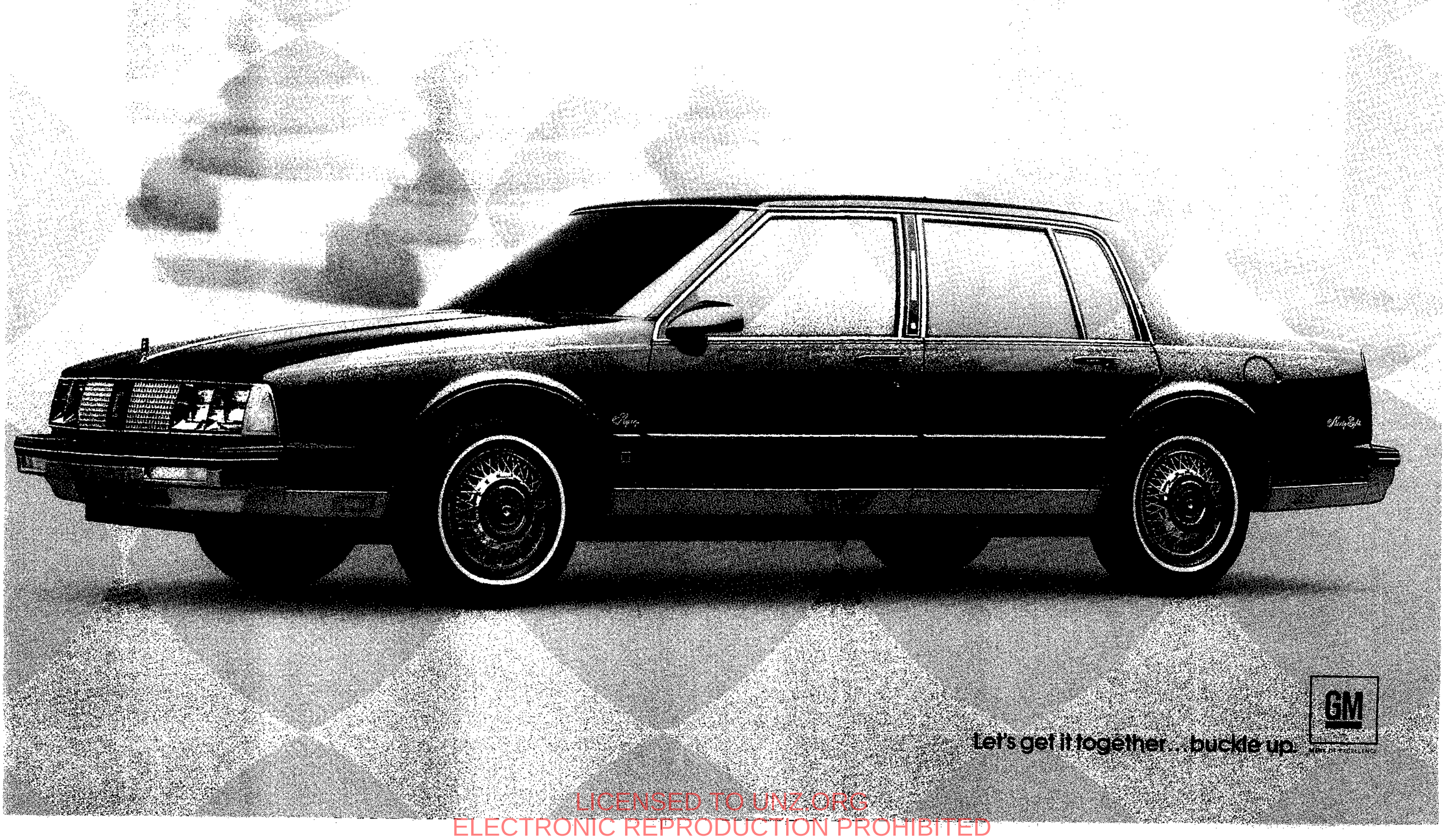
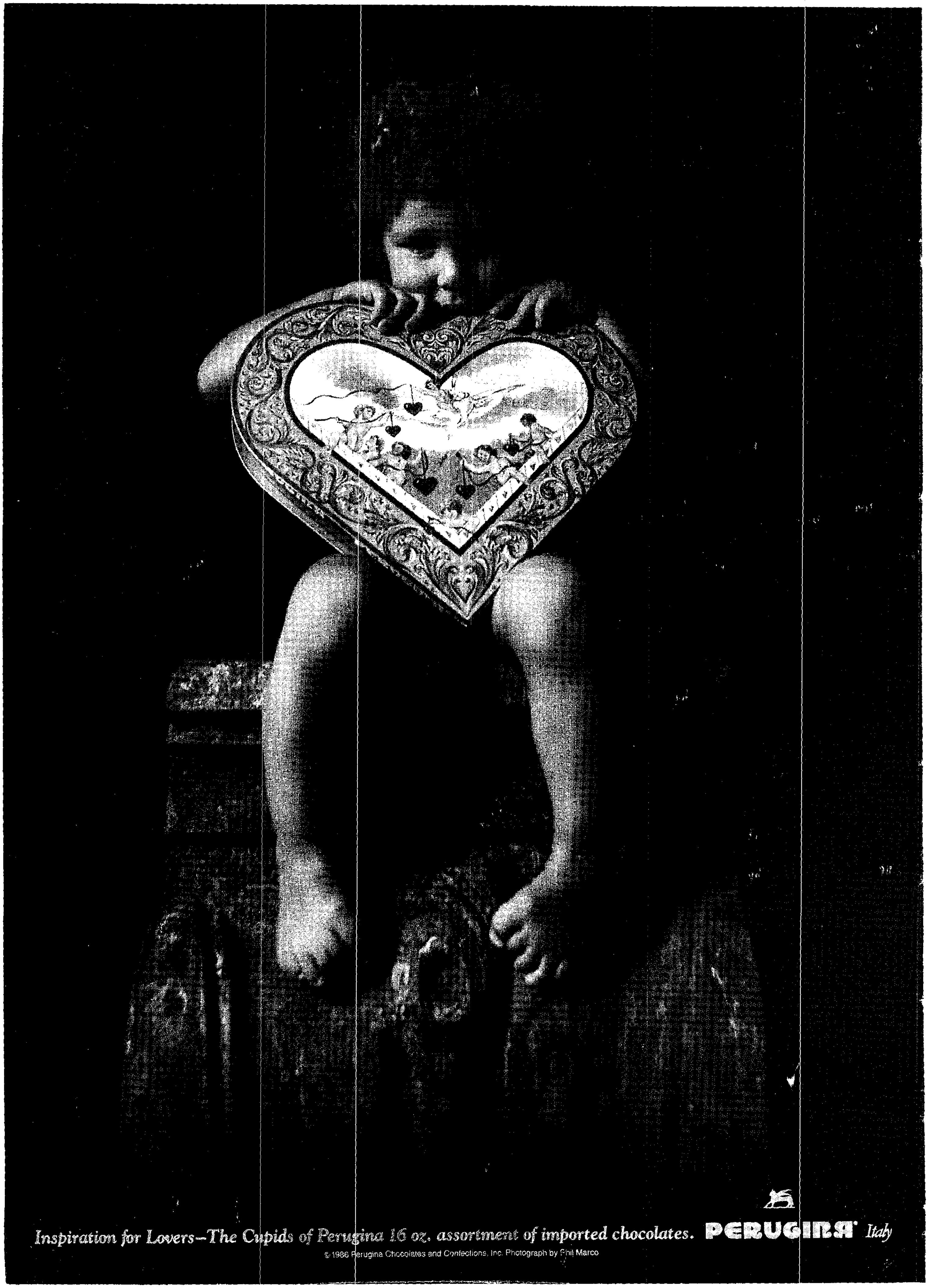


Let's get it together... buckle up. GM



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